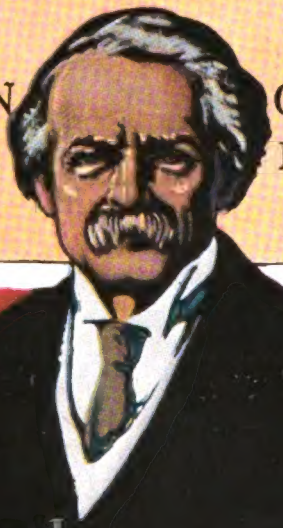
Everybody's Magazine

LLOYD GEORGE
To the American People

The hope of the world is that America will realize the call that destiny is making to her in tones that are getting louder and more insistent as these terrible months go by. That destiny lies in the enforcement of respect for international law and international rights.

D Lloyd George

BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR
BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



Fifteen cents — January 1917

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JANUARY 1917 VOLUME XXXVI

LLOYD GEORGE

An Intimate study of England's War Chief

by ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. V. B. KLINE AND GERALD LEAKE AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE door opened, and almost before I had crossed the threshold the little gray-haired man down at the end of the long, stately room began to speak. Lloyd George was in action.

I had last seen him a year ago in the murk of a London railway-station when I bade him farewell after a memorable day. With him I had gone to Bristol, where he had made an impassioned plea for harmony to the Trade-Union Congress. Then he was Minister of Munitions, Shell-Master of the Nation in its critical hour of Ammunition Need.

Now he had succeeded the lamented Kitchener as Minister of War; sat in the Seat of Strategy, head of the far-flung khakied hosts that even at this moment were breasting death on a half-dozen fronts.

Just as twelve months before he had unflinchingly met the great emergency that threatened his country's existence, so did he again fill the national breach.

England's Man of Destiny, whose long career is one continuous and spectacular performance, was on the job.

But it was not the same Lloyd George who had sounded the call for military and industrial conscription from the Peaks of Empire. Another year of war had etched the travail of its long agony upon his features, saddened the eyes that had always beheld the vision of the greater things. The little man was fresh from the front, and full of all that its mighty sacrifice betokened not only to the embattled nations but to the world as well.

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

LLOYD GEORGE IN COURT DRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

Though we spoke of Politics, Presidents, and the Great Social Forces that, so far as England was concerned, acknowledged him as leader, the current of speech always swept back to war and its significance for us.

"Since the war means so much to us," I said, "have you no message for America?"

Throughout our talk he had sat in a low chair, sometimes tilting it backward as he swayed with the vehemency of his words. Suddenly he became still. He turned his head and looked dreamily out the window at his left, where he could see the throng of Whitehall as it swept back and forth along London's Great Military Way.

Then, rising slowly and with eloquent gestures and trembling voice (he might have

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LLOYD GEORGE IS THE BRITISH ROOSEVELT—THE IMPERIAL ROUGH-RIDER. INSTEAD OF THE BIG STICK, HE EMPLOYS THE BIG VOICE. EACH IS MORE OF AN INSTITUTION THAN A MERE MAN.

been speaking to thousands instead of one person), he said:

"The hope of the world is that America will realize the call destiny is making to her in tones that are getting louder and more insistent as these terrible months go by. That destiny lies in the enforcement of respect for international law and international rights."

It was a pregnant and unforgettable moment. From the throne-room of a colossal conflict, England's War-Lord was sounding the note of a distant process of peace.

If you had probed behind this kindling utterance you would have seen with Lloyd George himself that beyond the flaming battle-lines and past the tumult of a World at War was the hope of some far-away Tribunal that would judge nations and keep them, just as individuals are kept, in the path of right and humanity.

But before any such bloodless antidote can be applied to International Dispute, to quote Lloyd George again, "This war must be fought to a finish."

These final words, snapped like a whip-lash and emphasized with a fist-beat on the table, meant that England would see her Titan Task through, and if for no other reason, because the man who drives the war-gods wills it so.

What sort of man is this who goes from post to post with inspired faith and unfailing execution? What are the qualities that have lifted him from obscure provincial solicitor to be the Prop of a People?

"Let George do it" has become the chronic plea of all Britain in her time of trial. How does he do it?

To understand any man you must get at his beginnings. Thus, to appreciate Lloyd George you must first know

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that he is Welsh, and this means that he was cradled in revolt. He must have come into the world crying protest. He was reared in a land of frowning crags and lovely dales, of mingled snow and sunshine, of poetry and passion. About him love of liberty clashed with vested tyranny. These conflicting things shaped his character, and made him temperamentally a creature of magnificent ironies.

But this conflict did not end with emotion. All his life Contrast, sometimes grotesque but always dramatic, has marked him for its own. You behold the Apostle of Peace who once espoused the Boer, translated into the flaming Disciple and Maker of War through the rape of Belgium. You see the fiery Radical, jeered and despised by the Aristocracy, become the Protector of Peers. No wonder he stands to-day as the most picturesque, compelling, and challenging figure of the English-speaking race. Only one man—Theodore Roosevelt—vies with him for this many-sided distinction.

The son of a village schoolmaster who died when the boy was scarcely three; the ward of a shoemaker who was also an inspired lay-preacher; the political protégé of a Militant Nationalist whose heart bled at the oppression of the Welsh, Lloyd George early looked out upon a life smarting with grievance and clamoring to be free. Knowing this, you can understand that his dominant characteristic is to rebel against established order. Swaddled in Democracy, he became its Embodiment and its Voice.

The world knows about the Lloyd George childhood spent amid poverty in a Welsh village. The big-eyed boy ate, thought, and dreamed in Welsh, "the language that meant a daily fare of barley bread." When he learned English it was like acquiring a foreign tongue. He grew up amid a great revival of Welsh art, letters, and religion that stirred his soul. He missed the pulpit by a narrow margin, yet he has never lost the evangelistic fervor which is one of the secrets of his command of people.

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

ENGLAND'S WAR MINISTER WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER IN HIS GARDEN AT CRICCIETH.

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With the alphabet Lloyd George absorbed the wrongs of his people, and they were many. The Welsh had a double bondage: the grasp of the Landlord and the thrall of the Church. Around him quivered the aspiration for a free land, a free people, and a free religion. In those days Wales was like another Ireland, with all the hardship that eviction imposes.

The call to leadership came early. As a boy in school he led his mates in rebellion against the drastic dictates of a church which proscribed liberty of religious thought and speech. He became the Apostle of Nonconformity, and for it waged some of his fiercest battles.

Always the gift of oratory was his. He preached temperance almost with his advent into his teens; he was a convincing speaker before most boys talk straight.

He became a solicitor and stood for Parliament. Politics was meat and drink to him. There is something Lincoln-like in the spectacle of his first struggle. This lowly lad fought the forces of "Squirearchy and Hierarchy." The Tories hurled at him the anathema that he "had been born in a cottage."

"Ah," replied Lloyd George when he heard of it, "the Tories have not realized that the day of the cottage-bred man has dawned."

Before he got through he was destined to show that, so far as opportunity was concerned, the Cottage in Great Britain was to be on a par with a Palace.

As you analyze Lloyd George's life you find that he has always been a sort of Human Lightning-Rod that attracted the bolts of abuse. A campaign meant violent controversy, frequently physical conflict. The reason was that he always stated his cause so violently as to arouse bitter resentment.

Into his first election he flung himself with the fury of youth and the eager passion of a zealot. He threw conventional Liberalism to the winds and made a fight for a Free and United Wales. He frankly believed himself to be the inspired leader of his people; often his meetings became riots. More than once he was warned that the Tories would kill him, and on several occasions he narrowly escaped death.

Once while riding with his wife in an open carriage through the streets of Bangor he was assailed by a hooting, jeering mob. Some one threw a blazing fire-ball, dipped in paraffin, into the vehicle. It hit the candidate's hat and fell into Mrs. Lloyd George's lap, setting her afire. Lloyd George threw off his coat, smothered the flames, and after finding that the innocent victim of the assault was uninjured, calmly proceeded to the Town Hall, where he spoke, accompanied by a fusillade of stones which smashed every window in the structure.

In this campaign, as in all succeeding ones, Lloyd George used the full powers of press publicity. He made reporters his confidants. Often he rehearsed his speeches before them, striding up and down and declaiming as passionately as if he were facing huge audiences. He acquired an interest in a group of Welsh papers.

Already Welsh chieftainship was being crystallized in the aggressive little fire-eater. Anticipating the coming call of the Mother Country, she was laying her burdens on his stalwart shoulders. And what Lloyd George was now doing for Wales he was soon to do in the larger arena of the Empire.

A Parliamentary Hornet

Once in Parliament, Lloyd George was no man's man. He became a free-lance, and while sometimes he ran amuck, his cause was always the cause of his people.

In those earlier Parliamentary days you find some of the traits that distinguished him later on. For one thing, he disdained the drudgery of committee work; he chafed at the confinement of the conference-room; eagle-like he yearned to spread his wings. His forte was talking. He loathed to mull over dull and unresponsive reports. He frankly admitted a disinclination to work, and it makes him one of the most superficial of men in what the world calls culture. His intelligence has more than once been characterized as "brilliant but hasty."

But offsetting all this is the man's persuasive and pleading personality, which always gets him over the shallow ground of ignorance. This is one reason why Lloyd George has always been stronger in attack than in defense. His tactic has always been either to assault first or to make a swift counterdrive. He is a sort of Stonewall Jackson of Debate.

Then, as throughout his whole career, he showed an extraordinary aversion to letter-writing. He became known in Parliament

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IN BANGOR SOME ONE THREW A FIRE-BALL INTO MRS. LLOYD GEORGE'S LAP. IN A FLASH LLOYD GEORGE SMOTHERED THE FLAMES AND DROVE ON TO MAKE HIS SCHEDULED SPEECH.

as the "Great Unanswered." He used to say, and still does, that an unanswered letter answers itself in time. This led to the tradition that the only way to get a written reply out of Lloyd George was to enclose two addressed and stamped cards, one bearing the word "Yes" and the other "No." More than once, however, when friends and constituents tried this ruse they got both cards back in the same envelope!

Not long ago a well-known Englishman wanted to make a written request of Lloyd George, and on consulting one of his associates was given this instruction: "Make it brief. Lloyd George never reads a letter that fills more than half a page."

There is no need of rehearsing here the long-drawn struggle through which he made his way to party leadership. In Parliament and out, he was a hornet—a good thing to let alone, and an ugly customer to stir up. Whether he lined up with the Government or the Opposition, it mattered little. Lloyd George has always been an insurgent at heart.

The crowded nineties were now nearing their end, carrying England and Lloyd George on to a fateful hour. Ministries

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HE PLAYS GOLF WELL AND JOYFULLY.

rose and fell; Rosebery and Harcourt had their day; Chamberlain climbed to power; Asquith rose over the horizon. The long-smoldering South African volcano burst into eruption. It meant a great deal to many people in England, but to no man quite so much as to Lloyd George.

Now comes the first of the many amazing freaks that Fate played with him. The Institution of War which in later years was to make him the very Rock of Empire, was now, for a time at least, to be his undoing.

Before the conflict with the Boers Lloyd George was a militant pacifist—a sort of peacemaker with a punch. When England invaded the Transvaal Lloyd George began a battle for peace that made him for the first time a force in Imperial affairs. He believed himself to be the Anointed Foe of the War, and he dedicated himself and all his powers to stem what seemed to be a hopeless tide.

It was a courageous thing to do, for he not only risked his reputation but his career. Up and down the Empire he pleaded. He was in some respects the brilliant Bryan of the period, but with the difference that he was crucifying himself and not his cause upon the Cross of Peace. He became the target of bitter attack; no epithet was too vile to hurl upon him. Often he carried his life in his hands, as the episode of the Birmingham riot shows. In all his storm-tossed life nothing approached this in daring or danger.

Lloyd George was invited to speak in the Citadel of Imperialism, which was likewise the home of Joseph Chamberlain, Arch-Apostle of the Boer War. Save for the stanchest Liberals, the whole town rose in protest. For weeks the local press seethed and raged, denouncing Lloyd George as "arch traitor" and "self-confessed enemy." He was warned that he would imperil his life if he even showed himself. He sent back this word:

"I am announced to speak, and speak I will."

He reached Birmingham ahead of schedule time and got to the home of his host in safety. All day long sandwich-men paraded the highways bearing placards calling upon the citizenry to assemble at the Town Hall where Lloyd George was to speak—"to defend the King, the Government, and Mr. Chamberlain."

Night came; the streets were howling mobs, every constable was on duty. The hall was stormed, and when Lloyd George appeared on the platform he faced turmoil. Hundreds of men carried sticks, clubs, and bricks covered with rags and fastened to barbed wire. When he rose to speak bedlam let loose. Jeers, catcalls, and frightful abuse rained on him, and with them rocks and vegetables. He removed his overcoat and stood calm and smiling. When he raised his voice, however, the grand assault was made. Only a double cordon of constables massed around the stage kept him from being overwhelmed. In the free-for-all fight that followed one man was killed and many were injured.

Anything like a speech was hopeless; the main task was to save the speaker, for outside in the streets a bloodthirsty rabble waited for its prey. Lloyd George started to face them single-handed, and it was only when he was told that such procedure would not only foolishly endanger his life but endanger also the lives of his party, which included several women, that he consented to escape through a side door, wearing a policeman's helmet and coat.

Fourteen years later Lloyd George returned to Birmingham acclaimed as a Savior of Empire. Such have been the contrasts in this career of careers!

The Cabinet Minister

Fortunately, England, like the rest of the world, forgets. The mists of unpopularity that hung about the little Welshman vanished under the sheer brilliancy of the man.

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When the Conservative Government fell after the Boer War he was not only a Cabinet possibility but a necessity. The Government *had* to have him. From that time on they needed him in their business.

Lloyd George drew the dullest and dustiest of all portfolios—the Board of Trade. He found the post lifeless and academic; he vivified and galvanized it, and made it a vital branch of party life and dispute. It is the Lloyd George way.

Here you find the first big evidence of one of the great Lloyd George qualities that has stood him in such good stead these recent turbulent years. He became, like Henry Clay, the Great Conciliator. The whole widespread labor and industrial fabric of Great Britain was geared up to his desk. It shook with unrest and was studded with strife. Much of this strife disappeared when Lloyd George came into office, because he had the peculiar knack of bringing groups of contending interests together. Men learned then, as they found out later, that when they went into conference with Lloyd George they might as well leave their convictions outside the door with their hats and umbrellas.

England was fast learning to lean on the gray-eyed Welshman. He came to be known as the "Government Mascot"; he was continually pulling his party's chestnuts out of the fire of failure or folly.

Likewise the whole country was beginning to feel pride in his performance, as the following story, which has been adapted to various other celebrities, will attest:

Lloyd George sat one day in the compartment of a train that was held up at the station at Cardiff. A porter carrying a traveler's luggage noticed him and called his client's attention, saying:

"There is Lloyd George himself in that train."

The traveler seemed indifferent, and again the porter pointed out the great man. After persistent efforts to rouse his interest, the traveler, much nettled, said tartly: "Suppose it is. He's not God Almighty."

"Ah," replied the porter, "remember he's young yet."

The Paths to Power

When Lloyd George became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Asquith no one was surprised. It is typical of the man that he should have leaped from the lowest to the highest place but one in the Cabinet.

As Chancellor he had at last the opportunity to fulfil his democratic destiny. Whatever Lloyd George may be, one thing is certain: he is essentially a man of the masses. With his famous People's Budget he legislated sympathy into the law. It meant the whole kindling social program of old-age pensions, health and unemployment insurance, increased income tax, and an enlarged death duty. As most people know, it put much of the burden of English taxation on the pocketbooks of the people who could best afford to pay. The duke-baiting began.

To Democracy the Budget meant emancipation; the banishment of hunger from the hearth; the solace of old age free from want. It made Lloyd George "The Little Brother of the Poor." To the Aristocracy it was the gage of battle for the bitterest

Photograph from Brown Brothers

HE IS AN INSPIRED ORATOR—IN MANY RESPECTS THE GREATEST SPEAKER OF HIS DAY.

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class-war that ever waged in England: violation of ancient privilege.

The fight for this program made Lloyd George the best-known and most detested man in England. To hate him was one of the accomplishments of titled folk, to whom his very name was a hissing and a byword. Massed behind him were the common people whose champion he was; arrayed against him were the powers of wealth and rank.

In this campaign Lloyd George used the three great weapons that he has always brought to bear. First and foremost was the force of his personality, for he swept England with a tidal wave of impassioned eloquence. Second, he unloosed, as never before, the reservoirs of ink; he marshaled every device of newspaper and pamphlet to drive home his message. He even printed his creed in Gaelic, Welsh, and Erse. Third, he employed his kinship with the people to the fullest extent. The Commoner won.

As the great structure of Social Reform rose under his forceful hand, so did the influence of the House of Lords crumble like an Edifice of Cards. Democracy in England came to mean more than a phrase.

The tumult and the shouting died, the smoke cleared, and Lloyd George stood revealed as England's Strong Man, a sort of Atlas upholding the World of Large Affairs and much of its responsibilities.

Now for the first time he was caught up in the fabric of the Crimson Net that a few years later was to haul nearly all Europe into war. In 1911 Germany made a hostile demonstration in Morocco at Agadir. Although England had no territorial interests there, it was important for many reasons to warn the Kaiser that she would oppose his policy with armed force if necessary. A strong voice was needed to sound this note. Lloyd George did it.

In the Breach of War

The spark that flashed at Agadir now burst into flame. The Great War broke, and half the world saw red. What Lloyd George believed impossible now became bitter and wrathful reality. Though he did not know it at the moment, the supreme opportunity of his life lay on the lap of the God of Battles.

The Lloyd George who sat in council in Downing Street was no dreaming pacifist. He who had tried to stop the irresistible flood of the Boer War now rode the full swell of the storm that threatened for the moment to engulf all Britain.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer he was called upon to shape the fiscal policies that would be the determining factor in the War of Wars. "The last £100,000,000 will win," he said. Only one other man in England —Lord Kitchener—approached him in immense responsibility of office and in the confidence of the people. It was a proud but equally terrifying moment.

Then indeed the little Welshman became England's Handy Man. As custodian of the British Pocketbook he had a full-sized job. But that was only part of the larger demand now made on his service. Popular faith regarded him as the Nation's First Aid, infallible remedy for every crisis.

If a compromise with Labor or Capital had to be effected, it was Lloyd George who sat at the head of the table; if an Ally needed counsel or inspiration, it was the Chancellor who sped across the water and laid down the law at Paris or Petrograd; if the Cause of Empire clamored for expression from government seat or animated rostrum, he stood forth as the Herald of Freedom. So it went all through those dark closing months of 1914 as reverse after reverse shook the British arms and brought home the realization that the war would be long and costly.

The year 1915 dawned full of gloom for England but showing a fresh star for the career of Lloyd George. Although the first wave of Kitchener's new army had dashed against the German lines in France and established another tradition for British valor, the air of Empire became charged with an ominous feeling that something was wrong at the front. The German advance in the west had been well-nigh triumphant. Reckless bravery alone could not prevail against the avalanche of Teutonic steel.

All the while the imperturbable Kitchener sat at his desk in the War Office—another Man of Blood and Iron. He ran the war as he thought it should be run, despite the criticism that began to beat about his head. To the average Englander he was a king who could do no wrong.

But the conduct of war had changed mightily since Kitchener last led his troops. Like Business, it had become a new Science, fought with new weapons and demanding an elastic intelligence that kept pace with the swift march of military events. The

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Germans were using every invention that marvelous efficiency and preparedness could devise. They met ancient English shrapnel with modern high-explosives. If the war was to be won, this condition had to be changed—and at once.

Two men in England—Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe—understood this situation. Fortunately, they are both men of courageous mold and unwavering purpose. One day Northcliffe sent the military expert of the *Times* (which he owns) to France to investigate conditions. He found that the greatest need of the English army was for high-explosives. They were as necessary as bread. Into less than a quarter of a column he compressed this news. Instead of submitting it to the censor, who would have denied it publication, Northcliffe published the despatch and with it the revelation of Kitchener's long and serious omission. He not only risked suspension and possible suppression of his newspapers, but also hazarded his life, because a great wave of indignation arose over what seemed to be an unwarranted attack upon an idol of the people.

But it was the truth, nevertheless.

At a time when England was supposed to be sensation-proof this revelation fell like a forty-two-centimeter shell. It was an amazing and dramatic demonstration of the power of the press, and it created a furore.

Shell shortage at the front had full mate in a varied deficiency at home. Ammunition contracts had been let to private firms at excessive prices; labor was restricting output and breaking into periodic dissension; drink was deadening energy; in short, all the forces that should have worked together for the Imperial good were pulling apart.

Northcliffe began in his newspapers a silent but aggressive crusade for reform, while Lloyd George let loose the powers of his tongue. A national crisis, literally precipitated by these two men, arose. The Liberal Government fell, and out of its wreck emerged the Coalition Cabinet. This welding of one-time enemies to meet grave emergency did more than wipe out party lines in an hour that threatened the nation's very existence.

The reorganized Cabinet knew—as all England knew—that the greatest requirement was not only men but munitions. A galvanic personality was necessary to organize and direct the force that could save the day. A new Cabinet post—the Ministry of Munitions—was created. "Who can fill it?" was the question. There was neither doubt nor uncertainty about the answer. It was embodied in one man.

The Little Welshman became Minister of Munitions.

Shell-Master of the Empire

Lloyd George had led many a forlorn hope by taking up the task laid down by weaker hands. Here, however, was a situation without precedent in a life that was a rebuke to convention. To succeed to an organized and going post in these perilous war times was in itself a difficult job. In the case of the Ministry of Munitions there was nothing to succeed. Lloyd George had been given a blank order; it was up to him to fill it. He had to create a whole branch of Government from the ground up. All his powers of tact and persuasion were called into play. For one thing, he had to fit the old-established Ordnance Department, rooted in tradition and jealous of its prerogatives, into the new scheme of things.

Lloyd George was no business man, but he knew how business affairs should be conducted. He knew, too, that America had reared the empire of business on a close-knit and efficient organization. He did what Andrew Carnegie or any other captain of capital would do. He called together the Schwabs, the Edisons, the Garys, and the Westinghouses of the Kingdom and made them his work-fellows.

From every corner of the Empire he drafted brains and experience. He wanted workers without stint, so he started a Bureau of Labor Supply; he needed publicity, so he set up an Advertising Department; to compete with the Germans he realized that he would need every inventive resource that England could command, so he founded an Invention and Research Bureau; he saw the disorganization attending the output of shells in private establishments, so he planted the Union Jack in nearly every mill and took over the control of British industry; he saw labor at its old trick of impeding progress, so with a Munitions Act he practically conscripted the men of forge and mill into an industrial army that was almost under martial law. He cut red tape and injected red blood into the Department that meant national preservation.

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In brief, Lloyd George was on the job and things were happening.

The Minister established himself in an old mansion in Whitehall Garden, where belles and beaux had once danced the stately minuet. It became a dynamo of energy whose wires radiated everywhere. "More munitions!" was the motto.

Realizing that his principal weapons were machines, Lloyd George took a census of all the machinery in the United Kingdom and got every pound of productive capacity down on paper. He was not long in finding out why the ammunition output was shy. Only a fifth of the lathes and tools used for Government work ran at night. "These machines must work every hour of the twenty-four," he said. Before a fortnight had passed every munitions mill ground incessantly.

These machines needed adequate manning. Lloyd George thereupon created the plan that enlisted the new army of Munitions Volunteers. Nelson-like, he issued the thrilling proclamation that England expected every machine to do its duty. It meant the end of restricted output.

With the ban off restriction, he likewise clamped the lid down on drink. He followed this up with a censorship of labor, which disclosed the fact that many skilled workers were wasting time on unskilled tasks. Lloyd George now began to dilute the skilled forces with unskilled, including thousands of women.

Right here came the first battle. Labor rebelled. It could find a way to get liquor, but it resented dilution and cried out against capacity output. The Shell-Master became the Conciliator. He curbed the wild horses, agreeing to a restoration of pre-war shop conditions as soon as peace came. All he knew was the fact that the guns hungered, and that it was up to him to feed them.

The wheels were not whirring fast enough to suit Lloyd George. "We must build our own factories," he said. Almost overnight rose the mills whose slogan was "English shells for English guns." In speeding up the English output the Welshman was also equipping England to meet coming needs, laying the first stone of the structure that is fast becoming an Empire Self-Contained.

Lloyd George realized that he could not run every munitions plant, whereupon he organized local Boards of Control in the great ordnance centers like Woolwich, Sheffield, Newcastle, and Middleboro. Each became a separate industrial principality, but all bound up by hooks of steel to the Little Giant who sat enthroned at Whitehall.

England became a vast arsenal, throbbing with ceaseless activity. The smoke that trailed from the myriad stacks was the banner of a new and triumphant faith in the future.

What was the result? Up and down the western battle front English cannon spoke in terms of victory. No longer was British gunner required to husband shells, to meet crash with silence. He hurled back steel for steel, and all because England's Hope had answered England's Call.

Lloyd George had done it again.

At Close Range

I first met Lloyd George during those crowded days when he was Commander-in-Chief of the host that fed the firing-line. Under his magnetic direction British industry had been forged into a colossal munitions shop. No man in England was busier; not even the king was more inaccessible. Life with him was one engagement after another.

Now came one of those swift emergencies that seem to crowd so fast upon Lloyd George's life, and with it arose my own opportunity.

The British Trade-Union Congress in annual session at Bristol had expressed Labor's dissatisfaction over its share of the munitions profits. Lloyd George had sent them a letter explaining his proposed excess profit tax, but this apparently was not enough. The delegates still growled.

"Then I'll go down and speak to them in person," said the Minister with characteristic energy.

Thus it happened that I journeyed with him to the old town, background of stirring naval history. On the way down half a dozen department heads poured into his responsive ears the up-to-the-minute details of the work in hand. He became a Human Sponge soaking up the waters of fact.

At Bristol, in a crowded, stuffy hall, he faced what was at the start almost a menacing crowd. Yet as he addressed them you would have thought that he had known every man and woman in the assembly all his life. The easy, intimate, frank manner of his delivery; his immediate claim to

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kinship with them on the ground of a common lowly birth; his quick and stirring appeal to their patriotism, swept aside all discord and disaffection. As he gave an eloquent account of his stewardship you could see the audience plastic under his spell. The people who had assembled to heckle, sat spellbound. When he had finished they not only gave him an ovation, but pledged themselves anew to the gospel of "More Munitions."

It was on the train back to London that I got a glimpse of the real Lloyd George. What Roosevelt would have called "a bully day" had left its impress upon the little man. His long gray hair hung matted over a wilted collar; there was a wistful sort of weariness in his eyes. He sank into a big chair and looked for a long time in silence at the flying landscape. Then suddenly he aroused himself and began to talk. Like many men of his type whom one goes to interview, he began by interviewing the interviewer.

The first two questions that Lloyd George asked me showed what was going on in his mind, for they were:

"What were Lincoln's views of conscription, and did your soldiers vote during the Civil War?"

There was definite method in these queries, for already the Shadow of Conscription had begun to fall over all England. It was Lloyd George aided by Northcliffe who led and won the fight for it.

The talk always went back to the Great War. When I spoke of his speech at Bristol his face kindled, and he said:

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

MR. AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE CHATTING WITH A NEIGHBOR—AT THE LLOYD GEORGES' WELSH COUNTRY HOME.

"Have you stopped to realize that this war is not so much a war of human mass against human mass as it is of machine against machine? It is a duel between the English and German workman."

You can not talk long with Lloyd George without touching on democracy. This is his chosen ground. I shall never forget the fervor with which he said:

"The European struggle is a struggle for world liberty. It will mean in the end a victory for all democracy in its fight for equality."

When I asked him to write an inscription for a friend of mine and express the

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LLOYD GEORGE WAS OPPOSED TO THE BOER WAR—AND SAID SO UP AND DOWN ENGLAND. HE ATTEMPTED TO SPEAK IN BIRMINGHAM, THE HOME OF CHAMBERLAIN, APOSTLE OF THE WAR.

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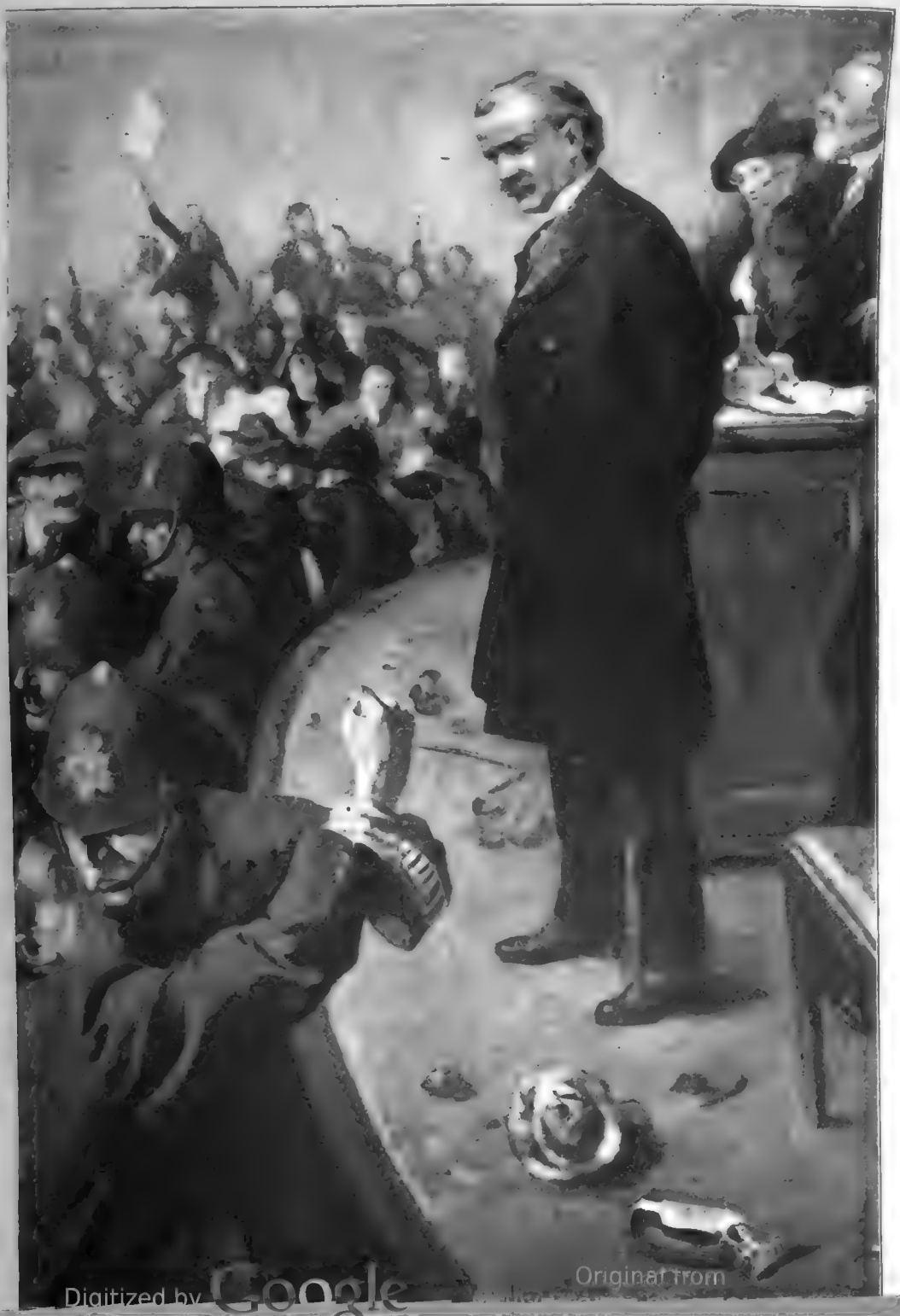

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hope that lay closest to his heart, he took a card from his pocket, gazed for a moment at the rushing country now shot through with the first evening lights, and then wrote:

"Let Freedom win."

A few days later Lloyd George made still another appearance in his now familiar rôle of England's Deliverer. The South Wales coal-miners, two millions in number, went on strike at a time when Coal meant Life to the Empire. There is no need of asking the name of the man who went to calm this storm. Only one was eligible, and he lost no time.

Lloyd George did not call a conference at Cardiff; he went straight to Wales and spoke to the workers at the mouth of the pit. What arbitration and conciliation had failed to do, his hypnotic oratory achieved. The men went back to the mines with a cheer.

The Mantle of Kitchener

You would think that by this time England had made her final tax on the resource of her Ready Man. But she had not. There came the desolate day when the news flashed over England that the *Hampshire* had gone down, and with it Kitchener. Following the shock of this blow, greater than any that German arms could deliver, arose the faltering question, "Who is there to take his place?"

It did not falter long. Once more the S. O. S. call of a Nation in Distress flashed out, and again the spark found its man. Lloyd George went from Ministry of Munitions to sit in Kitchener's seat at the War Office. Unlike the Hero of Khartoum, he had no service in the field to his credit. But he knew men, and he also knew how to deploy them. Just as he brought the veterans of business to sit around the Munitions Board, so did he now marshal war-tried campaigners for the Strategy Table. The Somme blow was struck; the new War Chieftain proved his worth.

Every day brought a fresh task. When the Irish Revolt had registered its tragedy of blood, death, and execution, Lloyd George became the Emissary of Peace to the Isle of Unrest. Again, when prying peace-makers sought to intrude themselves upon the nations engaged in a life-and-death struggle, it was Lloyd George, in a remarkable interview, who warned all would-be winners of the Nobel Prize that peace talk was unfriendly; that the Allies would make it a "knockout" fight. So it went.

The British Roosevelt

You have seen the moving picture of a tumultuous life. What of the personality behind it?

Reducing the wizard Welshman to a formula, you find that he is fifty per cent. Roosevelt in the virility and forcefulness of his character; fifteen per cent. Bryan in the purely demagogic phase of his make-up, while the rest is canny Celt opportunism. It makes a dazzling and well-nigh irresistible composite.

It is with Roosevelt that the best and happiest comparison can be made. Indeed, I know of no more convincing interpretation of the thing that is Lloyd George than to point this live parallel. For Lloyd George is the British Roosevelt—the Imperial Rough-Rider. Instead of using the Big Stick, he employs the Big Voice. No two leaders ever had so much in common.

Each is more of an institution than a mere man; each dramatizes himself in everything he does; each has a genius for the benevolent assimilation of idea and fact. They are both persistent but brilliant "crammers." Trust Lloyd George to know all about the man who comes to see him, whether he be statesman, author, explorer, or plain captain of industry. It is one of the reasons why he maintains his amazing political hold.

Lloyd George has Roosevelt's striking gift of phrase-making, although he does not share the American's love of letter-writing. As I have already intimated, whatever may be his future, Lloyd George will never be confronted by accusing epistle. None exists.

Like Roosevelt, Lloyd George is past-master in the art of effective publicity. He has a monopoly on the British front page. Each of these remarkable men projects the fire and magnetism of his dynamic personality. Curiously enough, each one has been the terror of the Corporate Evil-doer—the conspicuous target of Big Business in his respective country. Each one is a dictator in the making, and it is safe to assume that if Lloyd George lived in a republic, like Roosevelt he would say: "My Army," "My Navy," and "My Policies."

Roosevelt, however, has one distinct advantage over his British colleague in that

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LLOYD GEORGE'S ARRIVAL AT THE EISTEDDFOD AT ABERYSTWYTH—THE GREAT WELSH SONG-FESTIVAL WHICH HE ATTENDS EVERY YEAR.

he is a deeper student and has a wider learning.

In one God-given gift Lloyd George surpasses not only Roosevelt, but every other man I have ever met. It is an inspired oratory that is at once the wonder and the admiration of all who hear it. He is in many respects the greatest speaker of his day—the one man of his race whose utterance immediately becomes world property. The stage lost a great star when the Welsh David went into politics. There are those who say that he acts all the time, but that is a matter of opinion dictated by partisan- or self-interest.

Lloyd George is what we in America, and especially those of us born in the South, call the "Silver-tongued." His whole style of delivery is emotional, and greatly resembles the technique of the Breckenridge-Watterson School. In his voice is the soft, melodious lilt of the Welsh, which greatly adds to the attractiveness of his speech.

Before the public he is always even-tempered and amiable, serene and smiling, quick to capitalize interruption and drive home the chance remark. He invariably establishes friendly relations with his hearers, and he has the extraordinary ability to make every man and woman in the audience before him believe that he is getting a direct and personal message.

Lloyd George can be the unfettered poet or the lion unleashed. Shut your eyes as you listen, and you can almost hear the music of mountain streams or the roar of rushing cataracts. In his great moments his eloquence is little short of enthralling, for it is filled with an inspired imagery. No living man surpasses him in splendor of oratorical expression. His speeches form a literature all their own.

When, for example, yielding to that persistent Call of Empire for his service, he stated England's cause in the war at Queen's Hall in London in September, 1914, in what was in many respects the noblest speech of his life, he said, in referring to Belgium and Servia:

"God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their

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hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages."

In closing this speech, to which he gave the characteristic Lloyd George title of "Through Terror to Triumph," he uttered a peroration full of meaning and significance to the United States in its present hour of pride and prosperity. He said:

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of Fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven.

"We shall descend into the valley again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those mighty peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war."

Now take a closing look at the man himself.

You see a stocky, well-knit figure, broad of shoulder and deep of chest. The animated body is surmounted by a face that alternately beams and gleams. There is strength and sensitiveness, good humor, courage, and resolution in those features. His eyes are large and luminous, aglow at times with the poetry of the Celt; aflame again with the fervor of splendid purpose. He moves swiftly. To have him pass you by is to get a breath of life.

To all this strength and power he brings undeniable charm. In action he is like a man exalted; in repose he becomes tender, dreamy, almost childlike. His whole nature seems to be driven by a vast and volcanic energy. This is why, like Roosevelt, he has been able to crowd the achievements of half a dozen careers into one. He is indeed the Happy Warrior.

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Yet Lloyd George knows how to play. I have known him to work incessantly all day and follow the Ministerial game far into the night. Ten o'clock the next morning would find him on the golf-links at Walton Heath, fresh, full of vim and energy. At fifty-three he is at the very zenith of his strength.

Why has he succeeded? Simply because he was born to leadership. Without being profound, he is profoundly moving; without studying life, he is an unerring judge of men and moods. Volatile, masterful, and above all human, he is at once the most consistent and inconsistent of men.

What does the future hold for Lloyd George? This is the question that England must sooner or later answer; to-day it is a mystery as inscrutable as peace itself. Since he can not be king, there is only one more office for him in the bestowal of the nation—the Premiership. More than once since the war began it has been within his grasp.

No man with the least inkling of England's mind doubts that the precious prize will be his. Not even Disraeli hewed so firm an approach to this laurel of British statesmanship. The way is clear. Kitchener is dead; Asquith has had his great day; Haldane's so-called German proclivities have shelved him forever; Grey is lost in the obscurity of the peerage; Lord Derby is only a remote possibility.

But it will be a new Lloyd George who steps from unofficial to official stewardship of England: a Lloyd George with the firebrand out of his being, purged of bitter revolt, chastened and mellowed by the years of war ordeal. Out of contact with mighty sacrifice has come a kinship with the spirit. He is to-day like a man transformed. "England hath need of him."

There are those who see in the coming Lloyd George a Conservative in evolution. But whatever the political product of this change may be, it will represent the equipment necessary to meet the shock of peace. For peace will demand a leadership no less potent than war.

The lowly lad who dreamed of power amid the Welsh hills is to-day the Hope of Empire.

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"LUDDIE HAD BAD DREAMS, SO MOTHER TOOK HIM IN FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT."

THE ONLY CHILD

by Booth Tarkington

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

A LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN STORY

THE little boy was afraid to go into the dark room on the other side of the hall, and the little boy's father was disgusted with him.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Ludlum Thomas?" the father called, from his seat by the library lamp. "Nine years old and scared! Scared to step into a room and turn the light on! Why, when I was your age I used to go out to the barn after dark in the winter-time, and up into the loft, all by myself, and pitch hay down to the horse through the chute. You walk straight into that dining-room, turn on the light, and get what you want; and don't let's have any more fuss about it. You hear me?"

Ludlum disregarded this speech. "Mama," he called, plaintively, "I want you to come and turn the light on for me. *Please*, mama!"

Mrs. Thomas, across the library table from her husband, looked troubled, and would have replied, but the head of the house checked her.

"Now let me," he said. Then he called again: "You going in there and do what I say, or not?"

"Please come on, mama," Ludlum begged. "Mama, I lef' my bow-an'-arry in the dining-room, an' I want to get it out o' there so's I can take it up to bed with me. Mama, won't you please come turn the light on for me?"

"No, she will not!" Mr. Thomas shouted. "What on earth are you afraid of?"

"Mama——"

"Stop calling your mother! She's not coming. You were sitting in the dining-room yourself, not over an hour ago, at dinner, and you weren't afraid then, were you?"

Ludlum appeared between the brown curtains of the library doorway—the sketch of a rather pale child-prince in black velvet. "No, but—" he said.

"But what?"

"It was all light in there then. Mama an' you were in there, too."

"Now look here!" Mr. Thomas paused, rested his book upon his knee, and spoke slowly. "You know there's nothing in that dining-room except the table and the chairs and the sideboard, don't you?"

Ludlum's eyes were not upon his father but upon the graceful figure at the other side of the table. "Mama," he said, "won't you *please* come get my bow-an'-arry for me?"

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, with eyes still pleading at his mother.

"Well, then, what is there to be afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," said Ludlum. "It's dark in there."

"It won't be dark if you turn on the light, will it?"

"Mama——"

"Now, that's enough!" the father interrupted testily. "It's after eight. You go on up to bed."

Ludlum's tone began to indicate a mental strain. "I don't *want* to go to bed without my bow-an'-arry!"

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"YOU MEAN TO DISOBEY ME?" MR. THOMAS ROSE; HIS LOOK BECAME OMINOUS; AND HE APPROACHED HIS SON, WHOSE APPREHENSIONS WERE EXPRESSED IN A LOUD CRY.

"What do you want your bow and arrow when you're in bed for?"

"I got to have it!"

"See here!" said Mr. Thomas. "You march up to bed and quit talking about your bow and arrow. You can take them with you if you go in there right quick and get them; but whether you do that or not you'll march to bed inside of one minute from now!"

"I *got* to have my bow-an'-arry. I got to, to go up-stairs *with!*"

"You don't want your bow and arrow in bed with you, do you?"

"Mama!" Thus Ludlum persisted in his urgent appeal to that court in whose clemency he trusted. "Mama, will you *please* come get my bow-an'——"

"No, she won't."

"Then will you come up-stairs with me, mama?"

"No, she won't! You'll go by yourself, like a man."

"Mama——"

Mrs. Thomas intervened cheerily. "Don't be afraid, dearie," she said. "Your papa thinks you ought to begin to learn how to be manly; but the lights are lit all the way, and I told Annie to turn on the one in your room. You just go ahead like a good boy, and when you're all undressed and ready to jump in bed, then you just whistle for me——"

"I don't want to whistle," said Ludlum irritably. "I want my bow-an'-arry!"

"Look here!" cried his father. "You start for——"

"I got to have my bow-an'——"

"You mean to disobey me?"

"I *got* to have my——"

Mr. Thomas rose; his look became ominous. "We'll see about that!" he said; and he approached his son, whose apprehensions were expressed in a loud cry.

"*Mama!*"

"Don't hurt his feel—" Mrs. Thomas began.

"Something's got to be done," her husband said grimly, and his hand fell upon Ludlum's shoulder. "You march!"

Ludlum muttered vaguely.

"You march!"

"I got to have my bow-an'-arry! I *can't* go to bed 'less mama comes with me! She's *got* to come with me!"

Suddenly he made a scene. Having started it, he went in for all he was worth and made it a big one. He shrieked, writhed away from his father's hand, darted to his mother, and clung to her with spasmodic

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violence throughout the protracted efforts of the sterner parent to detach him.

When these efforts were finally successful, Ludlum plunged upon the floor, and fastened himself to the leg of a heavy table. Here, for a considerable time, he proved the superiority of an earnest boy's wind and agility over those of a man: as soon as one part of him was separated from the leg of the table another part of him became attached to it; and all the while he was vehemently eloquent, though unrhetorical.

The pain which he thus so powerfully expressed, was undeniable; and nowadays few adults are capable of resisting such determined agony. The end of it was, that when Ludlum retired he was accompanied by both parents, his father carrying him, and Mrs. Thomas following close behind with the bow-an'-arry.

They were thoughtful when they returned to the library.

"I *would* like to know what got him into such a state," said the father, groaning as he picked up his book from the floor. "He used to march up-stairs like a little man, and he wasn't afraid of the dark, or of anything else; but he's beginning to be afraid of his own shadow. What's the matter with him?"

Mrs. Thomas shook her head. "I think it's his constitution," she said. "I don't believe he's as strong as we thought he was."

" 'Strong!' " her husband repeated incredulously. "Have I been dreaming, or *were* you looking on when I was trying to pry him loose from that table-leg?"

"I mean nervously," she said. "I don't think his nerves are what they ought to be at all."

"His nerve isn't," he returned. "That's what I'm talking about! Why was he afraid to step into our dining-room—not thirty feet from where we were sitting?"

"Because it was dark in there. Poor child, he *did* want his bow and arrow!"

"Well, he got 'em! What did he want 'em for?"

"To protect himself on the way to bed."

"To keep off burglars on our lighted stairway?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Thomas. "Burglars or something."

"Well, where'd he get such ideas *from?*"

"I don't know. Nearly all children do get them."

"I know one thing," Mr. Thomas asserted, "*I* certainly never was afraid like that, and none of my brothers was, either. Do you suppose the children Ludlum plays with tell him things that make him afraid of the dark?"

"I don't think so, because he plays with the same children now that he played with before he got so much this way. Of course he's always been a *little* timid."

"Well, I'd like to know what's at the root of it. Something's got into his head. That's certain, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Thomas said, musingly. "I believe fear of the dark is a sort of instinct, don't you?"

"Then why does he keep having it more and more? Instinct? No, sir! I don't know where he gets this silly scaredness from, nor what makes it, but I know that it won't do to humor him in it. We've got to be firmer with him after this than we were to-night. I'm not going to have a son of mine grow up to be afraid!"

"Yes; I suppose we ought to be a *little* firmer with him," she said dreamily.

However, for several days and nights there was no occasion to exercise this new policy of firmness with Ludlum, one reason being that he was careful not to leave his trusty bow and arrow in an unlighted room after dark.

Three successive evenings, weapon in hand, he "marched" sturdily to bed; but on the fourth he was reluctant, even though equipped as usual.

"Is Annie up-stairs?" he inquired querulously, when informed that his hour had struck.

"I'm not sure, dearie," said his mother. "I think so. It's her evening out, but I don't think she's gone."

Standing in the library doorway, Ludlum sent upward a series of piercing cries: "Annie! Anne*e!* Ann-*ee!* Oh, *Ann-nee-ee!*"

"Stop it!" Mr. Thomas commanded fiercely. "You want to break your mother's ear-drums?"

"Ann-nee-*eeee!*"

"Stop that noise!"

"Ann——"

"Stop it!" Mr. Thomas made the gesture of rising, and Ludlum, interrupting himself abruptly, was silent until he perceived that his father's threat to rise was only a gesture, whereupon he decided that his vocalizations might safely be renewed.

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AS SOON AS ONE PART OF LUDLUM WAS SEPARATED FROM THE TABLE, ANOTHER PART BECAME ATTACHED.

"Ann-*nee-ee!*"

"What *is* the matter with him?"

"Ludlum, dear," said Mrs. Thomas, "what is it you want Annie for?"

"I want to know if she's up-stairs."

"But what for?"

Ludlum's expression became one of determination. "Well, I want to know," he replied. "I got to know if Annie's up-stairs."

"By George!" Mr. Thomas exclaimed suddenly. "I believe *now* he's afraid to go up-stairs unless he knows the housemaid's up there!"

"Martha's probably up-stairs if Annie isn't," Mrs. Thomas hurriedly intervened. "You needn't worry about whether Annie's up there, Luddie, if Martha is. Martha wouldn't let anything hurt you any more than Annie would, dear."

"Great heavens!" her husband cried. "There's nothing up there that's going to hurt him whether a hundred cooks and housemaids are up-stairs or down-stairs, or in the house or out of it! *That's* no way to talk to him, Jennie! Ludlum, you march straight——"

"Ann-*nee-ee!*"

"But, dearie," said Mrs. Thomas, "I told you that Martha wouldn't let anything hurt——"

"She isn't there," Ludlum declared. "I can hear her chinkin' tin and dishes around in the kitchen." And, again exerting all his vocal powers of penetration, "*Oh, Ann-ee-ee!*" he bawled.

"By George!" Mr. Thomas exclaimed. "This is awful! It's just awful!"

"Don't call any more, darling," the mother gently urged. "It disturbs your papa."

"But, Jennie, that isn't the reason he oughtn't to call. It does disturb me, but the real reason he oughtn't to do it is because he oughtn't to be afraid to——"

"*Ann-ee-*EE!"

Mr. Thomas uttered a loud cry of his own, and, dismissing gestures, rose from his chair prepared to act. But his son briskly disappeared from the doorway; he had been reassured from the top of the stairs. Annie had responded, and Ludlum sped upward cheerfully.

The episode was closed—except in meditation.

There was another one during the night, however. At least, Mr. Thomas thought so, for at the breakfast-table he inquired:

"Was any one out of bed about half-past two? Something half woke me, and I thought it sounded like somebody knocking on a door, and then whispering."

Mrs. Thomas laughed. "It was only Luddie," she explained. "He had bad dreams, and came to my door, so I took him in with me for the rest of the night. He's all right now, aren't you, Luddie? Mama didn't let the bad dreams hurt her little boy, did she?"

"It wasn't dreams," said Ludlum. "I was awake. I thought there was somep'm

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in my room. I bet there *was* somep'm in there, las' night!"

"Oh, murder!" his father lamented. "Boy nine years old got to go and wake up his *mama* in the middle of the night, because he's scared to sleep in his own bed with a hall-light shining through the transom! What on earth were you afraid of?"

Ludlum's eyes clung to the consoling face of his mother. "I never said I *was* afraid. I woke up, an' I thought I saw somep'm in there."

"What kind of a 'something'?"

Ludlum looked resentful. "Well, I guess I know what I'm talkin' about," he said importantly. "I bet there *was* somep'm, too!"

"I declare I'm ashamed," Mr. Thomas groaned. "Here's the boy's godfather coming to visit us, and how's he going to help find out we're raising a coward?"

"John!" his wife exclaimed. "The idea of speaking like that just because Luddie can't help being a little imaginative!"

"Well, it's true," he said. "I'm ashamed for Lucius to find it out."

Mrs. Thomas laughed, and then, finding the large eyes of Ludlum fixed upon her hopefully, she shook her head. "Don't you worry, darling," she reassured him. "You needn't be afraid of what Uncle Lucius will think of his dear little Luddie."

"I'm not," Ludlum returned complacently. "He gave me a dollar las' time he was here."

"Well, he won't this time," his father declared crossly. "Not after the way you've been behaving lately. I'll see to that!"

Ludlum's lower lip moved pathetically and his eyes became softly brilliant—manifestations which increased the remarkable beauty he inherited from his mother.

"John!" cried Mrs. Thomas, indignantly.

Ludlum wept at once, and between his gulpings implored his mother to prevent his father from influencing Uncle Lucius against the giving of dollars. "Don't *let* him, mama!" he quavered. "An' 'fif Uncle Lucius wuw-wants to give me a dollar, he's got a right to, hasn't he, mama? *Hasn't* he got a right to, mama?"

"There, dearie! Of course!" she comforted him. "Papa won't tell Uncle Lucius. Papa is sorry, and only wants you to be happy and not cry any more."

Papa's manner indicated somewhat less sympathy than she implied; nevertheless, he presently left the house in a condition vaguely remorseful, which still prevailed, to the extent of a slight preoccupation, when he met Uncle Lucius at the train at noon.

Uncle Lucius—Lucius Brutus Allen, attorney-at-law of Marlow, Illinois, population over three thousand, if you believed him—this Uncle Lucius was a reassuring sight, even to the eyes of a remorseful father who had been persecuting the beautiful child of a lovely mother.

Mr. Allen was no legal uncle to Ludlum: he was really Mrs. Thomas's second cousin, and, ever since she was eighteen and he twenty-four, had been her favored squire.

In fact, during her young womanhood, Mrs. Thomas and others had taken it as a matter of course that Lucius was in love with her; certainly that appeared to be his condition.

However, with the advent of Mr. John Thomas, Lucius Brutus Allen gave ground without resistance, and even assisted matters in a way which might have suggested to an outsider that he was something of a matchmaker as well as something of a lover. With a bravery which touched both the bride and bridegroom, he had stood up to the functions of best man without a quaver—and, of course, since the day of Ludlum's arrival in the visible world, had been "Uncle Lucius."

He was thirty-five; of a stoutish, stocky figure; large-headed and thin-haired; pinkish and cheerful and warm. His warmth was due partly to the weather, and led to a continuous expectancy on the part of Ludlum, for it was the habit of Uncle Lucius to keep his handkerchief in a pocket of his trousers. From the hour of his arrival, every time that Uncle Lucius put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a handkerchief to dry his dewy brow, Ludlum suffered a disappointment.

In fact, the air was so sticky that these disappointments were almost continuous, with the natural result that Ludlum became peevish; for nobody can be distinctly disappointed a dozen or so times an hour, during the greater part of an afternoon, and remain buoyantly amiable.

Finally he could bear it no longer. He had followed his parents and Uncle Lucius out to the comfortable porch, which gave them ampler air and the pretty sight of Mrs. Thomas's garden, but no greater coolness; and here Uncle Lucius, instead of

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bringing forth from his pocket a dollar, produced, out of that storage, a fresh handkerchief.

"Goodness me, but you got to wipe your ole face a lot!" said Ludlum in a voice of pure spitefulness. "I guess why you're so hot mus' be you stuff yourself at meals, an' got all fat the way you are."

Wherewith, he emitted a shrill and bitter laugh of self-applause for wit, while his parents turned to gaze upon him — Mrs. Thomas with surprise, and Mr. Thomas with dismay. To both of them his rudeness crackled out of a clear sky; they saw it as an effect detached from cause; therefore inexplicable.

"Ludlum!" said the father sharply.

"Dearie!" said the mother.

But the visitor looked closely at the vexed face. "What is it you've decided you don't like about me, Luddie?" he asked.

"You're too fat!" said Ludlum.

Both parents uttered exclamations of remonstrance, but Mr. Allen intervened. "I'm not so very fat," he said. "I've just realized what the trouble between us is, Luddie. I overlooked something entirely, but I'll fix it all right when we're alone together. Now that I've explained about it, you won't mind how often I take my handkerchief out of my pocket, will you?"

"What in the world!" Mrs. Thomas exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"It's all right," said Lucius.

Ludlum laughed; his face was restored to its serene beauty. Obviously, he again loved his Uncle Lucius, and a perfect understanding, mysterious to the parents, now existed between godfather and godson. In celebration, Ludlum shouted and ran to caper in the garden.

"By George!" said John Thomas. "You seem to understand him! I don't. I don't know what the dickens is in his mind, half the time."

Mrs. Thomas laughed condescendingly. "No wonder!" she said. "You're downtown all the daytime and never see him except at breakfast and in the evenings."

"There's one thing puzzles me about it," said John. "If you understand him so well, why don't you ever tell *me* how to? What made him so smart-alecky to Lucius just now?"

"I WAS AWAKE. I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMEP'M IN MY ROOM. I BET THERE WAS SOMEP'M IN THERE, LAS' NIGHT!"

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Again she laughed with condescension. "Why, Luddie didn't mean to be fresh at all. He just spoke without thinking."

But upon hearing this interpretation, Mr. Allen cast a rueful glance at his lovely cousin. "Quite so!" he said. "Children can't tell their reasons, but they've always got 'em!"

"Oh, no, they haven't," she laughed. And then she jumped, for there came a heavy booming of thunder from that part of the sky which the roof of the porch concealed from them. The sunshine over the red- and yellow- and pink-speckled garden vanished; all the blossoms lost color and grew wan, fluttering in an ominous breeze; at once a high wind whipped round the house, and the row of straight poplars beyond the garden showed silver sides and bent like semicircles.

"*Luddie!*" shrieked Mrs. Thomas; and he shrieked in answer; came running, just ahead of the rain. She seized his hand, and fled with him into the house.

"You remember how afraid they are of lightning," said John, apologetically. "Lightning and thunder. I never could understand it, but I suppose it's genuine and painful."

"It's both," the visitor remarked. "You wouldn't think I'm that way, too, would you?"

"You are?"

"Makes me nervous as a cat."

"Did you inherit it?"

"I don't think so," said Lucius; and he waved aside his host's silent offer of a cigar. "No, thanks. Never want to smoke in a thunderstorm. I—*Whoo!*" he interrupted himself, as a flare of light and a catastrophe of sound came simultaneously. "Let's go in," he said mildly.

"Not I. I love to watch it."

"Well—" Lucius paused, but at a renewal of the catastrophe, "Excuse *me!*" he said, and tarried no longer.

He found Mrs. Thomas and Ludlum in the center of the darkened drawing-room. She was sitting in a gilt chair with her feet off the floor and upon a rung of the chair; and four heavy, flat-bottomed drinking-glasses were upon the floor, each of them containing the foot of a leg of the gilt chair. Ludlum was upon her lap.

"Don't you believe in insulation, Lucius?" she asked anxiously. "As long as we sit like this, we can't be struck, can we?"

He put on his glasses and gave her a solemn stare before replying. "I don't know about that," he said. "Of course John is safer out on the porch than we are in here."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "A porch is the most dangerous place there *is!*"

"I don't know whether or not he's safe from the lightning," Lucius explained. "I mean he's safe from being troubled about it the way we are."

"I don't call that being safe," his lady-cousin began. "I don't see what——"

But she broke off to find place for a subdued shriek, as an admiral's salute of great guns banged and whanged from the clouds, jarring the house.

Other salutes followed, interjected, in spite of drawn shades and curtains, with spurts of light into the room, and at each spurt Mrs. Thomas shivered and said "Oh!" in a low voice, whereupon Ludlum jumped and said "Ouch!" likewise in a low voice.

Then, at the ensuing crash, Mrs. Thomas emitted a little scream, and Ludlum emitted a large one.

"Ouch! Ow!" he vociferated. "Mama, I want it to stop! Mama, I can't stand it! I can't *stand* it!"

"It's odd," said Lucius, during an interregnum. "The thunder frightens us more than the lightning, doesn't it?"

"They're both so horrible," she murmured. "I'm glad they affect you this way, too, Lucius. It's comforting. Do you think it's almost over?"

"I'll see," he said; and he went to a window, whither Ludlum, having jumped down, followed him.

"Don't open the curtains much," Mrs. Thomas begged, not leaving her chair. "Windows are always dangerous. And come away from the window, Luddie. The lightning might——"

She shrieked at a flash and boom, and Luddie came away from the window. Voiceless—he was so startled—he scrambled toward his mother, his arms outstretched, his feet slipping on the polished floor; then, leaping upon her lap, he clung to her wildly; gulped, choked, and found his voice. He howled.

"That was about the last, I think," observed Lucius, from the window. "It's beginning to clear already. Nothing but a shower to make things cooler for us. Let's go play with old John again. Come on, Luddie."

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"GOODNESS ME, BUT YOU GOT TO WIPE YOUR OLE FACE A LOT!" SAID LUDLUM IN PURE SPITEFULNESS. "I GUESS WHY YOU'RE SO HOT MUS' BE YOU STUFF YOURSELF AT MEALS."

But Ludlum clung to his mother, remonstrating. "No!" he cried. "Mama, you got to stay in the house. I don't want to go out there. It might begin again!"

She laughed soothingly. "But Uncle Lucius says it's all over now, darling. Let's go and——"

"I *d'wawn't* to! I won't go out of the house. You tell me a story."

"Well," she began, "once upon a time there was a good fairy and there was a bad fairy——"

"Where'd they live?"

"Oh, in a town—under some flowers in a garden in the town."

"Like our garden?"

"I suppose so," she assented. "And the good fairy——"

"Listen, mama," said Ludlum. "If they lived in the garden like those fairies you were tellin' me about yesterday, they could come in the windows of the house where the pretty little boy lived, couldn't they?"

"I suppose so."

At this Ludlum's expression became apprehensive and his voice peevish. "Well, then," he complained, "if there was a window open at night, or just maybe through a crack under the door, the bad fairy could slip up behind the pretty little boy, or into the pretty little boy's bedroom, an'——"

"No, no!" his mother laughed, stroking his head. "You see, the good fairy would always be watching, too, and the good fairy wouldn't let the bad fairy hurt the pretty little boy."

The apprehensive expression was not altogether soothed from the pretty little boy's face. However, he said: "Go on. Tell what happened. Did the pretty little boy——"

"Lucius!" Mrs. Thomas exclaimed, "don't stay here to be bored by Luddie and me. I've got to tell him this story——"

"Yes," Ludlum eagerly agreed. "An' then afterward she has to read me a chapter in our book."

"So you go and make John tell *you* a

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story, Lucius. I have to be polite to Luddie because he's had such a fright, poor blessed child!"

Lucius was obedient: he rejoined John upon the porch, and the two men chatted for a time.

"What book is Jennie reading to the boy?" Mr. Allen inquired, after a subsequent interval of silence.

"I don't know just now. Classic fiction of some sort, probably. She's great on preparing his mind to be literary; reads an hour to him every day, and sometimes longer—translations—mythology—everything. All about gods and goddesses appearing out of the air to heroes, and Medusa heads and what not. Then standard works: Cooper, Bulwer, Scott, Hugo—some of the great romances."

"I see," said Lucius. "She always did go at things thoroughly. I remember," he went on, with a musing chuckle, "I remember how I got hold of Bulwer's 'Zanoni' and 'Strange Story' when I was about ten years old. By George! I've been afraid to go home in the dark ever since!"

"You have?" John smiled; then sent a serious and inquiring glance at the visitor, who remained placid. "Of course Jennie doesn't read 'Zanoni' to Ludlum."

"No, she wouldn't," said Lucius. "Not till he's older. She'd read him much less disturbing things at his age, of course."

His host made no additional comment upon the subject, but appeared to sit in some perplexity.

Mr. Allen observed him calmly; then, after a time, went into the house—to get a cigar of his own, he said.

In the hall he paused, listening. From the library came Mrs. Thomas's voice, reading with fine dramatic fire:

"'"What! thou frontless dastard, thou—thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Comrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must *thou* be malapert? Knit him up to the stanchions of the hall-window! He shall beat time with his feet while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil!"

" 'The doom was scarce sooner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when our young hero entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which dubiously, yet fearfully intimated the nature of the substance which produced it.

" 'When the syndic——' "

"DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN INSULATION, LUCIUS? AS LONG AS WE SIT LIKE THIS, WE CAN'T BE STRUCK, CAN WE?"

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Ludlum interrupted. "Mama, what's a stanchion?" His voice was low and a little husky.

"It's a kind of an iron bar, or something, I think," Mrs. Thomas answered. "I'm not sure."

"Well, does it mean— Mama, what does it mean when it says 'he wrested out his last anogies'?"

"'Agonies,' dear. It doesn't mean anything that little boys ought to think about. This is a very unpleasant part of the book, and we'll hurry on to where it's all about knights and ladies, and pennons fluttering in the sunshine and——"

"No; I don't want you to hurry. I like to hear this part, too. It's nice. Go on, mama."

She continued, and between the curtains at the door, Lucius caught a glimpse of them.

Sunlight touched them through a window; she sat in a high-backed chair; the dark-curled boy, upon a stool, huddling to her knee; and, as they sat thus, reading "Quentin Durward," they were like a mother and son in stained glass—or like a Countess, in an old romance, reading to the Young Heir.

And Lucius Brutus Allen had the curious impression that, however dimly, both of them were conscious of some such picturesque resemblance.

Unseen, he withdrew from the renewed sound of the reading, and again went out to sit with John upon the porch, but Mrs. Thomas and Ludlum did not rejoin them until the announcement of dinner.

When the meal was over, Lucius and his hostess played cribbage in the library; something they did at all their reunions—a commemoration of an evening habit of old days. But to-night their game was interrupted, a whispering in the hall becoming more and more audible as it increased in virility; while protests on the part of a party of the second part punctuated and accented the whispering:

"I *d'wawn'* to!"—. . . "I won't!" . . . "I *will* ast mama!"—. . ."Leggo!"

The whispering became a bass staccato, though subdued, under the breath; protests became monosyllabic, but increased in passion; short-clipped squealings and infantile grunts were heard—and then suddenly, yet almost deliberately, a wide-mouthed roar of human agony dismayed the echoing walls.

The cavern whence issued the horrid sound was the most conspicuous thing in the little world of that house, as Ludlum dashed into the library. Even in her stress of sympathy, the mother could not forbear to cry:

"Don't, Luddie! Don't stretch your mouth like that! You'll spoil the shape of it!"

But Ludlum cared nothing for shape. Open to all the winds, he plunged toward his mother; and cribbage-board, counters, and cards went to the floor.

"Darling!" she implored. "What has hurt mama's little boy so awfully? Tell mama!"

In her arms, his inclement eyes salting his cheeks, the vocal pitch of his despair rose higher and higher like the voice of a reluctant pump.

"*Papa twissud my wrist!*" he finally became coherent enough to declare.

"What!"

"He did!" All in falsetto Ludlum sobbed his version of things. "He—he suss-said I had to gug-go up to bed all—all alone. He grabbed me! He hurt! He said I couldn' interrup' your ole gug-game! 'N' he said, 'I'll show you!' 'N' then—then—then—he *twissud* my *wrist!*"

At that she gathered him closer to her, and rose, holding him in her arms. Her face was deeply flushed, and her shining eyes avoided her husband, who stood near the doorway.

"Put him down, Jennie," he said, mildly. "I——"

Straightway she strode by him, carrying her child. She did not pause, nor speak aloud, yet Lucius and John both heard the whispered word which crumpled the latter as the curtains waved with the angry breeze of her passing. "Shame!"

Meanwhile, Lucius, on his knees—for he never regarded his trousers seriously—began to collect dispersed cards and pegs. "What say?" he inquired, upon some gaspings of his unfortunate friend, John.

"She believed it!" (These stricken words came from a deep chair in the shadows.) "She thought I actually did twist his wrist!"

"Oh, no," said Lucius. "She didn't believe anything of the kind. Darn that peg!" With face to the floor and in an attitude of Oriental devotion, he appeared to be worshiping the darkness under a divan. "She was merely reacting to the bellow of her

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LUCIUS AND JOHN BOTH HEARD THE WHISPERED WORD WHICH CRUMPLED THE LATTER AS THE CURTAINS WAVED WITH THE ANGRY BREEZE OF HER PASSING. "SHAME!"

offspring. She knew he invented it, as well as you did."

"It's incredible!" said John. "The cold-blooded cunning of it! He was bound to have his way, and make her go up with him; and I'd turned him toward the stairway by his shoulders, and he tried to hold himself back by catching at one of those big chairs in the hall. I caught his wrist to keep him from holding to the chair—and I held him a second or two, not moving. The little pirate decided on the thing then and there, in his mind. He understood perfectly well he could make it all the more horrible because you were here, visiting us. I swear it appals me! What sort of a nature *is* that?"

"Oh," said Lucius, "just natural nature. Same as you and me."

"I'd hate to believe that!"

"You and I got ashamed long ago of the tricks that came in our minds to play," said Lucius, groping under the divan. "We got ashamed so often that they don't come any more."

"Yes, but it ought to be time they

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stopped coming into that boy's mind. He was nine last month."

"Yes—darn that peg!—there seems to be something in what you say. But of course Luddie thought he was in a fix that was just as bad to him as it would be to me if somebody were trying to make me walk into Pancho Villa's camp all alone. *I'd* make a fuss about that, if the fuss would bring up the whole United States Army to go with me. That's what it amounted to with Luddie."

"I suppose so," groaned the father. "It all comes down to his being a coward."

"It all comes down to the air being full of queer things when he's alone," said Lucius.

"Well, I'd like to know what makes it full of queer things. Where does his foolishness come from?"

"And echo answers—" Lucius added, managing to get his head and shoulders under the divan, and thrusting with arms and legs to get more of himself under.

But a chime of laughter from the doorway answered in place of echo. "What are you doing, Lucius?" Mrs. Thomas inquired. "Swimming lessons? I never saw anything——"

And laughter so overcame her that she could speak no further, but dropped into a chair, her handkerchief to her mouth.

Lucius emerged crabwise, and placed a cribbage-peg upon the table, but made no motion to continue the game. Instead he dusted himself uselessly, lit a cigar, and sat.

"Luddie's all right," said the lady, having recovered her calmness. "I think probably something he ate at dinner upset him a little. Anyhow, he was all right as soon as we got up-stairs. Annie's sitting with him and telling him stories."

"I wonder if that lightning struck anything this afternoon," Lucius said absently. "Some of it seemed mighty near."

"It was awful."

"Do you remember," Lucius asked her, "when you first began to be nervous about it?"

"Oh, I've always been that way, ever since I was a little child. I haven't the faintest idea how it got hold of me. Children just get afraid of certain things, it seems to me, and that's all there is to it. You know how Luddie is about lightning, John."

John admitted that he knew how Luddie was about lightning. "I do," was all he said.

Mrs. Thomas's expression became charmingly fond, even a little complacent. "I suppose he inherits it from me," she said.

"My mother has that fear to this day," Lucius remarked. "And I have it too, but I didn't inherit it from her."

"How do you know?" his cousin asked quickly. "What makes you think you didn't inherit it?"

"Because my father used to tell me that when I was three and four years old he would sit out on the porch during a thunderstorm, and hold me in his lap, and every time the thunder came both of us would laugh, and shout 'Boom!' Children naturally like a big noise. But when I got a little bit older and more imaginative, and began to draw absurd conclusions from things, I found that my mother was frightened during thunder-storms—though she tried her best to conceal it—and, of course, seeing *her* frightened, I thought something pretty bad must be the matter. So the fear got fastened on me, and I can't shake it off though I'm thirty-five years old. Curious thing it is!"

Mrs. Thomas's brilliant eyes were fixed upon her cousin throughout this narrative with an expression at first perplexed, then reproachful, finally hostile.

A change, not subtle but simple and vivid, came upon her face, while its habitual mobility departed, leaving it radiantly still, with a fierce smoldering just underneath. How deep and fast her breathing became was too easily visible.

"Everything's curious, though, for the matter o' that," Lucius added. And without looking at his cousin—without needing to look at her, to understand the deadliness of her silence—he smoked unconcernedly. "Yes, sir, it's all curious; and *we're* all curious," he said, permitting himself the indulgence of a reminiscent chuckle. "You know I believe my father and mother got to be rather at outs about me—one thing'n' another, goodness knows what!—and it was years before they came together and found a real sympathy between them again. Truth is, I suspect where people aren't careful, their children have about twice as much to do with driving 'em apart as with drawing 'em together—especially in the case of an only child. I really do think that if *I*

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SHE GAZED AT HIM FIERCELY THROUGH HER TEARS. YET THERE WAS A HINT OF FEAR BEHIND THE ANGER. "YOU DARE TO SAY SUCH A THING AS THAT TO A MOTHER?"

hadn't been an only child my father and mother might have been——"

A sibilant breath, not a word and not quite a hiss, caused Lucius to pause for a moment, but not to glance in the direction of the lips whence came the sound. He appeared to forget the sentence he had left incomplete; at all events he neglected to finish it. However, he went on, composedly:

"Some of my aunts tell me I was the worst nuisance they ever knew. In fact, some of 'em go out of their way to tell me that, even yet. They never could figure out what was the matter with me—except that I was spoiled; but I never meet Aunt Mira Hooper on the street at home, to this day, that she doesn't stop to tell me she hasn't learned to like me, because she got such a set against me when I was a child—and I meet her three or four times a week! She claims there was *some* kind of a little tragedy over me, in our house, every day or so, for years and years. She blames *me* for it, but Lord knows it wasn't my fault. For instance, a lot of it was my father's."

"What did he do?" asked John.

Lucius chuckled again. "The worst he did was to tell me stories about Indians and pioneer days. Sounds harmless enough, but father was a good story-teller, and that was the trouble. You see, the foundation of all romance, whether it's Indian stories or fairy-stories—it's all hero and villain. Something evil is always just going to jump out of somewhere at the hero, and the reader or the listener is always the hero. Why, *I* got so I wouldn't go into a darkened room, even in the daytime! As we grow older we forget the horrible visions we had when we were children; and what's worse, we forget there's no need for children to have 'em. Children ought to be raised in the *real* world, not the dream one. Yes, sir, I lay all my Aunt Mira Hooper's grudge against me to my father's telling me stories so well and encouraging me to read the classics and——"

"Lucius," Mrs. Thomas spoke in a low voice, but in a tone which checked him abruptly.

"Yes, Jennie?"

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"Don't you think that's enough?"

"I suppose it is tiresome," he said. "Too much autobiography. I was just rambling on about——"

"You meant me!" she cried.

"You, Jennie?"

"You did! And you meant Ludlum was a *'nuisance;'* not you. And I don't think it's very nice! Do you?"

"Why, *I* nev——"

But his cousin's emotions were no longer to be contained. She rose, trembling. "What a fool I was this afternoon!" she exclaimed bitterly. "I didn't suspect you; yet I never remembered your being nervous in a thunder-storm before. I thought you were sympathetic, and all the time you were thinking these cruel, wicked things about Luddie and me!"

Lucius rose, too. "You know what I think about you, all the time, Jennie," he said genially. "John, if you can remember where you put my umbrella when we came in, it's about time for me to be catching a street-car down to the station."

She opposed him with a passionate gesture. "No!" she cried fiercely. "You can't say such things to me and then slip out like that! You tell me I've taught my child to be a coward and that I've made a spoilt brat of him——"

"HE IS SUCH AN OLD SMART ALECK!" SHE CRIED. "THAT'S WHY I MARRIED YOU INSTEAD OF HIM."

"Jennie!" he protested. "I was talking about *me!*"

"Shame on you to pretend!" she said. "You think I'm making John *hate* Luddie——"

"*Jennie!*" he shouted in genuine astonishment.

"You do! And you come here pretending to be such a considerate, sympathetic friend—and every minute you're criticizing and condemning me in your heart for all my little stories to my child—all because—because—" suddenly she uttered a dry sob "—because I want to raise my boy to be a—a poet!"

"John," said Lucius desperately, "*do* you think you can find that umbrella?"

With almost startling alacrity John rose and vanished from the room, and Lucius would have followed, but the distressed lady detained him. She caught a sagging pocket of his coat, and he found it necessary to remain until she should release him.

"You sha'n't!" she cried. "Not till you've taken back that accusation."

"But what accusa——"

"Shame on you! Ah, I didn't think you'd ever come here and do such a thing to me. And this morning I was looking forward to a happy day! It's a good thing you're a bachelor!"

With which final insult she hurled his pocket from her—at least that was the expression of her gesture—and sank into a chair, weeping heartbrokenly.

"You don't understand!" she sobbed.

"How could any man understand—or any woman not a mother! You think these hard things of me, but—but John doesn't always love Luddie. Don't you get even a little glimpse of what that means to me? There are times when John doesn't even *like* Luddie!"

"Take care," said Lucius gently. "Take care that those times don't come oftener."

She gasped, and would have spoken, but for a moment she could not, and was able only to gaze at him fiercely through her tears. Yet there was a hint of fear behind the anger.

"You dare to say such a thing as that to a mother?" she said, when she could speak.

Lucius's eyes twinkled genially; he touched her upon the shoulder, and she suffered him. "Mother," he said lightly, "have pity on your child!"

Somehow, he managed to put more

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solemnity into this parting prayer of his than if he had spoken it solemnly; and she was silent.

He left the room, stumbling over a chair, as he usually did, at the dramatic moments in his life.

John was standing in the open doorway, Lucius's umbrella in his hand. "I think I hear a car coming, old fellow," he said.

"Got to get my hat," Mr. Allen muttered. He had been reminded of something; a small straw hat, with a blue ribbon round it, was upon the table, and he fumbled with it a moment before seizing his own and rushing for the door at the increasing warning of a brass gong in the near distance. Thus, when he had gone, a silver dollar was pocketed within the inside band of the small straw hat with the blue ribbon. . . .

John Thomas, returning in sharp trepidation to the lovely, miserable figure in the library, encountered one of the many surprises of his life.

"He never could tell the truth to save his life!" she said. "He doesn't know what truth *means!* Did you hear him sitting up there and telling us he was 'an only child'? He has a brother and four sisters living, and I don't know how many dead!"

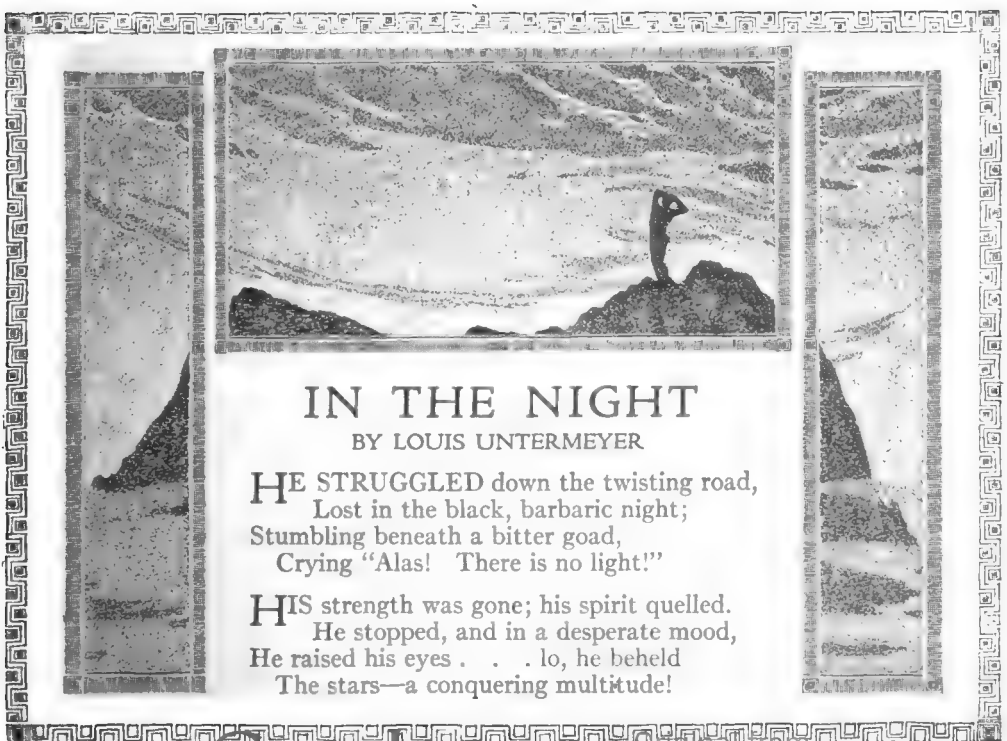
"You don't mean it!" said John, astounded. "That certainly was pecu——"

He lost his breath at that moment. She rose and threw her arms round him with the utmost heartiness.

"He's such an old smart Aleck!" she cried, still weeping. "That's why I married you instead of him. I love you for not being one! If you want to spank Luddie for telling that story about his wrist I wish you'd go and wake him up and do it!"

"No," said John. "Lucius called to me as he was running for the car that he is going to be married next week. I'll wait and spank one of her children. They'll be the worst spoiled children in the world."

"BUNK"—a story of Revolutionary Mexico, by LINCOLN STEFFENS—will appear in the February number. It's the story of a young man who could live a year of most people's lives in a minute. Steffens knows Mexico—and how to write stories.



IN THE NIGHT

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HE STRUGGLED down the twisting road,
Lost in the black, barbaric night;
Stumbling beneath a bitter goad,
Crying "Alas! There is no light!"

HIS strength was gone; his spirit quelled.
He stopped, and in a desperate mood,
He raised his eyes . . . lo, he beheld
The stars—a conquering multitude!

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THE RIVER

DOWN to the Stilldeep River
How many pathways run!
By each, from field and city
Come ever, one by one,
Soldiers and priests and workmen,
Mothers and maids and wives,
Governors, thieves, and paupers,
To cool their burning lives;

FOREIGNERS, black men, white men,
Christian and heathen come,
Some in their robes of office,
Some in their shame; and some,
Rising from anguished pillows,
Hither in darkness first
Stumble a briery pathway
To quench that ardent thirst.

AND some would check the River
From running on so fleet,
For fear the wider water
Will prove no longer sweet.
Some dream their vessel only
Can catch the sparkle fine:
"My cup bears wholesome water,
But yours is filled with brine."

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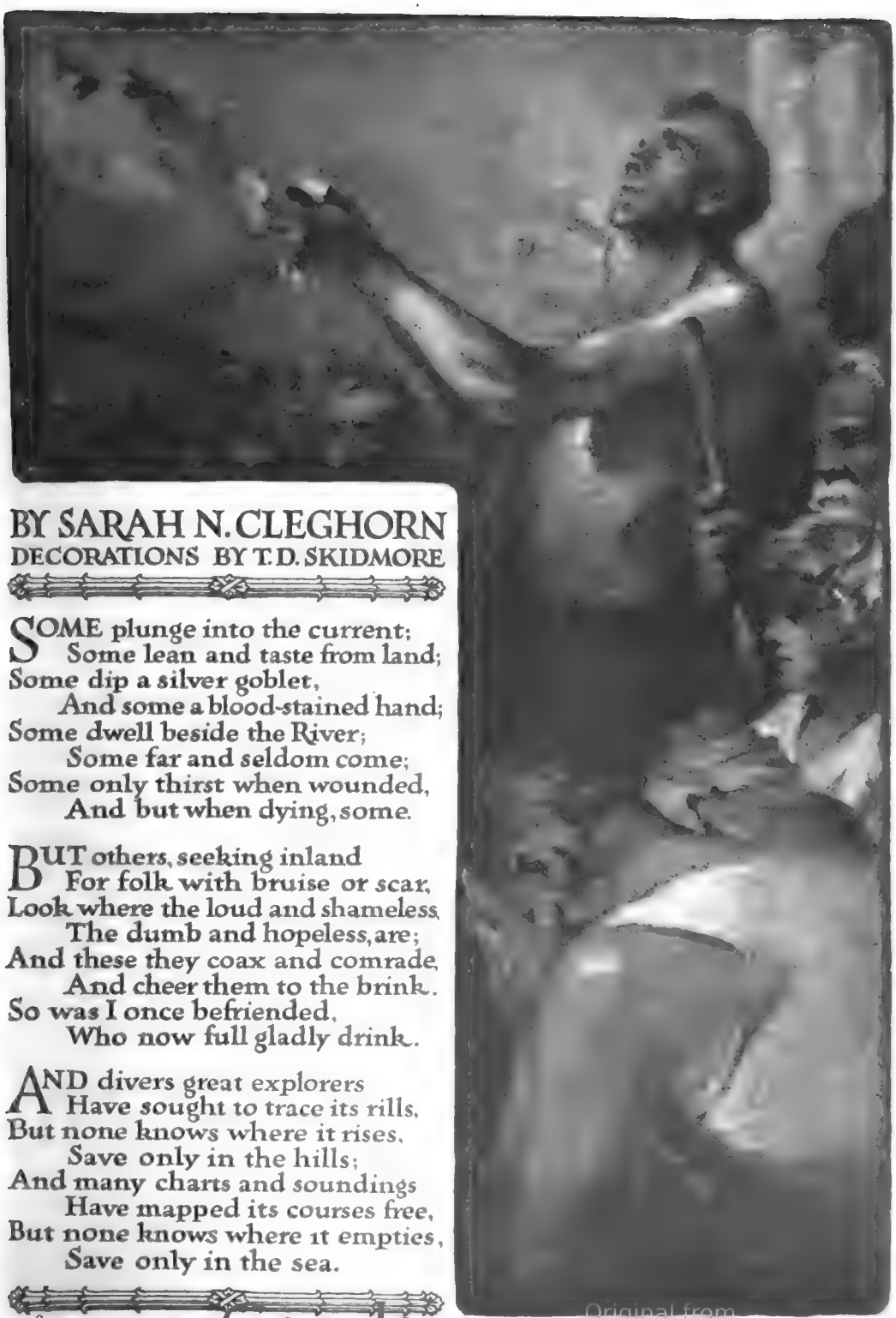

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

DECORATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

SOME plunge into the current;
Some lean and taste from land;
Some dip a silver goblet,
And some a blood-stained hand;
Some dwell beside the River;
Some far and seldom come;
Some only thirst when wounded,
And but when dying, some.

BUT others, seeking inland
For folk with bruise or scar,
Look where the loud and shameless
The dumb and hopeless, are;
And these they coax and comrade,
And cheer them to the brink.
So was I once befriended,
Who now full gladly drink.

AND divers great explorers
Have sought to trace its rills,
But none knows where it rises,
Save only in the hills;
And many charts and soundings
Have mapped its courses free,
But none knows where it empties,
Save only in the sea.

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Cartoons by W. J. Enright

WHOSE "OPEN DOOR"?

BY O. K. DAVIS

"The 'Open Door' in China is one of the most fantastic international fictions ever invented."

"The door that is open in China to-day is the door of forceful aggression."

IS IT worth war with Japan to maintain the "Open Door" in China?

Within the last few weeks certain characteristic events in Peking have thrown a strong light upon the practical operation of the "Open Door" as far as American enterprise in China is concerned.

Just the other day the Chinese Government signed a contract with American bankers for a loan of $5,000,000. Promptly the Peking representatives of the Japanese, Russian, British, and French banks, which

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are members of the so-called "Quintuple Group," protested to the Chinese foreign office, and used their influence to shut this door that China was opening to American enterprise. All these powers are bound and rebound to maintain the "Open Door in China." The banks protesting against this American loan are all bound to China to advance funds to her under their specific loan agreement. On several occasions China has sought advances on this agreement, but the bankers have been either unwilling or unable to put up the money. So China turned to a new group of American bankers and got the money. Thereupon the Japanese and European bankers, with a regular dog-in-the-manger attitude, seek to block the execution of the American contract.

It is a most interesting and illuminating view of the real attitude of Japan and Europe toward the "Open Door in China."

On the first of last October American newspapers printed a cable dispatch from the experienced and reliable Peking correspondent of the Associated Press, which announced that the Chinese Government had concluded an agreement with the Siems-Carey Company, of St. Paul, financed by the American International Corporation, for the construction of two thousand miles of railways, involving the expenditure of more than $100,000,000. Construction work on some parts of the enterprise was to begin at once. The same firm had secured, previously, contracts for the reconstruction of several hundred miles of the Grand Canal in Shantung and Kiangsu provinces.

On October fourteenth—just two weeks later—the American newspapers published another dispatch from the Peking correspondent of the Associated Press. "Japan and Russia entered protest to-day," he reported, "against concessions for railway and canal construction in China which had been granted to Americans."

Japan and Russia are two of the leading signatories to "Open Door" treaties or agreements. Both are strong in diplomatic influence at Peking. Both know how to use that influence to prevent the opening of any door in China which it does not suit them to have open. Each knows how to subordinate suspicion of and prejudice against the other to the furtherance of the common aim—expansion at the expense of China.

"Prince Koudacheff, the Russian Minister," continues the dispatch of October fourteenth, "lodged a protest at the Foreign Office against the proposed American railway from Feng-cheng, Shansi province, to Lanchow-fu, in Kansu province, alleging that the Chinese Minister in Petrograd promised verbally eighteen years ago that Russia should have the privilege of building railroads in the vicinity of Mongolia."

Thus Russia, which has but recently concluded a new treaty—making common cause with Japan in the Far East—gets to work under that treaty to block American enterprise in China, rather than—under her agreement with the United States—to maintain the "Open Door." And she seeks to hold a casual conversation in St. Petersburg, away back in 1898, an effective bar to an enterprise which is not only in accord with the spirit and the terms of the "Open Door" agreements, but is also certain to be beneficial to China.

There is still more of that dispatch of October fourteenth. "Baron Gonsuke Hayaski, the Japanese Minister of China," it continues, "to-day protested to the Foreign Office against the Government's agreement with American contractors for the reconstruction of two hundred miles of the Grand Canal in Shantung province."

Japan Kicks the Door Shut

HERE we have Japan doing her best to kick the door shut the moment it gives promise of opening to American enterprise. Here, too, as in the Russian case, an understanding eighteen years old is invoked as the basis for the protest. This was the contract between China and Germany, made in 1898, when Germany "leased" Kiao-chou. The Chinese Government then bound itself to give Germany preference in any work or loans in Shantung. Japan now claims for herself the right to do the proposed work as the successor by conquest to all of Germany's rights and privileges in Shantung.

This newest prohibition by Japan of American enterprise in China is the counterpart of her action a few years ago in preventing the American construction of a railway through Manchuria from Chinchow to Aigun. Japan blocked that hopeful project because the proposed road would run practically parallel to her own South Manchurian Railway—the profit from her bloody struggle with Russia in 1904-1905.

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On paper the door was open in all parts of China, including Manchuria, to the enterprise of all nations alike. But Japan had secured a special position in Manchuria, not from China, but from Russia, and the "Open Door" was a theory, not a condition. Now Japan has secured a special position in Shantung, not from China but from Germany, and the result is exactly the same.

Japan avowedly seeks in China only relief from the press of her rapidly increasing population. She wants room for some of her people who are overcrowded in their old places in Japan. She wants a trade expansion with the Chinese which shall develop her industrial system at home so as to enable Japanese workmen to earn a comfortable living in Japan. This is a legitimate purpose, and in the legitimate execution of it Japan is entitled to the good-will and support of the rest of the world.

But because of what the Japanese themselves, officially and otherwise, have done and said about their actions and purposes in China there is an uneasy suspicion abroad that the trade expansion really sought is not compatible with the honest maintenance of the "Open Door;" that it is a development of the trade of Japan, not along with, but at the expense of, the trade of other countries; that although the Japanese speak of trade development they mean trade control, and that trade control by Japan means inevitably a prior political control.

Is War the Answer?

THE logical conclusion from this is that if the progressive development of Japan's ambition in China is not arrested it will not be very long before Japan's political control in China is complete, and then the "Open Door" in China will be just exactly what the "Open Door" in Japan is to-day.

Is it worth anything to us to prevent that? If so, is it worth war with Japan?

Or is it possible that such a development might be commercially beneficial to us, and good for China as well as for Japan?

Political domination of China by Japan is certainly coming, I believe, if China and Japan are left to work out the problem of the Far East uninterfered with, or unaided by, any of the powers of the West. Moreover, it does not seem probable, at this stage of the war in Europe, that any of the powers engaged in it is likely to be ready, on emerging from it, to take on a fresh war with Japan for the sake of preserving the "Open Door" in China. I believe that the Japanese are deliberately counting—and they are entitled to count—upon the exhaustion of Europe after the present war, in what they are now doing in China. They are keeping their armed forces out of Europe, and at the same time their factories, mills, and munition plants are busy, with very great and important profit. Simultaneously they are moving ahead with their plans in China, surely and steadily. They are playing the game their own way, the only way they know, and the way in which they must play it.

Three Presidents on the "Open Door" Policy

I ASKED the President of the United States, once, whether he thought the people of this country would be willing to fight for the "Open Door" in China. Without the slightest hesitation he replied that they would. The policy of the "Open Door," he explained, had become a national ideal, somewhat similar to that of the Monroe Doctrine, but not so deeply cherished because not recognized for so long a period as a national policy. He had no doubt that we would fight for it.

That President was Mr. Roosevelt.

I asked Mr. Taft, when he was President, if he thought the people of the United States would fight for the "Open Door." His view was just as firmly held as that of Mr. Roosevelt, but it was exactly opposite. He did not believe we would support a war for the "Open Door," and did not think the American people were sufficiently interested in the matter to be willing to make any substantial sacrifice for it.

The attitude of the present administration has been shown quite clearly on different occasions. When Japan was forcing China to conclude a humiliating and disgraceful treaty, a year and a half ago, this Government sent an identical message to the two countries, the substance of which was that Washington would not recognize any convention that might result from those negotiations which did not itself respect the prior engagements of both nations regarding the "Open Door."

That message was simply filed away by both Japan and China, and had not the slightest effect upon the outcome of the

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negotiations then pending, or upon any subsequent proceeding by either China or Japan.

Only a few weeks ago Japan began a new drive on China by submitting a fresh set of demands, based upon a riotous outbreak in Manchuria in which some Japanese police or soldiers and some Chinese were killed. It was the kind of incident that marks, with wearisome frequency, the diplomatic annals of China. Japan, being ready for the new aggression, seized upon this incident as her pretext. In fact, the incident may have been instigated for that purpose. The same kind of infringement of Chinese independence and sovereignty is undertaken now that was involved in the demands of 1915. Japan again insists upon joint police supervision of certain places, this time making the demand applicable especially to Eastern Inner Mongolia.

The Japanese policeman is an agent of the Imperial Government. He is not a municipal employee. He is an enlisted man, as much a representative of Japan as any soldier on her army list. Nobody in all the world except a Japanese Government official would contend for a moment that the establishment of Japanese Government police in control of Chinese cities was not an infringement of Chinese sovereignty and an impairment of Chinese independence. It is not the procedure of the international treaty ports, where strictly foreign settlements employ their own nationals in their own police service. It is a Japanese invasion of Chinese sovereignty, and nothing less.

The American Government telegraphed to Japan that it had been "greatly disturbed" by the report of this new aggression on China. It used language which, coming from Great Britain, Russia, France, or almost any other self-respecting power, would have caused Japan to pause with anxious concern until this complication had been adjusted. But, to quote an authoritative Japanese, "the United States, thanks to her unfortunate diplomacy, had made herself a negligible factor." The Japanese Government made a polite acknowledgment of our expression of grave concern, and went ahead with its business, uninterrupted and undisturbed. The Japanese no longer regard the United States as counting for any material weight in the Far East. We have given evidence apparently convincing to them that we will not fight for the "Open Door," and it no longer matters what we say.

The "Open Door" a Fantastic Fiction

BUT why should we fight for the "Open Door"? The "Open Door" in China is one of the most fantastic fictions ever invented for the delusion and entertainment of a credulous people. It bears something the same relation to our diplomatic affairs that the wholly imaginary tael does to Chinese financial accounts. It is a kind of form of expression, a means of exchange, a device to promote discussion and lessen the heat of international friction, but never an actuality.

An elaborate body of international support (on paper) has been built up under and around this fiction. Numerous and specific engagements have been undertaken by various nations in furtherance and development of the original idea. All of them pledge the faith of their makers to their full execution. All of them are preserved in the diplomatic places of reverence with as much solemnity and ceremony as if they were the crown jewels of the Holy Roman Empire, or the sacred sword of Ama Terasu herself. But if there is one of them which has any more real worth than the "scrap of paper" that once was the treaty between Germany and Belgium, no diplomatic wise man has arisen to point it out.

It was in the winter of 1899-1900 that

Photograph from Bain News Service

AN AMERICAN FIRM HAS CONTRACTS TO RECONSTRUCT PART OF THE GRAND CANAL IN CHINA. JAPAN PROTESTS THEM.

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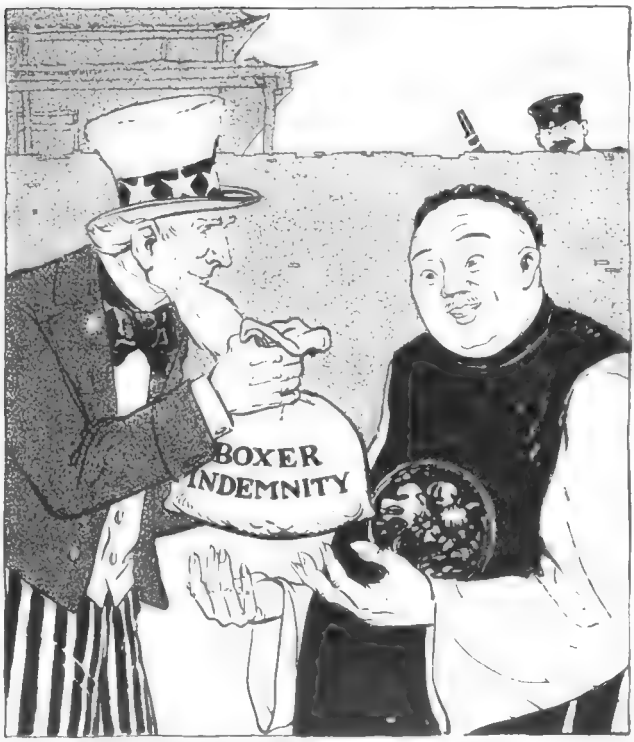
John Hay, Secretary of State, secured from the Governments of Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan formal written assent to his proposal that they agree to maintain an "Open Door" policy in the territories held by them in China. With the conclusion of that correspondence the "Open Door" in China was *fait accompli* (on paper). It was not guaranteed by treaty, as was the neutrality of Belgium, but it had the "sanction of society" internationally, and the various interested governments were committed in writing.

The situation on the Asiatic mainland at that time was this: France had established herself on the south of China. Russia was on the north and northwest, in Manchuria and Mongolia, and had taken Port Arthur and the Liao-tung peninsula away from Japan, which had won them in war from China in 1894-1895. Germany had exacted "compensation" for the murder of two missionaries in Shantung by "obtaining the lease" of Kiaochou and the establishment of a "sphere of influence" in the hinterland of Shantung which was expected to develop into practical control of all that province. Great Britain was at Hongkong, on the southeast, and in Burma on the southwest, as well as having enormous commercial, but not territorial, interests at Shanghai and in the Yangtze valley. Also she had "obtained compensation" for the advance of Russia and Germany by the lease of Weihai-wei, where she was contemplating the establishment of a naval station from which she could watch both of them at once. Japan, having absorbed Formosa, but having been obliged to relinquish Port Arthur and the Liao-tung, was impatiently biding her time, and slowly building up the position from which to strike back at Russia. All were alert and keenly watching events in China, prepared to move instantly to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur.



UNCLE SAM—"I AM RETURNING THIS TO YOU WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT IT BE USED FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUR CHILDREN."

In the whole list of powers that had pledged themselves to the maintenance of the "Open Door" the United States was the only one that had no territorial interest or sphere of influence in China. Ours was the only diplomacy which had colorable title to a motive of altruism. America alone coveted no Chinese soil and asked no special privilege from China.

It was not long after the United States had given this evidence of disinterested friendship for China that Japan began anew to manifest a purpose to consolidate for herself the hegemony of the Far East. She took up the pledge of the "Open Door" at the point of mere general assent, where American diplomacy had left it, and obtained for it the sanctity of formal treaty stipulation. In the course of a few years she had concluded treaties with Great Britain, France, and Russia, each of which embraced a strict "Open Door" provision. She also supplemented her adhesion to the Hay proposal by concluding the Root-Takahira agreement, or exchange of notes, which includes an explicit "Open Door" pledge.

It is noteworthy that in all these agreements, conventions, and treaties between other nations regarding China there was the constant stipulation that the "independence

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JAPAN—"YOU SEE, I GIVE ALL THESE POLICEMEN TO CHINA, JUST THAT ORDER MAY BE PRESERVED."

and integrity" of China should be preserved, as well as the "principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations." Yet the nations making these pledges were, with the exception of the United States, the identical forces that already had impaired Chinese independence and integrity; which, since then, have made further invasion of Chinese sovereignty, integrity, and independence, and which were then, and are now, conducting themselves in China in such a manner as to prevent, rather than secure, the equal opportunity of all nations for commerce and industry in that country. They are established on the borders of China to-day watching eagerly for the opportunity for further encroachment, waiting like the crows in the old song, to "pick his eyes out, one by one."

Twenty years ago Lord Curzon, one of the foremost observers of affairs in the Far East, lamented the fate of China, which, "in the last fifty years has lost Siam, Burma, Annam, Tonking, part of Manchuria, Formosa, and Korea." Since writing that Lord Curzon has seen Korea become an integral part of the Japanese Empire. He has seen China lose, in all but name, her sovereign control of South Manchuria, of North Manchuria, of Outer Mongolia, of Inner Mongolia, and of Outer Tibet. Her control of Ili and Kashgaria has become shadowy, and her control of Tibet little better. Her sovereign control of the great provinces of Fukien and Shantung—two of the vital parts of the once mighty empire—has been gravely infringed.

She has lost her fiscal freedom, her judicial freedom, and her financial freedom. She has lost control of her maritime customs and of a considerable portion of her native customs. She has lost control of her inland telegraph system. She has lost control of her postal system and of the salt gabel, one of her chief sources of revenue. The collection of a considerable portion of her internal taxes and of all of her customs revenues is in the hands of foreigners, and she has even lost control of the selection and appointment of these foreigners. Many of her most valuable mines have been alienated. Most of her railways have been pledged, and the Peking octroi have been hypothecated. Even in the appointment of foreign advisers to her Government foreign Governments claim the right of interference, and actually exercise the right of veto.

No more fantastic international fiction than the "Open Door in China" was ever conceived.

The door that is open in China to-day is the door of forceful aggression. That is the door of which all the modern powers of the world, except the United States, are selfishly seeking to make the most advantageous use. For the moment the war in Europe has tied the hands of Great Britain, France, and Germany, and it has hampered Russia. But it has set free Japan, which has the greatest need of all for enterprise in China, and she is making the greatest use of her opportunity.

The door of forceful aggression is open in China to-day because, after some forty centuries of national existence, there is in that ancient land no modern representative

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government; no effective preparation of military service for aggression or defense; no organization of government, of commerce, of industry, or of enterprise; no comprehensive policy; no development of transportation or communication—the twin foundations of civilization; no simple system of taxation and no revenue system; no broad, general understanding of the fundamental relationship between citizen and state; no popular conception of the duties and obligations of individual citizenship, and only a minimum of patriotism, of loyalty, and of national honor. China to-day, in the language of one of her most famous foreign advisers, is the "only country in the world which finds it necessary to give compensation for the withdrawal of an untenable demand."

The Chinese Chaos

ABSENCE of system and lack of organization have produced a situation akin to chaos in government, and the introduction of innumerable individual and conflicting systems in commerce and industry. Such railways as there are were almost all built by foreigners, with foreign capital and under foreign concession. The main artery to the capital is policed to-day by the soldiers of foreign nations. There is not a single mile of modern highway in China outside foreign concessions or settlements. There is not an electric tramway system in all of the many populous cities, except under foreign control or in foreign concessions. The only effective system of education in the country was instituted by foreigners and is under foreign supervision.

The financial problems of China to-day are among the greatest of all the world, but Chinese knowledge of finance is worse than rudimentary. There is hardly a single successful business enterprise in China wholly of Chinese origin and under Chinese management.

That is the China of the "Open Door." The "Open Door" has operated to secure concessions and special privileges for every country that has sought them, except the United States, because every country seeking advantage or development in China, except the United States, has been willing to back the initiative of its merchants and capitalists with a show of diplomatic interest, and if necessary with the intimation or the actual display of force.

That "Balance of Power"

UNTIL the war in Europe upset the finely adjusted "balance of power" which had obtained up to that time, whatever item of advantage in China any one of the harpies secured was the cause of immediate demands for "compensation" elsewhere by all the other harpies. That "balance of power," so carefully sustained by China, was believed by her statesmen to be the only means of maintaining her existence, because it operated to prevent any one power from getting materially ahead of any of the others at her expense. But what they seem never to have understood was that it was gradually extending and expanding all the harpies together at the expense of China's existence.

The United States have been barred from this kind of development in China and, indeed, from all kinds of practical development, because we not only have not sought that kind of aggrandizement, but have been positively unwilling to take advantage in that way. Ours has been the other course, notably emphasized in the case of the return of a large share of the indemnity exacted at the conclusion of the Boxer Campaign of 1900. The remission was conditional upon the use of the funds for the establishment and maintenance of a college to prepare students for a higher education in the United States, and we see to it that that condition is fulfilled. The Tsing Hua college, thus created, is one of the grounds of hope that Young China may yet be able to leaven the whole lump, and help Old China to bring about her own regeneration, and work out her own salvation.

In the development of her Manchurian enterprise Japan has demonstrated what may be expected from her in the way of interpretation and execution of the "Open Door" agreement. The progress of her commerce and industry there has been marked by a record of complaint from Americans who have been affected adversely in their trade. Japan is quick to protest against the shadow of discrimination whenever she fancies it falls on her subjects anywhere in the world. She is even quicker to favor them with the substance of discrimination whenever the opportunity arises. Thus, in the matter of freight rates on the South Manchurian Railway, she makes a "non-discriminating" arrangement

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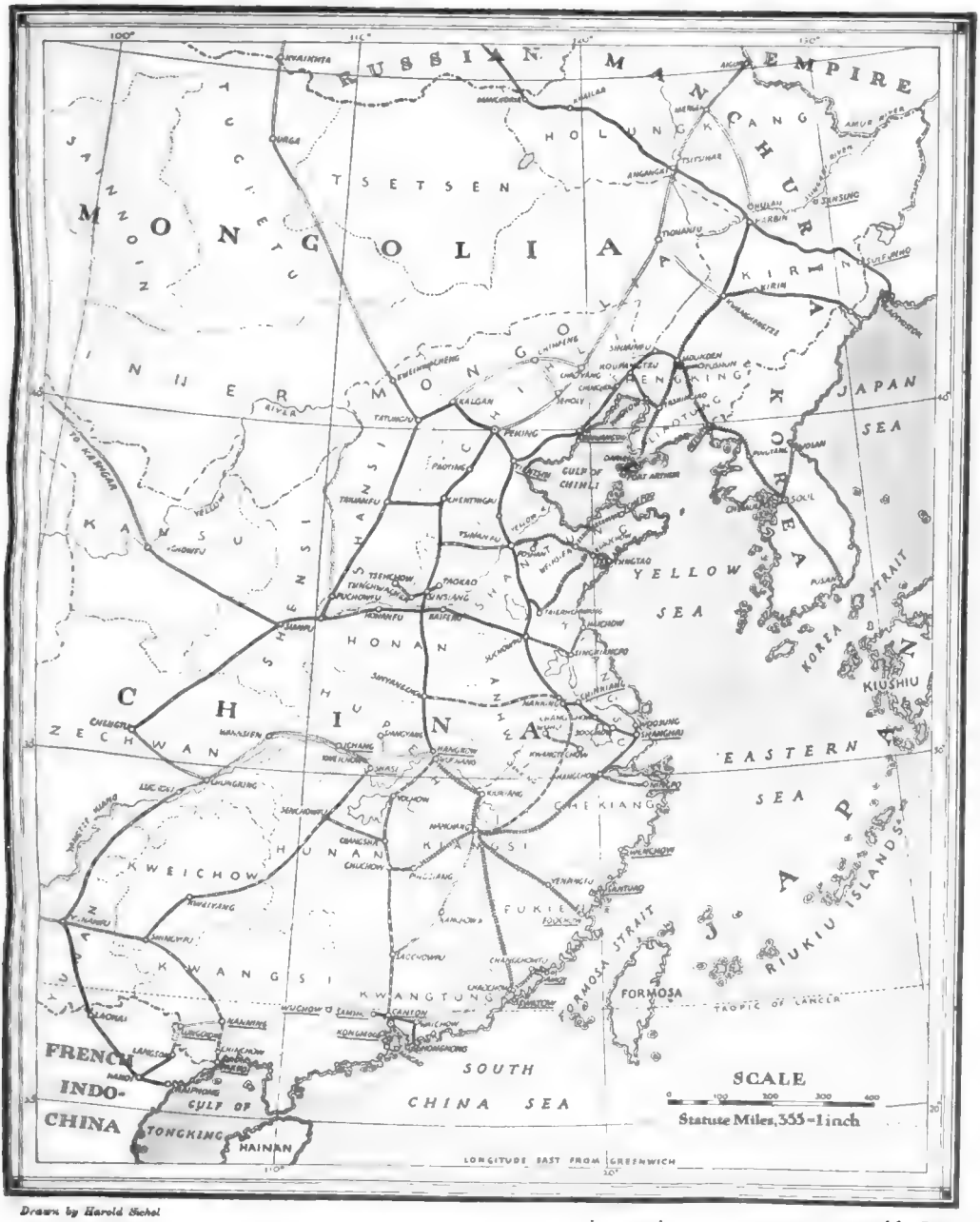

Drawn by Harold Sichel

A MAP SHOWING THE RAILWAYS IN CHINA. NOTE HOW JAPAN IS EXTENDING HER REACH IN CHINA THROUGH THE RAILWAYS SHE ALREADY OPERATES AND THOSE SHE IS CONSTRUCTING OR DEMANDING.

in operation — *operated by Japan*
under construction — *under construction by Japan*
proposed — *demanded by Japan*
CANTON *places open to foreign trade are underlined thus*

such that rebates may be secured by all who meet the conditions. It is not discrimination, because open to all, although only Japanese can possibly meet the conditions.

Thus, while Japan proclaims her adherence and devotion to the principle of the "Open Door," her practise has been to fill the door, when it is opened, so full of Japanese that there is very scant room for others. She has sought and obtained special advantage for her own people consistently,

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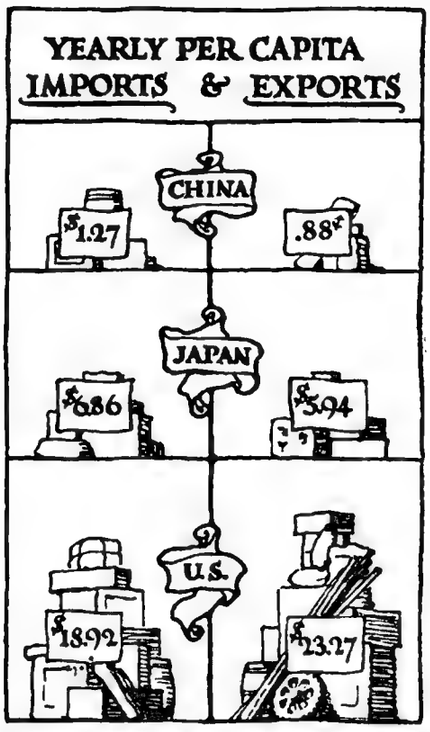
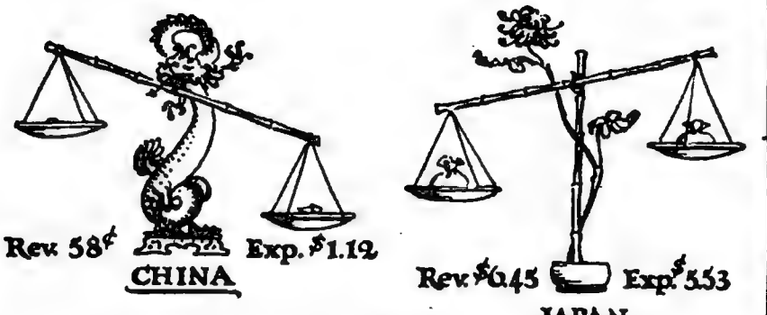


PER CAPITA	CHINA	JAPAN	U. S.
DEBT	$2.88	$23.92	$11.03
INTEREST	.10	1.33	.23



YEARLY REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES (Per Capita)

SHOWING HOW CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES SPEND—AND GET—THEIR MONEY.

and with steady use of all the influences she could bring to bear, both for directly favoring Japanese and for opposing all others. Long ago she had made it entirely clear that, so far, at least, as America was concerned, no enterprise or investment having commercial importance could be lauched in Manchuria without first securing her approval.

Vigorously pursuing this policy, Japan has pushed her case in China with mighty and marvelous strides. She has displayed a ruthless disregard of China and of her own written obligations to other powers concerning China. Where the nationals of other countries go to Peking and waste months and months in weary and often fruitless negotiations, Japan loses neither time nor temper, and wastes no money or energy. She scorns the limitations of treaties and sends her people directly into the provinces to seek and get what they want. If they find anything which they desire they deal directly with local owners and conduct their business as local affairs, without reference to Peking.

If Chinese local authorities object, or interfere vexatiously, or appeal to Peking, then the Japanese Legation at Peking takes up the matter with vigor and truculence, and the provincial enterprise goes on uninterfered with thereafter. If the case is at all difficult of settlement by itself, there is always an easy way of setting up a counter claim, and it is matter of notorious fact that many an affair which began with flagrant Japanese abuse has ended with apology and payment of indemnity by the Chinese.

Marquis Okuma said to me that in seeking to develop her commerce in China, Japan had three great natural and permanent advantages over all the rest of the world—racial, geographical, and political. The Japanese are using them all, and with marked results. They know their people; they are close at hand; and they enjoy a political system which enables them to move with a freedom impossible for most of their competitors.

The Japanese Way of Working

THE Japanese small traders, pedlers, and traveling merchants who are encountered in all the provinces of China, wherever you go, are the scouts and outposts of Japanese enterprise. They know their Government is behind them. They know, and the Chinese know, that interference with them in person or in property, will be followed by swift and vigorous action in Tokyo and in

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Peking. They move where they like, far beyond the trading limits established by treaty and negotiation. They come and go as they will, with small regard for the restrictions of Chinese regulations or written conventions. And everywhere they know that they are under the sure and effective protection of the vigilant, alert, courageous, and aggressive Government in Tokyo.

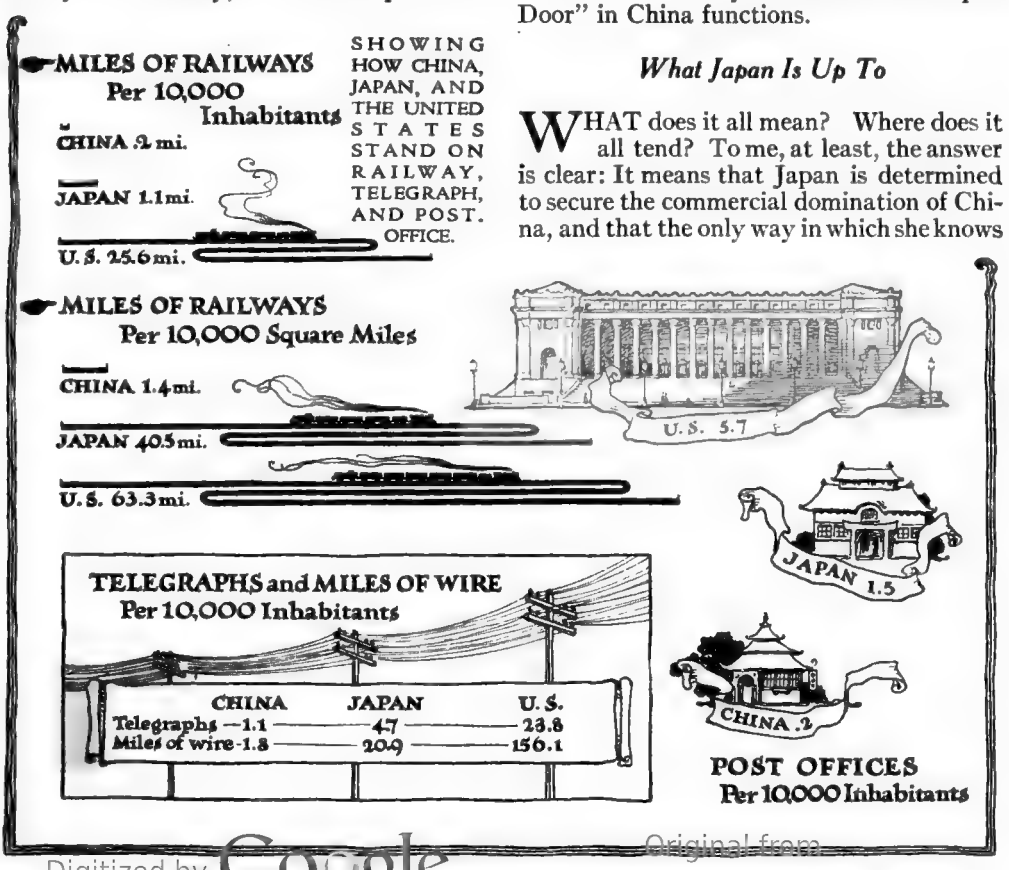
More! They know that if in their scouting they discover any commercial possibilities, any mining prospects, any industrial opportunities, or any other circumstances or situations which offer facilities for Japanese expansion in China, their Government stands ready to foster as well as protect them in making the most of them. It is not merely diplomatic and strong-arm support that the Japanese Government gives to its people in their efforts to develop Japanese advantage in China. It is positive and direct financial aid. It may be in one form or another. It may be a Government loan, or a Government subscription to stock. It may be a subsidy, to run for a period of years, or it may be a bonus, or a gift to meet an immediate emergency. Always the object will be the same — to help the development of Japanese enterprise.

Often the immediate effect is to enable some Japanese concern to meet and defeat the competition of others which it could not have handled without Government aid. So when the Hankow telephone contracts were let, not long ago, the Japanese concern that got them did so on bids that made prices actually below the cost of the materials going into the work. The American competitor was shut out by such bidding. It had no Government to fall back on for its profit. It was engaged in a purely commercial enterprise. There was no political leading-string attached to it. It was worth something to the Japanese Government to have a Japanese concern install the telephone system in that great Yangtze valley center, and the Japanese concern submitted bids so low that they insured acceptance.

That is one way in which the "Open Door" in China functions.

What Japan Is Up To

WHAT does it all mean? Where does it all tend? To me, at least, the answer is clear: It means that Japan is determined to secure the commercial domination of China, and that the only way in which she knows


MILES OF RAILWAYS
Per 10,000 Inhabitants
CHINA .2 mi.
JAPAN 1.1 mi.
U. S. 25.6 mi.
SHOWING HOW CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES STAND ON RAILWAY, TELEGRAPH, AND POST-OFFICE.
MILES OF RAILWAYS
Per 10,000 Square Miles
CHINA 1.4 mi.
JAPAN 40.5 mi.
U. S. 63.3 mi.
U. S. 5.7
JAPAN 1.5
CHINA .2
TELEGRAPHS and MILES OF WIRE
Per 10,000 Inhabitants
CHINA JAPAN U. S.
Telegraphs — 1.1 — 4.7 — 23.8
Miles of wire 1.8 — 20.9 — 156.1
POST OFFICES
Per 10,000 Inhabitants

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how to proceed for the satisfaction of that ambition is first to secure the political control of China. The two things work well together, and Japan, being unusually and unexpectedly favored by the war in Europe, (see table foot of this page) which not only affords her uninterrupted opportunity in China, but also furnishes her the greatly needed capital with which to work, is moving rapidly and steadily forward to the consummation of her designs.

Our "Scraps of Paper"

TO THE question: Shall we interfere? I submit that, without attempting to determine whether or not, as a matter of right, we ought to intervene to preserve the national entity of China, as a matter of fact, we shall not do anything of the kind. The very first power to express approval of Japan's convention of suzerainty over Korea in November, 1905, was the United States. And yet the treaty between the United States and Korea, signed at Seoul, May 18, 1893, provided, in its first article, that: "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with Korea the United States will exert their good offices to bring about an amicable arrangement."

The United States were under obligation of various forms to resist the invasion of Chinese independence and integrity when Russia was busily attempting to absorb Manchuria—and never said or did an effective thing to stop that aggression.

The United States were under treaty obligation to exert themselves on behalf of Belgium when that country was overrun and ruined in the beginning of the present war in Europe—and never said or did the least thing to make show of sympathy, to say nothing of effective aid or protest.

Six or seven years ago the United States did make a feeble move in China that might have been taken by some Chinese as an indication that we were preparing to demand the strict fulfilment of the different "Open Door" obligations other nations had given to us. We proposed the neutralization of the Manchurian railways. The utility of that proposal was as fantastic as the "Open Door" itself under all circumstances except one. Made by a Government that had carefully considered the entire proposition and all it involved, and that was determined to

TABLE SHOWING THE PRESENT FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF JAPAN AS COMPARED WITH THAT BEFORE THE WAR

(*All Figures in United States Gold Dollars.*)

	Before the War	Now
1. Bank Clearings	$420,038,031 (May '14)	$911,999,683 (Sept. '16)
2. Exports	$329,988,146 (yr. ending June '14)	$438,479,365 (yr. ending June '16)
3. War Orders for Europe to July 31, 1916	$200,000,000	
4. Steamship Company Earnings Total Net (approximate)	$30,000,000 (fiscal yr. 1914)	$60,000,000 (fiscal yr. 1916)
5. Gold Coin in Circulation and Gold Reserve in Bank of Japan	$128,768,125 (June '14)	$169,409,625 (June '16)
6. Commercial Market Discount Rate (approximate)	8% (June '14)	5% (June '16)
7. Prices of Leading Steamship Stocks, Nippon Yusen Kaisha	$54.00 (June '14)	$155.00 (Nov. '16)
Toyo Kisen Kaisha	$13.00 (June '14)	$65.00 (Nov. '16)
8. Prices of Leading Industrial Stocks: Kanagafuchi Cotton Mills	$51.00 (June '14)	$138.00 (Nov. '16)
Tokyo Muslin Spinning Company	$20.00 (June '14)	$90.00 (Nov. '16)
9. Loans to Foreign Countries During War	$125,000,000	
10. Total National Debt	$1,267,513,967 (June '14)	$1,239,274,071 (Sept. '16)
11. Savings Bank Deposits	$180,813,138 (June '14)	$239,339,166 (June '15)
12. Price of National Bonds in Japan, 5% Special Loan	94½ (June '14)	100 (Nov. '16)
4% Loan	80½ (June '14)	84 (Nov. '16)

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back it up with force and at all costs, something might have been expected from it. But there wasn't a battle-ship in sight when it was submitted to the various nations concerned.

And if there had been battle-ships a-plenty there wasn't the slightest intention of using any of them in that service.

The proposal served, therefore, only to excite derision for American diplomacy, and to stimulate Japan and Russia in their opposition to American enterprise in China, and in their determination to block American development out of that field.

Intervention Means War with Japan

I POINTED out, in my article of last month, the economic necessity that is driving Japan on in China. There is no corresponding economic necessity driving the United States forward in China, or impelling us to interfere with Japan's development there.

I am no advocate of Japan, and I do not write this as such. I write it because I believe that one of the very best things that could happen to the United States would be a better general understanding in this country of economic conditions in China and Japan.

I believe that American interference with Japanese development in China, that American efforts to thwart Japan's plans there, will be the surest and the quickest way to bring about war between Japan and the United States, because Japan must have the relief which this development promises her, and she will fight at the drop of the hat to forestall interference with it.

It is worth while, in considering this matter, to take note of the change of government that has just occurred in Japan. The venerable Marquis Okuma, who gave me such a clear exposition of the controlling economic needs of his country, resigned the premiership and was succeeded, on the nomination of the Elder Statesmen, by General Count Terauchi, the able and energetic militarist, who was at the head of the war Ministry in Tokyo during the great struggle between Japan and Russia in 1904-1905, and who, as governor-general of Korea, has enhanced the reputation he made in the War Office.

It is to be remembered that a year ago the Okuma Government was in trouble because of public criticism of the conduct of the negotations with China by Baron Kato, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Japanese regarded those negotiations as unsuccessful because they did not secure all that had been demanded—not because they had made so truculent an invasion of the rights of China, or so violent a breach in the international obligation of Japan.

Marquis Okuma tided over that crisis and continued at the head of Japan's government for another year. Then three events of extraordinary significance occurred practically simultaneously: Japan prepared a new aggression upon China; Marquis Okuma resigned the reins of government; and Terauchi, the soldier, became premier. This was not chance or coincidence. It was a carefully considered step in execution of the long-settled policy of Japan.

Count Terauchi is a strong man. His training has been in arms, not in politics. He won his leadership in war, not in Parliament. He has emphasized his strength in a military governorship. He has no political following. He is no party man, and no party in the Diet recognizes him as one of its leaders. The Government he formed is openly a revival of the old mastery of the Choshiu and Satsuma clans. The strong "Sat-Cho combination"—the naval and military leadership of Japan—is brought to the fore again.

Japan Wide Awake

OBVIOUSLY Japan is taking thought, in time, of the possibilities of the future. She is preparing herself for a vigorous policy and for vigorous enforcement of it. She puts the world on notice that she is getting ready to play her own part. Moreover, the selection of Count Terauchi to head the Government, in the face of the fact that he has no following in Parliament, is notice to the Japanese people that in the judgment of the Emperor and the Elder Statesmen this is no time to play politics, and that no attempt to play politics will be permitted.

The power to dissolve the Diet still rests in the hands that gave the constitution and created the legislature. Japan warns her own people and all the world that she is prepared to move forward.

But it may be that we are our brother's keeper in China. And it is possible that we

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have entered into some altruistic diplomatic engagement which, strictly construed, involves interference on our part. The chance that this Government will so read its duty strikes me as very slim. The record of past performance with regard to Manchuria and Korea and Belgium and Mexico, is against any interference at this stage of the proceedings.

Maybe Japan Would be Good for China

MOREOVER, China to-day is in chaos. Japan has a genius for organization. The first need of China is organization and system. There is no power on earth that can give them to her so quickly and efficiently as Japan.

It is a popular saying about China that she furnishes a wonderful and vast market for foreign enterprise. The fact is that she furnishes almost no market now compared to what she might furnish if she were improved by the introduction of organization and system. The lifting of the unnumbered millions of impoverished Chinese people out of the squalor and misery in which they now drag out a wretched existence will be a work not only of marvelous merit so far as the preservation and development of human life is concerned, but of untold recompense to the commerce and industry of the world as well.

The Chinese market now is based upon the power of consumption of a people who have been aptly described as "only half a hop ahead of hunger." Improve their condition by only "half a hop." Give them a full hop the start of hunger, and the commerce of the world will have increased very far beyond the point where Japan alone can handle it.

Japan is going to bear the brunt of this work, but she is not going to reap alone the fruits of her endeavor. Nor is she going to be concerned alone with this mighty and noble task. Hers may be the power of directing the work. Her genius may install the machinery of the new organization. Her energy may inspire its operation. Her commerce will derive the first and most immediate benefits. But neither Americans nor Europeans need fear any monopoly of benefit or commercial expansion for Japan. The vast flood let loose by such development will sweep every shore of every ocean, and benefit the commerce and industry of every nation.

Many Americans do not take this view. They cling to the fear so often expressed by their countrymen along the China coast —that Japanese control in China means the extinction of American enterprise there. I suggest to all such that they consider these significant facts:

The average annual imports by China from the United States during the decade from 1905 to 1915 were 8.13 per cent. of her total imports. That is, China buys less than one-twelfth of her goods from us. The annual average of exports from China to the United States in the same period was 9.73 per cent. of her total exports.

China made a little less than one-tenth of all her sales to us.

The annual average of imports by Japan from the United States during that same period was 16.9 per cent of her total imports. Japan made a fraction more than one-sixth of her total purchases in the United States. The exports from Japan to the United States in that period averaged 31.22 per cent. of her total exports.

That is, Japan sold us almost one-third of all the goods she sold abroad in that decade.

Our Advantage

OUR annual trade with Japan averaged more than one hundred and ten million dollars, exports and imports.

Our annual trade with China in the same period, averaged about fifty-five million dollars, exports and imports.

Japan has approximately fifty million people. The estimate commonly used for China is four hundred millions. There has never been a census of China.

We did with the Japanese annually, during the last decade, a business, roughly, of two dollars per capita.

We did with the Chinese, annually, during the same period, a business, roughly, of twelve and a half cents per capita.

That is, our rate of business with the Japanese for the last ten years has been, roughly, sixteen times our rate of business with the Chinese.

That looks as if it might be profitable for us, as well as healthful for China, to help Japan into the China shop.

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THE PRICE OF CATALOGUES

THE BOOKS WERE LIKE A LOVELY PICTURE TO ADA.

by Olive Higgins Prouty

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

MARCUS BELDEN did not have a very high opinion of women. The Italian fruit-dealer at the corner polished his apples, and laid the best ones on the top of the basket. Women were a lot like them, Marcus said. Underneath their selected top layer of sometimes really glorious charms the size of soul ran small, green and undeveloped. It was easy enough to see the powder on their faces, the polish on their nails, the rouge on their lips, but Marcus had never been able to discover anything very solid or durable underneath this veneer.

Feeling as he did about the sex, it was one of the jokes of fate that he had had four daughters born to him, and not a son among them. It was a sore point with him. He scarcely ever mentioned his family to his business associates. They never met. He felt that there was some sort of shame connected with the coincidence that, at the age of sixty, he found himself planted down irrevocably in a household infested by women, five of his own and three servants, eight in all.

Even Rhoda, the dog, was fat, fawning, and female! He believed his wife's canary was of the same sex too. He had never asked, but he had heard that females never sang, and certainly the smutty, yellow bird, to whom were administered, daily, seeds and fresh water and a luke-warm morning bath, had not to his knowledge warbled a note in pay for its board and keep.

Being the only provider in the household, Marcus felt that it was only just that the form of government within the brick walls of the four-storied, brown-stone-front city house, which he had bought cheap when its former residents had been pushed out by the rush up-town of shops and noisy railways, should be that of an autocracy. What if the girls didn't like the neighbors in the block? He was paying the taxes. He was the one to be pleased. Every morsel of food that those girls of his put between their cherry lips, every garment they hung on their soft bodies, he paid for. Why shouldn't his word be law? Naturally, his taste ought to determine the seasoning of the food, the heat of his blood gage the temperature of the rooms in winter, the whims of his moods govern the course of the conversation at dinner.

He wasn't a ruthless despot. His daughters were glorious, beautifully kept girls—well-developed, small-hipped creatures with fine, pink skin, powdered to a velvety texture; nails professionally manicured; hair always perfectly coiffed and waved—that is, all but Ada's, and she of course was still a youngster. Marcus realized that it wasn't their fault that they were girls, possessed of feminine tastes, and governed by feminine instincts. As far as he was able, it was his intention that their perfectly natural desire for raiment and decoration should be gratified.

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He was not an unaffectionate parent, either. He liked to find his daughters all gathered in the living-room, waiting for him when he blew in from his brisk walk from the elevated, after a busy day down-town; basking by the strong drop-lights he provided for them; their noses buried in the pages of the several evening papers taken for their benefit; sleek and smooth as a batch of freshly combed Pomeranians.

It was at this hour that he tweaked the pink lobes of their little ears, rubbed his rough chin against one of their velvety cheeks, bantered about their various lovers, tickled a silk-stockinged ankle, abruptly snatched off a satin slipper and hung it out of reach on the corner of a picture-frame, slipped a lemon-drop inside a flimsy blouse, and enjoyed the music of shrill little shrieks and high squeals. The Belden girls were always at home at six o'clock. It was a great nuisance, since dancing in the afternoon had become so popular, but it was their father's wish, and almost no sacrifice was too great to avoid his displeasure.

To-night when Marcus came in, although all the girls were at home, there wasn't a spark of playfulness about him. Ada had again disregarded his orders. It was another of fate's jokes, he supposed, that Ada should be the daughter to cause him more trouble than the other three all put together. Ada had been the last hope that he and Mary had had for a boy. As a child she had been his favorite, too—actually companionable to him, in the pig-tail stage. And now she had become an irritation—a problem. He provided her with every luxury, but she wasn't contented. It wasn't enough. She always wanted something more—trips to Europe, courses in Current Events, fifty-dollar daubs in oil paint, and actually, if you'll believe it, a Century Dictionary a year ago. The other three had been satisfied with their one year of boarding-school, but not Ada. There was a regular scene when she had wanted to go to college a year ago. Of course he had refused her. College! Humph! As if pretty, little soft Ada had a brain of that sort!

The proof of her last offense he now carried in his inner pocket. As he entered the room where the girls and their mother, as usual, were gathered at this time of day, he gave them no greeting.

"Hello, dad," said Beatrice, the oldest daughter. She was a ripe thirty-two or three. She was like a piece of fruit grown for an exhibition.

"Home, puppa?" inquired Mary, from her rocking-chair in the bay-window. Mary was Marcus's wife. She was a drab, docile woman. She always sat in the bay-window. She liked to watch the people pass. Moreover, it was her only opportunity of catching an occasional glimpse of the young men who paid attention to her daughters. The Belden girls never entertained in their own home. Restaurants and hotels were provided for that.

Marcus made no response to the salutations made to him. He walked over to the center-table and took out from his pocket a sheet of blue paper.

"I want to know what this means." He held out the paper. "Who's been buying books to the tune of a hundred dollars?"

Ada was sitting on the arm of a chair with her feet in the seat, bent over a magazine. She was different from her sisters. They called her a youngster still, for although she was eighteen years old, she had not acquired yet the marks of sophisticated young ladyhood, which her sisters, Beatrice, and Susan, and Maizie, bore. Her hair, innocent of a net, and bearing no signs of curling-tongs, always had a wind-blown appearance—mussy, her sisters called it. She was a lean, athletic girl. She looked more as if she had been brought up beside golf-links and tennis-courts, than in the atmosphere of matinées and movie-shows.

She did not look up from her magazine as she replied, "Isn't my mark there?"

Each of the Belden girls and their mother had her own particular sign, and when the bills arrived, they designated by whom the various articles were purchased. It was one of Marcus's requirements. He didn't believe in allowances. He didn't want his girls flaunting bank-accounts of their own. He preferred to wade through the columns upon columns of women's paraphernalia himself — camisoles, brassières, chemisettes—good Lord, like so much Greek to him!—egg massages, dry shampoos—but at least his hand was on the tiller.

"Oh," he replied to Ada, "*you* bought them, did you? Well, don't you know that you're not allowed to buy anything that can't come under one of the heads of Clothes, Amusements, or Body-upkeep, without permission? Haven't you ever heard that before?"

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"Of course I have," the girl assured him. "But I've wanted a set of Stevenson for a long time, father."

"Well, get over wanting it. I'm not made of money. The best library in the country is only a car-fare away."

"They won't cost you anything, father. I had just ordered a new suit when I saw those books in the window, and what I did was to go back and cancel my suit, and order the books instead."

"Yes," retorted Marcus, "I've had that game worked before. Next time you happen to run across a diamond bracelet you want, or a pearl necklace, it will be instead of that suit again. I know women!"

"You know I don't care about jewelry, father," said Ada.

Just like a girl, thought Marcus. No use trying to argue with them. They always chase down a side-path after your similes and examples, and lose sight of the main issue. "You send the books back," he said.

"Oh, please, father." Ada's voice was beginning to tremble now. Absent from her father she was capable of all sorts of acts of rebellion, but in his presence she quailed. She wanted to tell him that she saved enough in marcel waves, hair-nets, and "treatments," alone, a year, to pay for the books—just about. She wanted to remind him that he had just settled for an absolutely unnecessary party gown for Beatrice, without objection. But her heart pounded, and pressed, and choked. All she could say was, "Oh, please let me keep them. Oh, please, please," in a hopeless, hysterical manner.

"You heard me," replied Marcus shortly.

"But father," jerkily Ada brought out, swallowing before every two or three words, "I can't—I just can't send them back now. Some of the leaves are cut." She wondered now that she had dared.

Her father ripped the bill in two, crumpled it up, and fired it across the room in the direction of the waste-basket. "Oh," he retorted. "Thought you'd force them on me, did you? Well, you won't. Return those books to-morrow morning! Understand? I'll make all necessary adjustments. I've had about enough of your disregard of my wishes."

He approached his own particular armchair, and, as if the matter was closed, sat down in it. He adjusted his glasses and unfolded his evening paper.

Ada slipped down from her perch. "Oh, it's no use," she burst out (the paper was shielding her from her father's piercing eyes). "It's just no use ever trying to amount to anything in *this* house."

"Expensively bound books won't perform the operation, young lady," sneered Marcus, his eyes running across the headlines of the paper. "Just so much more veneer. That's all."

Ada flung her magazine on the table, and left the room with a little rush. She went up-stairs fighting her tumultuous emotions as she mounted the two long flights to the room that she and Beatrice shared. She went in, closing the door behind her. It was an ugly room. A low gas flame in a round white globe dimly lit up its furnishings—ugly ornate oak bed, ugly combination of pier-glass and chiffonier, ugly carpet, ugly paper. Upon the shelf, however, there rested one gem of artistic triumph—Beatrice's chic little twenty-dollar hat. Ada knew, too, that within the closet there hung a whole row of beautiful creations in silk, and satin, and broadcloth. The entire house was like that—common and ordinary in its furnishings, offensive even—and yet filled with artistic productions from dressmakers' shops and milliners.

As Ada stood with her back against the closed door, she could see the set of Stevenson extending for a bright four or five feet along the top of the curtained book-case, in which Beatrice kept her carefully treed shoes. The books were like a lovely picture to Ada. She did not know Stevenson well. She wasn't a widely read girl, but in some vague way the exquisitely bound books typified beauty to Ada. Her purchase of them had been simply one of her feeble attempts to free her spirit from the suffocating effect of her surroundings. She crossed the room and took down one of the books. There was a fine powdery coating on its top gilt edge. She blew it away. The same fine white coating was everywhere, on table, shelf, and chiffonier. Such was the case, always, after Beatrice had been dressing. Ada sighed. She longed to purge herself of it all. She opened the book, and buried her nose in it, drawing in a long, deep breath of printer's ink and leather, and shutting out, for a moment, the sweetish odor of Beatrice's new hair tonic.

Two years ago Ada had spent six weeks in a small town in Connecticut with a distant

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ADA DID NOT LOOK UP FROM HER MAGAZINE AS HER FATHER SPOKE.

relative whom she called Aunt Harriet. Aunt Harriet lived in a plain, austere little house. She was plain and austere herself. But just as the book-lined walls of her sparsely furnished living-room might have revealed beauty to him who took down the books from their shelves and read them, so did Aunt Harriet gradually reveal her beauty to Ada. She was a gray woman, tall, gaunt. Her clothes were uninteresting. Her time and money had been spent in beautifying her mind, and the results showed less in the cut of her rough, brown suits than in her intelligent eyes, inspiring conversation, and the atmosphere of good taste that permeated her chaste little house.

When Ada came home she not only perceived the cheap, common appearance of her father's house—the over-supply of drop-lights, newspapers, latest novels, and upholstered arm-chairs—but also she saw the tawdry condition of her own and her sisters' minds. Gropingly she had sought door after door through which she might escape from the stifling atmosphere of powder and paint, and gowns, and hats, and wraps, and scraps upon scraps of *papier poudré* left here and there—as common in this household as cigar-ashes in a home where men predominated.

But every door she had tried had been locked, and her father refused to give her the keys. It was unjust. He taunted women, called them frivolous, worthless; was ashamed of being the father of four girls. It was cruel. He dug spurs into her side, and then held her in on the curb-bit. Oh, if she could only get it between her teeth!

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"I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN BUYING BOOKS TO THE TUNE OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS."

She returned the volume she held to the top of the book-case, and walked over to the window. She stood staring out at a swinging arc-light at the corner of the street. Opposite to it there was a vacant building, covered with painted advertisements. One of the illumined signs suddenly caught Ada's attention.

"Amount to Something," it said. "Take Shorthand and Typewriting at Frye's Business College. Mornings, Afternoons or Evenings."

The sign had probably hung there for months, and stared into Ada's bedroom window, its message unread, unobserved by her. She smiled abruptly at the strange coincidence of the wording of the advertisement, "Amount to Something." She had flung a similar phrase at her father ten minutes ago. Was a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting a possible way to amount to something? How absurd!

But Aunt Harriet had told her once that she had dismissed her second maid and done the work herself, in order to own the little Meissonier, enshrined between two candles over the satinwood table from Italy. Was she, Ada, willing to labor for the vague something symbolized in the Stevenson? It *might* be managed. Her father never knew how she or her sisters spent the time when he was at his office. It flashed over Ada that if she was willing to humiliate herself to the extent of asking her tailor to send a bill for a suit she had never ordered, she might meet the expenses of tuition at Frye's Business College, as well as attend the course without her father's knowledge.

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With the money she could earn, she could offer to herself resources for better things now forbidden her.

But would she enjoy getting up every morning, rain or shine, however she felt, and going down-town into some noisy, stupid office, and working all day long? Would it not be wasted effort, when her father was more than able to provide her with the requisites for the nobler life, himself? If Marcus had been even a little lenient with her, indulged her in even a few of her desires, she might never have taken her leap, in spite of the illumined sign, nightly flashing its message.

When at last she did apply at Frye's Business College, it was more in a spirit of rebellion than for any exalted purpose of proving her capacity for suffering for her ideals.

Scarcely two weeks had passed after the cherished Stevenson had been returned, when Marcus refused to allow Ada to accept an unexpected invitation to spend a fortnight in Connecticut with Aunt Harriet. Since the never-forgotten summer two years ago, Ada had not seen Aunt Harriet. But Marcus didn't believe in Aunt Harriet's influence over Ada. He wanted no talk about it, either. She couldn't go. That was all there was to it. No more sniveling. He couldn't afford to support railroads, as well as box-offices and department stores. Scarcely had the redness disappeared from Ada's tear-stained eyes when, burning with indignation, fired with revolt, she called at Frye's Business College. A fortnight later, on the same morning that Beatrice started in on a course of rolling for reducing flesh, Ada began her shorthand and typewriting.

She could rely upon her mother's and sisters' silence. They would not tell her father. Whatever qualities the three older Belden girls might lack, they were kind and good-hearted. However foolish their little kid-sister seemed to them, they would not thwart her—not for anything. Month in and month out, Ada pursued her studies. It was only when she pictured to herself what her father's anger would be like when she was discovered that she hesitated, wavered, wondered if she had decided wisely. Books could be returned, even with the leaves cut, but it would be beyond her father's power to send back the skill in her finger-tips, to refuse to let her keep the hard-earned knowledge of dots and lines and curves.

She was so afraid of the reckoning which she knew was awaiting her around the next corner, or the next, or the next, that in the meantime she exerted herself to please her father in every way she knew how. She laughed with her sisters at his slurs at women; she was careful to make no requests that might annoy him; she gave him no occasion to speak even harshly to her. Marcus's daily late afternoon frolic with his batch of girls continued in sweet and even tenor.

One day in mid-June, after Ada had been studying stenography for nearly a year, a request came to the business college from a real-estate and insurance office for a typist to help out during the unexpected absence of one of the regular office girls. Could some one be sent down within an hour or so?

"Miss Belden, would you like to try this place?" one of the instructors abruptly asked, slipping her hand over the receiver as she spoke. "You were ready for a position a month ago. Better try it."

Ada flushed. "Do you think I could?" she gasped.

"Of course you can. Yes," she called into the receiver. "We have some one. I'll send her right down."

Ada had not intended to take a position until fall. Already the city was hot and stifling. It was near the end of the term at the business college, and Ada had been looking forward to the long, leisurely mornings again in store for her. But the position would be only for a week. Miss Smith assured her of that. It was a splendid opportunity for a little practical experience. It seemed, too, as if heaven must be on Ada's side, so to arrange matters that upon the occasion of her first trial her father was safely in Chicago on a business trip. If she should be detained by her employers, so that she was not at home by six o'clock, he would not be there to discover her. She agreed to try the position. The instructor gave her the name of the firm and the address written on a card:

"Belden & Roper—Insurance Agents."

But that was her own father's firm! Surely she could not go there! But why not? No one knew her at her father's office. She had been there only once, and then at night, after every one but the watchman had gone. Her father was in Chicago, and would be for some weeks yet. The same spirit that used to flash up in her when she was a child

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on roller-skates or a bicycle, to cross in front of a fast-approaching vehicle—to perform this difficult feat, or that—flamed high within her now.

Not until Mr. Roper asked her her name an hour later did she show hesitation. She started to reply Ada Belden, but stopped short three-fourths of the way through.

"I beg your pardon. Belle—did you say, Miss Ada Belle—? Over here, please, Miss Belle; this will be your desk."

It was as easy as that. Nobody suspected her. Nobody made it difficult or embarrassing. Ada found herself printing the name of her father's firm over and over again that first day with as much familiarity as if she hadn't stood in august awe of it all her life. Strange coincidence! Here she was in the sacred office where her father so often reminded them at home he slaved for their benefit. Here she was slaving, too!

On the sixth day at Belden & Roper's, Ada clipped her lunch-hour in half. She hadn't great speed yet, and the pile of work at the side of her machine was discouragingly high. She couldn't possibly finish it before eight o'clock, and she was frightened to stay alone in the office during the evening. She was exerting herself to the utmost, so that she might escape from the building by dark, when Mr. Roper interrupted:

"Can you take shorthand, Miss Belle?" he inquired.

Ada jumped and flushed. She hadn't acquired office composure yet. "Why, I think so," she stammered. "I might."

"Well, try it. Miss Foster has just gone for the day—headache. Mr. Belden unexpectedly returned, and must get off two or three letters to-night. He's in his office."

Before Ada could gather her distracted wits together Mr. Roper had turned, and was half-way across the room. What had she better do?

"He's waiting for you, Miss Belle," Mr. Roper called from his desk by the window.

Ada felt herself rising. She saw her hand reach out and take her pad and pencil. She observed herself approach her father's private office, watched her crooked forefinger knocking on the big black letters of her father's name. She heard his staccato "Come in," followed by the squeak of the unoiled hinge, as she pushed open the door and entered.

Her father was seated at the big, flat-topped mahogany desk in the center of the room, and there was a man in an arm-chair opposite. As Marcus's eyes fell upon Ada he rose, hastily shoving back his office chair. He did not observe that the girl was not in street costume.

"What's this mean? What's the matter?" he exclaimed. (Was somebody dead at home?) "Anybody sick?" he demanded.

Her father's last question gave Ada her cue. The stranger's presence steadied her as she replied, in a low voice: "Yes! Miss Foster left at three with a headache. Mr. Roper sent me in to take your letters. I am Miss Belle, the new stenographer who came when you were away."

Ada listened to her own calm voice with amazement. She couldn't keep it up long. She was fearfully afraid—really. If her father would pick up the office chair and knock her down with it, it would hurt less than that terrible expression gathering slowly in his piercing eyes. He stared at her in silence. He took her in, slowly—pad, pencil, cuff-guards—the whole ridiculous get-up. He couldn't in the least comprehend what the girl meant by this insolent escapade. She wasn't allowed down here."

"New stenographer, eh? Very well," he said, looking at her narrowly. He'd play the game. "This gentleman wants to dictate a letter," he went on. "Sit down and take it."

Ada managed to pass through the sharp-edged swords that seemed to extend from her father's eyes, half-way through her heart, and crossed the office, sitting down beside the stranger. "I'm not very fast," she whispered to him, and then tremblingly placed her pencil at attention on the pad. The stranger took compassion. Slowly his words came, distinctly, kindly even! There was a friend here!

Marcus stared in amazement. Good Heavens! Had the girl picked up somewhere a flimsy smattering of stenography, and dared she to come flaunting it here in his face? Obviously. His first impulse was to shake her and send her home to her mother. Silly little dilettante creature; trying to be smart and clever; making little dots and curves. Shorthand! Humph! Fancy-work to her! He'd settle her!

He did not glance at her as she left the private office ten minutes later. He made no sign of recognition throughout the afternoon. At five o'clock when he left to go home, he approached her corner, where, full

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of foreboding anxiety, Ada sat working and waiting.

"I want a copy of this advertising matter made and mailed to-night," he said briefly.

Ada glanced through the material. It would take two hours at best, and there was her regular work besides.

"All right," she said; and then, timidly: "Will it be all right if I'm not home at six to-night, father?"

"That is not *my* affair, Miss Belle," he snapped. "Stenographers whom I employ manage to complete their work without complaining to me about the hours."

Ada saw in a flash the plan of campaign her father had decided to adopt. Very well. Now that it was open warfare, and she felt the support of her troops, trained all winter in secret, daily drills, the confidence of preparedness was hers.

Next day when Mr. Roper told her that he and Mr. Belden had decided that they would require her services, or some other stenographer's, for July and August, and until September fifteenth, Ada felt within her her fighting spirit struggling for its opportunity. She accepted her father's dare. Even when a letter from Aunt Harriet arrived—the third day after she had told Mr. Roper she would keep the position—inviting her to spend a month in Connecticut, and mysteriously enclosing railroad tickets, she did not waver—in spite of the fact, too, that her mother let drop the information that "puppa" wouldn't object.

Partly because of it, she detected her father's hand in the pitfalls and snares that appeared in the way. Defiantly she set herself the task of proving to him the stuff she was made of. No longer did she require the sign on the vacant building to urge her forward. She didn't even require the incentive of money of her own, with which to buy gilt-edged Stevensons, and courses in literature and art. They were ahead of her, of course, waiting as reward after a hard-fought fight, but even without the golden promise of them Ada would have been none the less passionate and determined.

When at the end of a fortnight her father produced an envelope full of thrilling green strips of cardboard paper, and explained, "Tickets, Mary, for you and the four girls, to San Francisco and back," Ada's endurance was strained to its limit.

San Francisco! Last summer, the City of the Golden Gate had gone the way of the Stevenson, the college course, and the trip to Europe with two school friends two years ago. Ada ran the green tickets through her fingers. Names of long-beckoning cities, and dream-spots, flashed before her eyes. But she only shrugged her shoulders. "I hope you can redeem mine, father," she said.

Her mother and the three older girls started ten days later, and Ada and Marcus were left alone in the forlorn city house. Ada had never stayed in town all summer. The Beldens always spent six weeks at some hotel on the Atlantic coast, where there was dancing, and at least the possibility of dancing-partners, Marcus remaining behind with one of the servants to take care of him.

When Ada and her father found themselves opposite each other at the breakfast table, alone for the first time, Ada hoped with all her heart that the baffling, sphinx-like attitude that her father had assumed toward her, ever since she had stepped into his private office and announced herself as Miss Belle, the new stenographer, would now be abandoned. But no. Polite, civil, he was—but official. Naturally, the masquerade continued in the office; but here, at home, surely she could become his daughter again. She longed for him to tweak her ear, to rub his rough chin against her cheek; she might even endure one of his harmless probes at women, if only she could feel his friendliness again.

They never accompanied each other to and from the office. Ada left at least half an hour earlier in the morning, and always returned an hour, and sometimes two hours, later at night. There was often work left on her desk for her to do late in the afternoon, by the elder member of the firm of Belden & Roper, and sometimes she didn't get home until nine o'clock in the evening. True, she observed that her father seldom went to bed until she was in, but he never showed the least clemency or pity.

This cool, noncommittal manner of her father was to Ada the hardest feature of her ordeal. For ordeal it was. Of course she drooped, paled a little, in spite of the tonic that the family physician left for her, after the unexpected call he made her, one night when Marcus was absent at his club.

But there was one compensation, and Ada was not unaware of it. As the summer wore on, she was frequently in her father's private office, and to her amazement, even in

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"THAT IS NOT *MY* AFFAIR, MISS BELLE," HE SNAPPED.

the face of his determination to break her if he could, she found that as Miss Belle, the stenographer, she could not help but feel admiration for her employer. Often, sitting quiet and mouse-like in her stenographer's chair, she overheard bits of Marcus Belden's keen conversation, listened to men asking her father's advice, intuitively became aware of the good opinion in which he was held. Here in this world of his, he was not narrow, bigoted, or despotic. She knew very little about business, but she was as conscious of a certain clean, respected quality in her father's business methods, as she was aware of the vague fineness in the Stevenson she knew so slightly. As this revelation of her father took slow possession of her, her defiance gradually melted into a consuming desire to please Marcus Belden. Some nights she cried herself to sleep, because it seemed so hopeless ever to win him back again.

When the long-drawn-out strain of her father's silence and apparent displeasure did snap, the break came when Ada least expected it, and she was unprepared.

It occurred on the last day of her two months' contract with Belden & Roper.

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She didn't suppose anybody was aware of the significance of the date. No mention had been made to her that her time at the office was up.

Least of all did she suppose that her father, occupied with so many business affairs—she knew that one of the biggest transactions of his career had been hanging fire all summer—was conscious of the fact that she had accomplished what she had set out to do.

She was sitting at the table in her father's private office, working as usual at her machine, which had been moved from her old corner, a week ago, to this blessed spot, immediately in front of an electric fan. Mr. Roper and her father had been talking business for an hour. Above the clatter of her machine, she was vaguely aware that the two men had drifted from their business discussion into matters more personal. Mr. Roper frequently talked about his family. He was very proud of it. He had two boys and a girl. He kept a picture of them on his desk.

"Here's the latest of my Jack," Ada heard him say to her father, and he took out a small kodak picture from his pocket, and laid it on the desk before Marcus. "In overalls," he went on. "I tell you what, Marcus, that boy's got the stuff in him. I just suggested it, and, quick as a wink, off came the white flannels, and on went the blue jeans. He's given up a month of golf and swimming just to show his father he's no mollycoddle. Been working six days a week, in a machine-shop, for a whole month now. I won't deny I'm a bit cocky about him."

Ada's heart went out in sudden sympathy to her father. She understood now. Oh, why couldn't there have been one boy—just one!

She suffered as she waited for her father's reply.

"Look here, John," he said, tossing the picture aside, and leaning abruptly forward with his elbow on his knee. "My girl's been working in a hot, down-town office, six days a week for *two* months, and *no* suggestion from me. My girl's given up a month in Connecticut, and a trip to California, to show me she's no mollycoddle," he said.

Ada kept striking letters just to make a noise, but she couldn't think. She couldn't see.

"I tell you," Marcus Belden announced, and Ada heard his fist come down hard on the desk, "I couldn't be prouder of that girl of mine, John, if she were Marcus Belden, Junior."

That night when Ada opened the door to her room she saw something had happened to it.

Most of the chairs had been tipped upside down, and each corner of the bed was decorated with a shoe. Her heart gave a bound of joy. It was a sign of the return of her father's frolicsomeness. He was down-stairs now.

She turned to go down to him, and then, slowly, she saw the catalogues. They were everywhere—along the top of the door-casing, a-perch the pillows, on the floor, suspended from the chandelier — catalogues; catalogues of every university, college, and institution of learning in the country. Their significance slowly dawned upon her.

"Father, oh, father!" she called, and rushed down-stairs.

LOVE-SONGS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

As many songs of love there are
  As green leaves in a summer wood
While yet the autumn is afar
  And the swift rains are good.

And some leaves fall in any storm,
  And some dance lightly east and west,
But some— Ah, some cling soft and warm
  About a nest.

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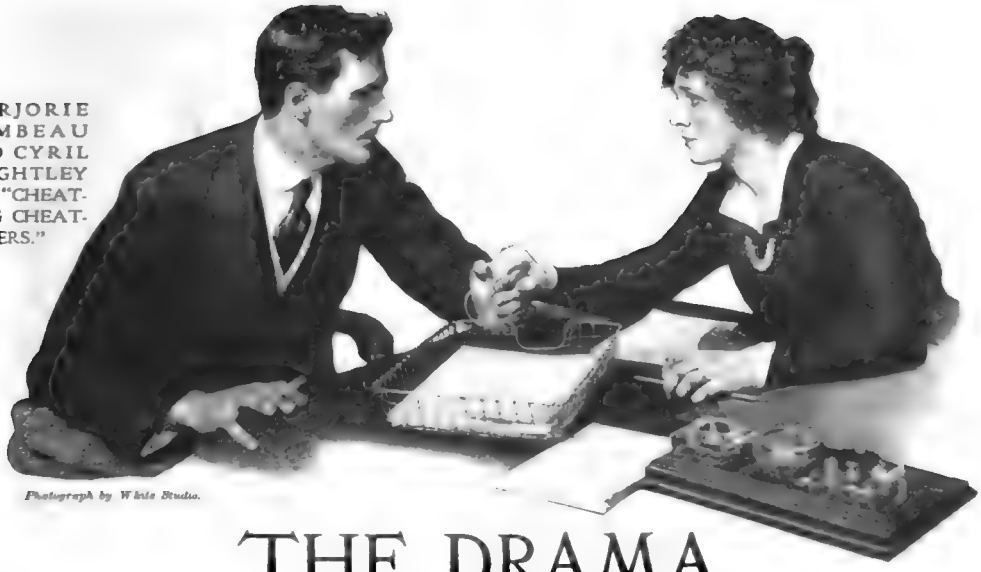

MARJORIE RAMBEAU AND CYRIL KEIGHTLEY IN "CHEATING CHEATERS."

Photograph by White Studio.

THE DRAMA ACCORDING TO CLAUDE

by Karl Schmidt

AS CLAUDE ELMER HUMPHREYS has so often said of himself: "There is nothing remarkable about me except that my initials are exactly the same as those of Mr. Hughes."

He was born in a small Oklahoma city, and when he was young enough to be impressed greatly thereby he moved to Kansas City. When he went into business he jumped from city to city in the Middle West, chasing booms. At last he caught one in some Detroit real estate, and for the last few years he has been coming to New York to see the shows and do the other things that idle Middle Westerners do in the metropolis.

But he has never forgotten the Oklahoma country where he first saw a show. Ed James was manager of the Opera-House then and he is now; he calls it the St. James —modestly, after himself. Ed never gets East. What with booking movies for the Opera-House and tending the hotel which he and his partner keep on running, though there are few travelers, he is pretty busy.

Though he will never have a chance to book them at his theatre, and though few New York actors will ever register at the St. James, Ed likes to hear of the New York shows. As a critic he can trust Claude Elmer Humphreys, for Claude Elmer knows what he likes, and often why.

These, then, are some recent letters of Claude Elmer Humphreys, playgoer, to his friend Ed James:

Thursday.

Dear Ed:

Well, I have arrived all right, and like all other sheep from the Middle West I went first to the show that it was hardest to get seats for, and the one that every one was talking about. It is called "Turn to the Right." I really don't think it's a play. It is just a good, fine show with a lot of popular stuff. I don't believe that these New York people want plays. They prove it by some of the titles of things that are popular. There is "The Big Show" at the Hippodrome and the "Show of Wonders" at the Winter Garden. Sounds sort of like the "Florida Blossoms" and the circuses that we used to see under the big tent before you built the Opera-House.

A young country boy has gone wrong in the city, and is sent to Sing Sing, charged with stealing some money at a race-track. He is the hero of this play—"Turn to the

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Right!" In Sing Sing he meets *Muggs* and *Gilly*, two of the most attractive crooks I ever saw on the stage. They are the boy's pals.

They get out of prison before he does, and they come to see him when he is released. There he says good-by to them and tells them that he is going straight from now on. They scoff and want to play the races. He insists upon leaving them. He goes home where his old mother and young sister have been waiting for him for ten years.

They have become poorer and poorer. For a while the boy had sent them money, and they think that he has made a great success in the city and can pay off the mortgage which the mean old deacon holds upon their peach orchard. You'll be saying that this is old stuff, and that when the drama was grander, the mortgage was the leading character. You're right. For seasons I didn't see a mortgage on Broadway—not in the theatre, at least. But this year it has come back, mixed in with crooks.

Well, *Muggs* and *Gilly* start to walk back to town. They lose their way and come to the identical farmhouse where the prodigal son has just returned. This is all good, but unlikely. They had been attracted because they smelled the peach jam the boy's mother has left in the window to cool. When the crooks learn that the deacon is going to put the mother who made the jam out of her house, they want to go back to the city to crack a crib. The boy won't hear of it.

Here comes the new stuff. *Muggs* is a pickpocket by profession and *Gilly* a safe-cracker. The boy is telling them that he must have the money. "But who in this town has one hundred and twenty-five dollars?" asks *Gilly*. As only the deacon has that much money, they rob his safe and give his own money to him in payment of the debt! Then *Muggs* takes the money from the deacon's pocket and *Gilly* puts it back in the safe once more.

This I call something new, and the only new thing that I have seen on Broadway this year.

The acting is much better than usual. Forrest Winant as the boy, William Meehan as *Muggs*, and Frank Nelson as *Gilly* are great. You seldom see crook types acted badly these days, unless it's in the twenty-eighth road company of a last season's New York success.

There is another crook play here. It is called "Cheating Cheaters." There are two bands of crooks—both the swell kind that go in for the swag when it runs high. Each group thinks the other is on the level. It turns out that they are all crooks, with much the same ideas. Then they are going to work together. They would have, only the cops come, and it is found out that *Nan Carey*, who has been posing as a crook, is really a detective. She makes them sign confessions—all except the one she marries. She holds their confession for their good behavior as detectives. There are more crooks in this play than in any other crook play that I have ever seen. There are also more surprises. You never know just which character you ought to be interested in, nor who is who.

It is much like "Under Cover," which was played a few years ago in the season when fourth acts preceded third acts; in fact, it is a sort of inverted "Under Cover."

I didn't see the performance of Galsworthy's "Justice," which set all the highbrows in New York agog last spring. But I imagine it was way above Roi Cooper Megrue's and Irvin Cobb's prison play, "Under Sentence." I don't believe that Mr. Cobb, whose stories are so good in the magazine, writes well for the theatre.

Photograph by White Studio

FRANK CRAVEN AS *JIMMIE SHANNON* IN "SEVEN CHANCES." OF THE SEVEN CHANCES LINED UP HERE, *JIMMIE* TOOK NUMBER FOUR, CARROLL McCOMAS, AS *ANNE WINDSOR*.

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Funny thing that people who write good stories don't seem to write good plays. They tell me that the same thing was true of Booth Tarkington's play, "Mr. Antonio," which Otis Skinner is now playing. It was a typical fiction-writer's play. It had left New York before I got here, but I hope I run into it some place on the road. For they say that I, being a Middle Westerner, ought to see the act in which a man from a small Pennsylvania town wakes up drunk in a Bowery saloon. His overcoat and hat are gone, and he'd given his money the night before to a café charmer.

I started out, though, to tell you about "Under Sentence." A minor employee has been made the goat for a bank president when the examiner came around. He is sent to prison. It is one of those places where they hope to reform men by crushing them. There are some good melodramatic scenes in which prisoners are tortured, but I don't like that sort of thing in the theatre. I go to be amused. In the meantime the cashier's wife has been gathering the evidence which will send the really guilty man to prison. She lands him in fine old style.

But when the Octopus gets to prison he sets out to use once more the ability which made him great in "The Street." From prison he uses his money to elect a governor. While he is still serving his sentence, the governor he has put in office appoints him warden.

Then follow all sorts of innovations. The trusties go out to bring back escaped prisoners, there are baseball teams and all those things that make prison attractive. I hear that most of the reforms advocated in this play were actually tried out by Mr. Osborne when he was warden of Sing Sing. That may be—the things that are true in life always seem so unreal when put upon the stage. Most of the last act of this play, which began with blood-curdling thrills, seems like comic opera.

As I am going to stay in New York nearly three weeks, I will have time to see most of the new plays. I'm not going to bother to write you about all of them—just those that seem worth while, or are likely to last. Really, I don't go to the less important things.

When I first came to New York, like every one else, and as you will when you come here, I went to see the Statue of Liberty, Central Park, and the "Fish Theatre," which is the name they have for the Aquarium. Now I go to see plays much as I used to go to see the sights. I only go to the things that are much talked about. Only once did I make the mistake of going to an unknown play on a first night. It

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Photograph by White Studio

JOHN DREW AS *MAJOR PENDENNIS.*

was dreadful and about a woman who drank.

You will hear from me again in a few days.

Yours, C. E. H.

Monday.

Dear Ed:

Since I wrote you I have seen two farces. I went to "Nothing But The Truth" because I have always liked Willie Collier. He is a proved laugh-provoker. In this play he makes a bet of ten thousand dollars that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. He sets out to be a sort of George Washington. The persons with whom he has made the bet, set all sorts of traps for him, and he gets into every kind of trouble, including a quarrel with the girl he loves. It turns out all right, and he wins the bet of ten thousand dollars. Also the girl. Collier has that way of saying things that makes you think he just thought of them for the first time the minute they are said. There isn't much to it, but it is good entertainment.

The other farce I saw was "Seven Chances." Frank Craven, who is like Collier in many ways, plays the leading part —the man who must marry before his thirtieth birthday or lose the millions which have been left him upon that condition. He is a woman-hater or something like that. He wants to give up at once, but his friend

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convinces him that he ought to make a try for the money. He proposes to one girl after another, and they all turn him down. Finally, he meets the girl he always liked and decides that he loves her. She accepts him when there are only a few minutes left. The suspense comes, of course, from the thought that there may not be a girl willing to marry him before midnight.

This seems to me to be pretty thin, and the play isn't really worth while. It's awfully young, and reminds me of the sort of plays we used to give in the high school in Kansas City. I think you came up to see one once and were too kind to say much. That's the way I feel about "Seven Chances." I can't understand how Mr. Belasco could waste his time on such a play. Frank Craven is very diverting. Like Collier, he plays with the greatest seriousness, but unlike Collier he is more in the picture—as the saying is. He is quiet and droll.

Yours, C. E. H.

Wednesday.

Dear Ed:

In "Turn to the Right!" *Sammy*, the country-store boy who makes a fortune for everybody by selling to a New York grocer the peach jam that the hero's mother makes, says to *Muggs* and *Gilly*, the two reformed crooks: "Gee, you guys are provincial." Now, Ed, I feel sort of that way about these New York folks. They think nothing ever happens in the theatre except on Broadway, and they think there is no acting off the Rialto. In a very clever little comedy, "Arms and the Girl," by Grant Stewart and Robert Baker, the girl is played by Fay Bainter. From the talk around here you would think that it was a mere lucky hit, and that Miss Bainter just happened to fit into or drop into a Broadway engagement. Well, I'm here to say that isn't so. I saw her play *Juliet* in Toledo in a stock company several years ago, and she is something more than an ingénue. And she doesn't act like Billie Burke! There are a great many good actresses that haven't yet come to Broadway, but only a man like me who travels about a great deal can see them.

Belgium being overrun by the Germans at the start of the war scarcely seems like the place for a comedy. But the authors of "Arms and the Girl" get away with it. A young American girl finds herself alone in a Belgian village. She has lost her passport and is awaiting news of her parents and her betrothed. The confident Germans, who expect to be in Paris the following week, think her a spy. As she has neither a passport nor credentials, and as her traveling companions do not arrive, things look black for her. Another American comes to the rescue and says that he is the girl's lover. German efficiency demands that they marry at once. They do.

Up to this point it has been a delightful little comedy. But this is Broadway. So of course there must follow the suggestion of indecency, and for a few minutes the atmosphere of a bedroom farce is created.

Photograph by White Studio.

MARY NASH AND HENRY HULL IN THE BIG SCENE IN "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK."

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Happily, this does not last long. When the real lover comes he appears most unattractive alongside of the American who had consented to become the girl's husband to save her from arrest as a spy. All ends happily. And the Germans march on toward Paris.

Another of the new plays is "His Majesty, Bunker Bean." This play was founded upon the stories of Harry Leon Wilson. I saw it last winter in Chicago. I wrote you about it then. I think you said you were going to read the book. All I need to tell you about it now is that Florence Shirley has duplicated the success that she made in Chicago. Like Fay Bainter, she knows how to play an ingénue rôle without imitating Billie Burke.

Have you ever thought what Miss Burke has to answer for? In some of the road companies that get out West you have noticed her imitators, and there are slathers of them in the movies. There, of course, you needn't hear them talk. But if ever the personality of one actress was stamped upon a type in the theatre, it is the personality of Billie Burke.

Yours,
C. E. H.

Saturday.

Dear Ed:

I rarely go to see stars when in New York. They always tour the country, and though their support may change they are just the same in Detroit or in Chicago. This isn't true of the plays that are sent out with road companies. The New York cast is always better and has more spirit. I made an exception this year and went to see John Drew in "Major Pendennis." I must confess I have never read Thackeray's novel—have you? I must do so sometime just to see what the play was about. I didn't understand it very well, and what I did understand I didn't like. Largely, I suppose, because so much good drama had to be crowded out in an effort to make the play like the book which people admire and know so well. Better that I should feel something wanting than that they should spot changes. Mr. Drew seemed to me very good, and it was quite pleasant, after all the English dress-suit comedies he has been in, to see him in different clothes and surroundings, with a chance to act.

The dramatization of books and stories goes right on, merrily. I think the best is Jules Eckert Goodman's play, "The Man Who Came Back." Actually the play was made from a story. It does seem, however, that it was made from a movie. At every turn, the use of "episode" instead of "act," the breakneck speed of the action, and the use of the word "home" instead of "house," bear out the resemblance to the dramas that flicker on the screen. But if this play does seem like the movies, and if it does contain old material, it is nevertheless the sort of show that gets me.

CHRISTINE NORMAN IN "UPSTAIRS AND DOWN."

According to this play, the road to ruin is just nine thousand seven hundred and thirty miles, and it is just that same distance back. Young *Henry Potter* is turned out by his father and goes to San Francisco—three thousand one hundred and seventy miles. (This information is furnished by the program.) Here he continues his life of wasting and is "shanghaied" to China—a trip of

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Photograph by White Studio.

M. PAUL CLERGET AND MME. GABRIELLE PERRIER IN THE FRENCH PANTOMIME, "PIERROT THE PRODIGAL."

six thousand five hundred and sixty miles. (We are again indebted to the program.)

In Sam Shew Sing's opium joint, just outside of Shanghai, he meets, in one of those rare scenes that happen on the stage —like the coming of the crooks to the farmhouse in "Turn to the Right!"—the girl of his fancy, *Marcelle*, a cabaret singer of a hotel in San Francisco. Deserted by him, she has become an opium-fiend. Then and there he decides to go back "every foot of the way to his father's home." He travels four thousand three hundred and sixty miles to Honolulu, where he has a "pinery." From there back to the breakfast-room of his father's house is five thousand three hundred and seventy miles. In this room *Marcelle* and his forgiving father are waiting for him.

There are a good many improbabilities in this play. They don't worry me, but I suppose some people get a surprise that a young man who hasn't money enough to pay for a drink in an opium-joint in China can get to Honolulu (four thousand three hundred and sixty miles) and become the owner of a pineapple farm without so much as traveling expenses from his millionaire father. As I said, this doesn't worry me. The good old dramas were always that way with people turning up where you didn't expect them, and no explanation of how they got there. I think plays of this sort give better chance for acting than the modern ones that have everything figured out like a railroad schedule.

Anyhow, this play gives Mary Nash as *Marcelle* and Henry Hull as young *Potter*

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RAYMOND HITCHCOCK AS *LORD D'ARCY PLAYNE* IN THE MUSICAL PLAY, "BETTY."

a chance to do some very fine acting. They are young, they have lightness, and when the time comes for power they're there. They're big. Especially Mary Nash.

The other play I'll tell you about this time is George Broadhurst's "Rich Man, Poor Man," founded upon a magazine story by Maximilian Foster. It's all about an old man in a boarding-house who forges some letters which show that the young girl, who is practically a slavey there, is the granddaughter of a millionaire. The fraud works for a time, but is soon detected by the son-in-law of the millionaire. There is one moment of thrill and surprise, and that is when the old man says that he knew from the start that the girl wasn't his granddaughter. You don't lose sympathy with her, because she actually thinks she is the granddaughter; then, too, she is pretty.

The whole thing didn't interest me very much, but I did like the scenes in the boarding-house. Do you know I've never seen the inside of a New York boarding-house? I always stay at one of the big hotels and I got sort of used to their attentions. Some day I'm going to try one of these boarding-houses—I'll wear some old clothes and take only a little of my baggage. You'll think I'm getting silly. It would be ridiculous for a man with as much money as I've got to stay in a boarding-house. But you will remember even in Oklahoma I was interested in life. Yours, C. E. H.

Tuesday.

Dear Ed:

Really, these Eastern folks are a queer lot. We read about them giving monkey dinners and Hawaiian parties, and we come to think about them as being—well, exotic. That word will do, and you know what I mean. The way we picture New Yorkers is done in a play called "Up-stairs and Down." I am told that the play was written by some Chicago people. It didn't seem real to me. I don't know anything about Long Island except that I have visited in Brooklyn. But I don't believe these people who live in the swell places on Long Island can be so bored and constantly seeking for "the new" as the characters in "Upstairs and Down" are supposed to be. If they were, some of the plays that succeed in

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New York, containing as they do a lot of the good old sentiment, wouldn't stay here a week. I refer to what they call "The Glad Plays."

The one of these that has been running here the longest is "Pollyanna." This was played last year in the West. You have read the book, and I needn't say much about it except that Patricia Collinge is sure some wonder. You'd like her, Ed. It seems to me that there is a good deal of art in the playing—it might easily be mawkish.

"Come Out of the Kitchen," in which Ruth Chatterton is playing, is also very sweet. I didn't think a great deal of it. There have been too many kitchen plays. Some poor but proud Southerners are forced to rent their ancestral home to a rich Northerner. One of the conditions of the lease is that white servants be provided. The poor Southerners stay behind as servants. The young girl who has been pretending to be a servant falls in love with the rich Northerner and he with her. You see the plot. It's as old as "She Stoops to Conquer."

To my way of thinking, the best of the sunshine plays is "Old Lady Thirty-One." Like "Pollyanna" and "Come Out of the Kitchen," this was fashioned by a trained dramatist from a book. An old sea-captain has made a shaky investment and lost all of his money. He and his gentle old wife must give up their little house, from the garden of which they can see the harbor. With all their worldly possessions on a little hand-cart they arrive at the door of the old ladies' home, where the wife is to stay. The old captain is to go to the poor farm.

The tender scene of parting so affects the old women that they decide to keep *Abe*, the captain, at the home, and he is written down upon their books as "Old Lady Thirty-One." He becomes a lion, and they have a tea-party on his birthday. Now it happens that in the home there is a perennial soubrette, *Blossy*. She gets *Abe* in bad. And the women decide to turn him out. Fortunately the worthless mine is sold for eight thousand dollars and there is general forgiveness. *Abe* and his wife decide to stay on in the home, and use their money making life pleasant for the other inmates.

Reginald Barlow as *Abe* and Emma Dunn

Photograph by White Studio.

POLLYANNA IS THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL WHO SEES SOMETHING TO BE GLAD ABOUT IN EVERYTHING.

Barony.

AND PATRICIA COLLINGE IS THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS *POLLYANNA*.

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as *Angie*, his gentle wife, are excellent; so are all the old ladies. Since the bishops in the play called "The Cock o' the Walk," which Otis Skinner played last year, I haven't seen a group of stage people that amused me more. They're real, these thirty old ladies.

This will have to be all for to-day.

Yours, C. E. H.

Friday.

Dear Ed:

Since I wrote before I have only been to the theatre once. I'm almost ashamed to tell you how much I liked what I saw, for fear that you will think that I have gone highbrow. It's a real novelty, though I hear that it's been done in New York several times before, and was done in Paris more than twenty-five years ago. It's a pantomime — "Pierrot the Prodigal." There isn't a word spoken and there's music, chiefly the piano, that runs all through it; but in spite of all this I understood every word. Sometime, I think, when moving pictures get together with the music instead of each one trying to beat the other to the end as they do now, there may be something as fine as this performance. Not quite so fine, of course, because there will always be a disadvantage of flatness in the movies. The people are jumping silhouettes, and I suppose always will be.

There isn't a great deal to the story of this pantomime. *Pierrot*, the son of rich parents, leaves home with a laundress. They lead a gay life for a while, but when the money which *Pierrot* has stolen from his parents is gone she deserts him for a rich baron. Miserable and dejected, *Pierrot* returns home. His mother rejoices, his father forgives him. From outside you hear the drum and the tread of marching soldiers. *Pierrot* seizes an old musket and starts for war. The end has been changed somewhat, so that the curtain falls as the orchestra is playing the great national French anthem. It stirred me, and I was the first to stand up. The man back of me said "He thinks it's 'America.'" This made me very mad, for soon everybody was standing. Paul Clerget, who plays the part of the father, is the best actor I have seen this trip, or on many another one.

Yours, C. E. H.

Monday.

Dear Ed:

This is going to be my last letter from here, as I am taking the Wolverine for Detroit to-day. You will wonder why I have told you nothing about the musical shows and whether I gave up my custom this time of going to the Hippodrome. No, I didn't. It's "The Big Show" this year and it's full of wonders. Somehow, though, it didn't get me quite as much as other times. I'm not sure why. Perhaps I'm changing a little. Perhaps, as I breathed in my last letter, I'm going highbrow. Perhaps it was because there was too little of Toto, the clown. More likely the latter than the former.

I did see some of the musical shows. They're all big, and they've had oceans of iron men spent upon them as though money were no object. "Miss Springtime" is the best of all, I guess. I like the scenery, which is new art stuff, and you have to get used to it. I like John Hazzard. He's a good comedian and he must be pretty smart, for he's one of the authors of "Turn to the Right!"

Raymond Hitchcock, in "Betty," is very droll. He has one awfully good line. "Marriage," he says, "is an institution, but who would want to live in an institution?" There's a new show at the Winter Garden. I didn't go; I thought I'd wait and see it in the West.

From all that I've written you, you will gather that the thing I like best is the play that has crooks, sentiment, mortgages, peach jam, and everything all mixed into one. You know its name by this time: "Turn to the Right!" If ever I got a chance to put some money into a show, that would be the one—or the sort of one—I'd back.

Don't worry about me: I'm not likely to become an angel, and the money that I made in real estate isn't going to become angel-food. I'll write you from the West.

Yours, C. E. H.

P. S. If ever you have any of these Broadway managers stopping at your hotel, don't give them my address, or don't let them see this, for they might think I'd make a good angel and bother me.

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HIS FAMILY

By

ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

THIS is the story of a man and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. Roger Gale's wife died when the children were little, and for sixteen years he has lived shut up within himself, not sharing in his daughters' interests. Now, nearly sixty, he is again awake, and eager to understand these three grown-up women of his household. His eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman, whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school, working out on modern lines a union between school and community. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure.

Shortly after Roger Gale's interest in life has been rekindled, Laura marries a man as pleasure-loving, as much a speeder and a spender as herself. Roger is uneasy over the kind of life the young couple evidently intend to lead, and before the wedding, at Edith's instigation, he undertakes a serious talk with Laura on her duties. But father and daughter are too far apart, and the talk ends in irritation on both sides.

After Laura leaves, Roger goes to visit "Deborah's big family"—her great school and the crowded foreign community of which it is the center. It is a terrific set of new impressions for Roger Gale. One result is that he takes into his office, and later into his home, one of Deborah's "boys"—a cripple, Johnny Geer. Near the close of school, Deborah collapses under the strain of her intense life, and Allan Baird, her physician, tells Roger her trouble is—motherhood on a new, large scale: three thousand children on her mind. The family hopes that Deborah and Baird are to marry, and Roger tries to meddle helpfully.

DEBORAH'S HOME WOULD NOT BE LIKE EDITH'S. IT WOULD BE SOMETHING NEW.

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During the next year it is clear that Baird and Deborah are in love; but Deborah fears a home of her own will lessen her devotion to the big service she has undertaken for the tenement children. Baird, willing to wait, opens a clinic in connection with Deborah's school, and works with her. Toward the end of the year the Board of Education approves Deborah's experiment and even extends it. Not long after, reassured by success, her long tension relaxed, she consents to marry Baird. After a summer abroad they are to come back and live with Roger.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Edith makes a resolve

EDITH was radiant at the news. "I do hope Deborah's not going to grudge herself a good long wedding-trip!" she exclaimed.

"They're going abroad," said Roger.

"Oh, splendid! And the wedding? Church or home?"

"Home," said Roger blissfully, "and short and simple; not a frill. Just the family."

"Oh, that's so nice," sighed Edith. "I was afraid she'd want to drag in her school."

"School will be out by then," he said.

"Well, I hope it stays out—for the remainder of her days. She can't do both, and she'll soon see. I know her better than you do. I've been sure all along that she'd marry Allan—this talk about school was all tommy-rot. But will she have children? That's what she needs—what will make the real difference to her."

"Well, she wants 'em bad enough."

"Yes, but can she?" Edith asked, with that engrossed expression which came on her pretty, florid face whenever she neared such a topic. She spoke with evident awkwardness. "That's the trouble. Is it too late? Deborah's thirty-one, you know, and she has lived her life so hard. The sooner she gives up her school the better for her chances."

The face of her father clouded. "Now look here, daughter," he advised; "don't go talking that to her now."

"I'm not such an idiot," she replied. "She thinks me homey enough as it is. And she's not altogether wrong. Bruce and I were talking it over last night. We want to be closer, after this, to Deborah and Allan. Bruce says it will do us *all* good, and for once I think he's right. I *have* given too much time to my children, and Bruce to his office. I see it now. Not that I regret it, but—well, we're going to blossom out. We'll surprise you all. Just wait and see."

She struck the same note with Deborah, and so did Bruce.

"Oh, Deborah, dear," he said, smiling, when he found a chance to see her alone, "if you knew how long I've waited for this fine big thing to happen! A. Baird is my best chum in the world. Don't yank him gently away from us now. We'll keep close—eh?—all four of us."

"Very," said Deborah softly.

"And you mustn't get too solemn, you know. You won't pull too much of the highbrow stuff?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"That's the right idea. We'll have some fine little parties together. You and A. Baird will give us a hand and get us out in the evenings. We need it, God knows; we've been getting old."

Deborah threw him a glance of affection. "Why, Brucie," she said, in admiring tones, "I knew you had it in you."

"So has Edith," he sturdily declared. "All she needs is a little shove. We'll show you two that we're regular fellows. Don't you be all school and we won't be all home. We'll jump out of our skins and be young again."

In pursuance of this gay resolve, Bruce planned frequent parties to theatres and musical shows, and to Edith's consternation he even began to look about for a teacher from whom he could learn to dance. "A. Baird," he told her firmly, "isn't going to be the only soubrette in this family."

One of the most hilarious of these small celebrations came early in June, when they dined all four together and went to the summer's opening of "The Follies of 1914." The show rather dragged a bit at first, but when Bert Williams took the stage Bruce's laugh became so contagious that people in seats on every hand turned to look at him and join in his glee.

When they came outside the theatre Bruce found in his car something wrong with the engine. He tinkered, but it would not go.

"Oh, well, who cares?" he said to them. "I'm not going to get sore to-night over anything on God's green earth. Good night, you fine people; go on home. And let's have another party soon."

Allan hailed a taxi.

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"Why not come with us?" asked Deborah.

"No, thanks," said Bruce. "I've got this car of mine to look after."

"Oh, let it wait," urged Allan.

"It does look a little like rain," put in Edith.

Bruce glanced up at the cloudy sky and hesitated a moment. "Rain, piffle," he said good-humoredly. "Come on, wifey; stick by me. I won't be long." And he turned back with Edith and started across the crowded street.

"What a dear he is," said Deborah. Allan put his arm around her, and they looked at each other and smiled. It was only nine days to the wedding.

Out of the street's commotion came a sharp cry of warning. It was followed by a shriek and a crash. Allan looked out of the window, and then with a low exclamation he jumped from the taxi and slammed the door.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The First Break

ROGER had been spending a long, quiet evening at home. He had asked John to dine with him and they had chatted for a time. Then John had started up to his room. And listening to the slow, shuffling step of the cripple going up-stairs, Roger had thought of the quick, eager feet and the sudden scampers that would be heard as the silent old house renewed its life. Later he had gone to bed.

Now he awakened with a start. The telephone-bell was ringing.

"Nice time to call folks out of bed," he grumbled, as he went into the hall. The next moment he heard Deborah's voice. It was clear and sharp, with a note of alarm.

"Father—it's I! You must come to Edith's apartment at once. Bruce is hurt badly! Come at once!"

When Roger reached the apartment it was Deborah who opened the door. Her face had changed: it was drawn and gray. She took him into the living-room.

"Now tell me," he said harshly.

"It was just outside the theatre. Bruce and Edith were crossing the street and got caught by some idiot of a chauffeur. Bruce threw Edith out of the way, but just as he did it he himself got struck in the back and went under a wheel. Allan brought him here at once, while I telephoned for a friend of his—a surgeon. They're with Bruce now."

"Where's Edith?"

"She's trying to quiet the children. They woke up—" Deborah frowned—"when he was brought in," she added.

"Well!" breathed Roger. "I declare!" Dazed and stunned, he sank into a chair. Soon the door opened and Allan came in.

"He's gone," he said. And Deborah jumped. "No, no, I meant the doctor."

"What does he say?"

"Bruce can't live," said Allan gently. In the tense silence there came a chill. "And he knows it," Allan added. "He made me tell him—he said he must know—for business reasons. He wants you both up there at once, before Edith gets that child asleep."

As they entered the room they saw Bruce on his bed. He was breathing quickly through his narrow, tight-set jaws and staring up at the ceiling with a straining, fixed intensity. As they entered he turned his head. His eyes met theirs and lighted up in a hard and terrible manner.

"I'm not leaving them a dollar!" he said, in thick, excited tones.

"We'll see to them, boy," said Roger hoarsely.

But Bruce had already turned to Baird. "I make you my executor, Allan—don't need it in writing—there isn't time." He drew a sudden, quivering breath. "I have no will," he muttered on. "Never made one—never thought of this. Business life just starting—booming—and I put in every cent!" There broke from him a low, bitter groan. "Made my money settling other men's muddles! Never thought of making this mess of my own! But even in mine—I could save something now—if I could be there—if I could be there——"

The sweat broke out on his temples, and Deborah laid her hand on his head. "Sh-h-h," she breathed. He shut his eyes.

"Hard to think of anything more. I can't keep clear." He shuddered with pain. "Fix me for *them*," he muttered to Baird. "George and his mother. Fix me up—give me a couple of minutes clear. And Deborah—when you bring 'em in—don't let 'em know. You understand? No infernal last good-bys!"

Deborah sharply set her teeth. "No, dear, no," she whispered. She followed her father out of the room, leaving Allan bending over the bed with a hypodermic in his

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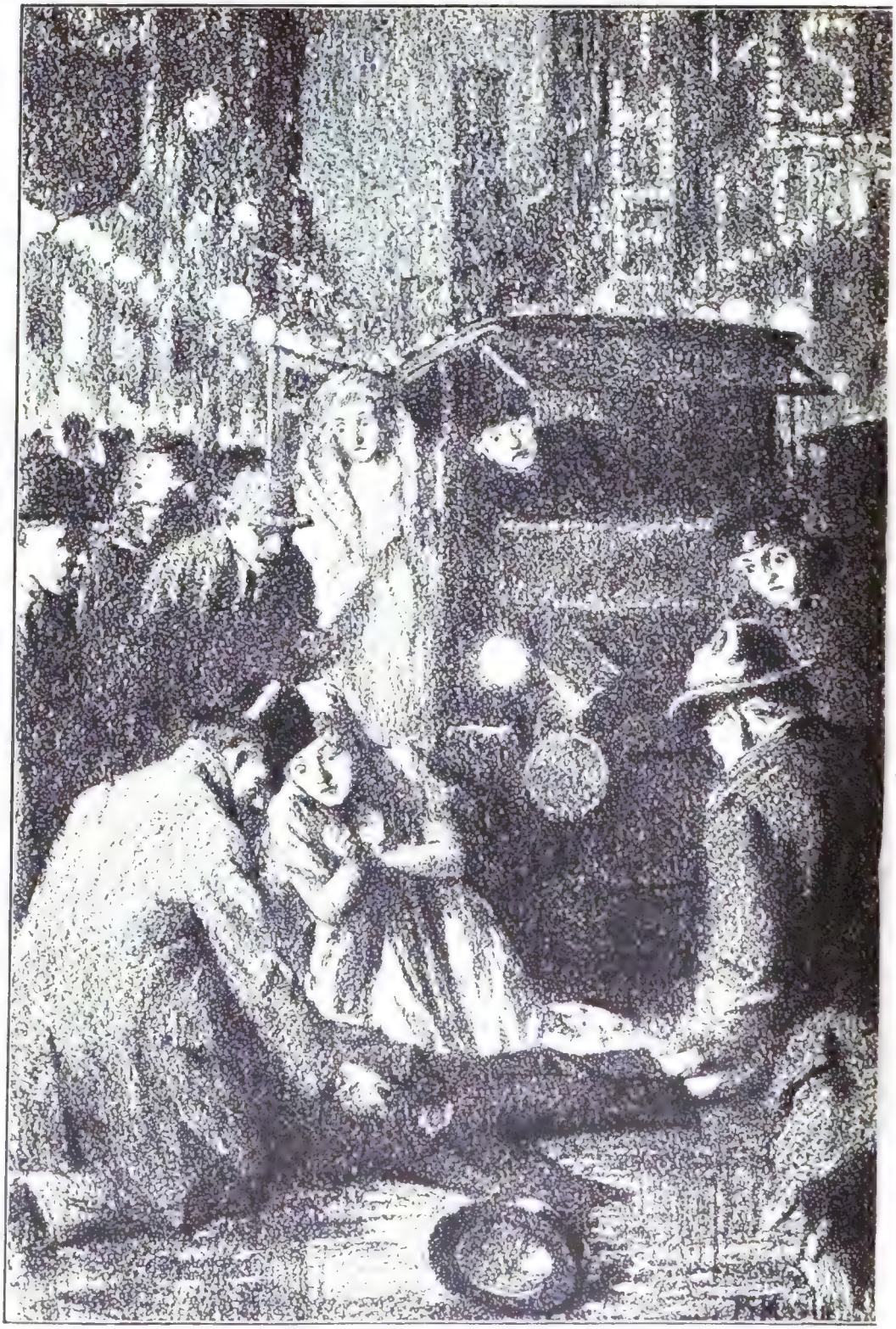

"BRUCE THREW EDITH OUT OF THE WAY, BUT JUST AS HE DID IT

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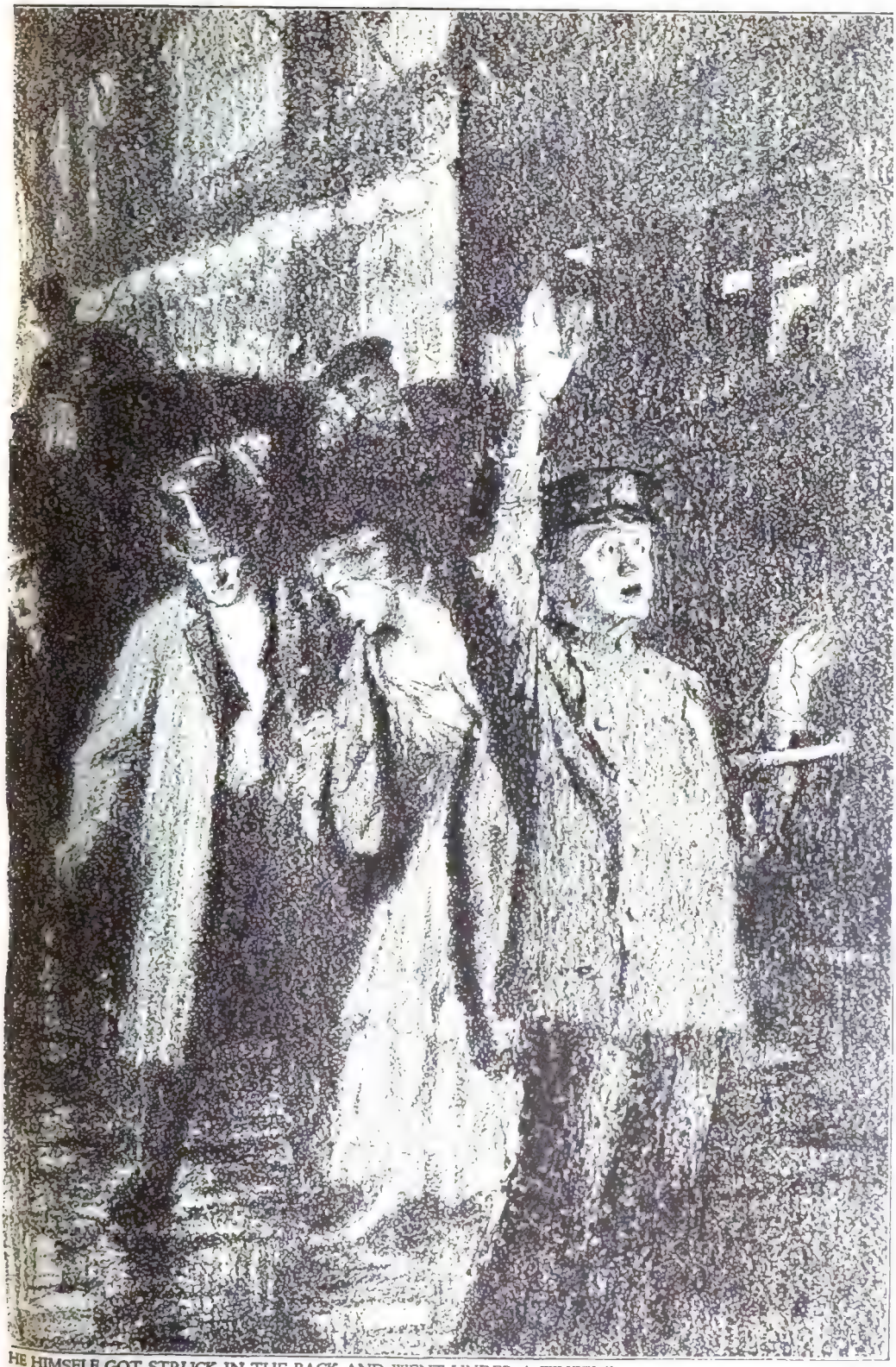

HE HIMSELF GOT STRUCK IN THE BACK AND WENT UNDER A WHEEL."

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hand. And when, a few moments later, George came in with his mother, they found Bruce soothed and quieted. He even smiled as he reached up his hand.

"They say I've got to sleep, old girl—just sleep and sleep—it'll do me good. So you mustn't stay in the room to-night. Stay with the kiddies and get 'em to sleep." He was still smiling into her eyes. "They say it'll be a long time, little wife—and I'm so sorry—I was to blame. If I'd done as you wanted and gone in their taxi— Remember? You said it might rain." He turned to George: "Look here, old boy, I'm counting on you. I'll be sick, you know—no good at all. You must stand by your mother."

George gulped awkwardly: "Sure I will, dad."

His father sharply pressed his hand. "That's right, old fellow. I know what you are. Now good night, son. Good night, Edith dear." He looked at her steadily just for a moment, then closed his eyes. "Oh, but I'm sleepy," he murmured. "Good night."

And they left him. Alone with Allan, Bruce looked up with a savage glare.

"Look here!" he snarled, between his teeth. "If you think I'm going to lie here and die, you're mistaken! I won't! I won't let go! I'll show you chaps you can all be wrong! Been wrong before, haven't you, thousands of times? Why be so damnably sure about *me?*" He fell back suddenly, limp and weak. "So damnably sure," he panted.

"We're never sure, my dear old boy," said Allan very tenderly. Again he was bending close over the bed. "We're not sure now—by any means. You're so strong, old chap, so amazingly strong. You've given me hope——"

"What are you sticking into my arm?"

But Allan kept talking steadily on. "You've given me hope you'll pull through yet. But not like this. You've got to rest. Let go of yourself. Can you hear me? Let go, and try to go to sleep."

"I'm afraid to," came the whisper. But soon, as again the drug took hold, he mumbled in a drowsy tone: "Afraid to go to sleep in the dark. . . . Say, Allan, get Deborah in here, will you—just for a minute. One thing more."

When she came he did not open his eyes. "That you, Deborah? Where's your hand? . . . Oh—there it is—now just one point. You—you—" Again his mind wandered, but with an effort he brought it back. "You and Edith," he said in a whisper, "so—so—so different. Not—not like each other at all. But you'll stick together—eh? Always—always. Don't let go—I mean of my hand."

"No, dear, no."

And with her hand still holding his, she sat for a long time perfectly still. Then the baby was heard crying, and Deborah went to the nursery.

"Now, Edith, I'll see to the children," she said. "Allan says you can go to Bruce if you like."

Edith looked up at Deborah quickly, and as quickly turned away. She went in to her husband. And there, hour by hour through the night, while he lay inert with his hand in hers, little by little she understood. But she asked no questions of any one.

At last Bruce stirred a little and began breathing deep and fast.

And so death came into the family.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Edith Faces Her Future

ROGER went through the next two days in a kind of stupor. He remembered holding Edith and feeling her shudder as though from a chill. He remembered being stopped in the hall by George, who had dressed himself with care in his first suit with long trousers. "I just wanted you to remember," the boy whispered solemnly, "that I'm nearly sixteen and I'll be here. He said to stand by her, and I will." The rest of that ghastly time was a blank, punctuated now and then by small, quiet orders that Roger obeyed. Thank God, Deborah was there, and she was attending to everything.

But when at last it was over, and Roger had spent the next day in his office, had found it impossible to work and so had gone home early, Deborah came to him in his room. Her strong, resolute face was as usual, except for a deep crease over her eyes. The birthmark on her forehead showed vividly, a line of red.

"Now we must have a talk," she said. "Allan has gone through Bruce's affairs, and there are still debts to be settled, it seems."

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"How much do they come to, Deborah?"

"About five thousand dollars," she said. And there was a little silence. "I wish I could help you out," she went on, "but I have nothing saved and neither has Allan. We've both kept using it all down-town—except just enough for the trip abroad—and we'll need almost all of that to settle for the funeral."

"I can manage," Roger said, and again there was a silence.

"Edith will have to come here to live," Deborah said presently.

Her father's heavy face grew stern. "I'd thought of that," he answered. "But it will be hard on her, Deborah——"

"I know it will, but I don't see anything else to be done." The deep, quiet voice of his daughter grew sweet with pity as she spoke: "At least we can try to make it a little easier for her. You can take her up to the mountains now and I can close her apartment. But of course she won't agree to that unless she knows how matters stand." Deborah waited a moment. "Don't you think you're the best one to tell her?"

"Yes," said Roger after a pause.

"Then suppose we go to her now. I'm sleeping up there for the next few nights."

They found Edith in her living-room. She had sent the nurse out, put the children to bed, and then, left alone with nothing to do, had sat there facing her loneliness. Her light, soft hair was a little disheveled, her pretty features pale and set. But the moment Roger entered he saw that she had herself in hand.

"Now, father," she said steadily, "you'd better talk to me about our affairs. *My* affairs," she corrected herself. When he had explained she was silent a moment, and then, in a voice harsh, bitter, abrupt, "That will be hard on the children," she said. On an impulse he started to take her hand, but she drew a little away from him.

"The children, my dear," he said huskily, "will be taken care of always. You and I will see to that."

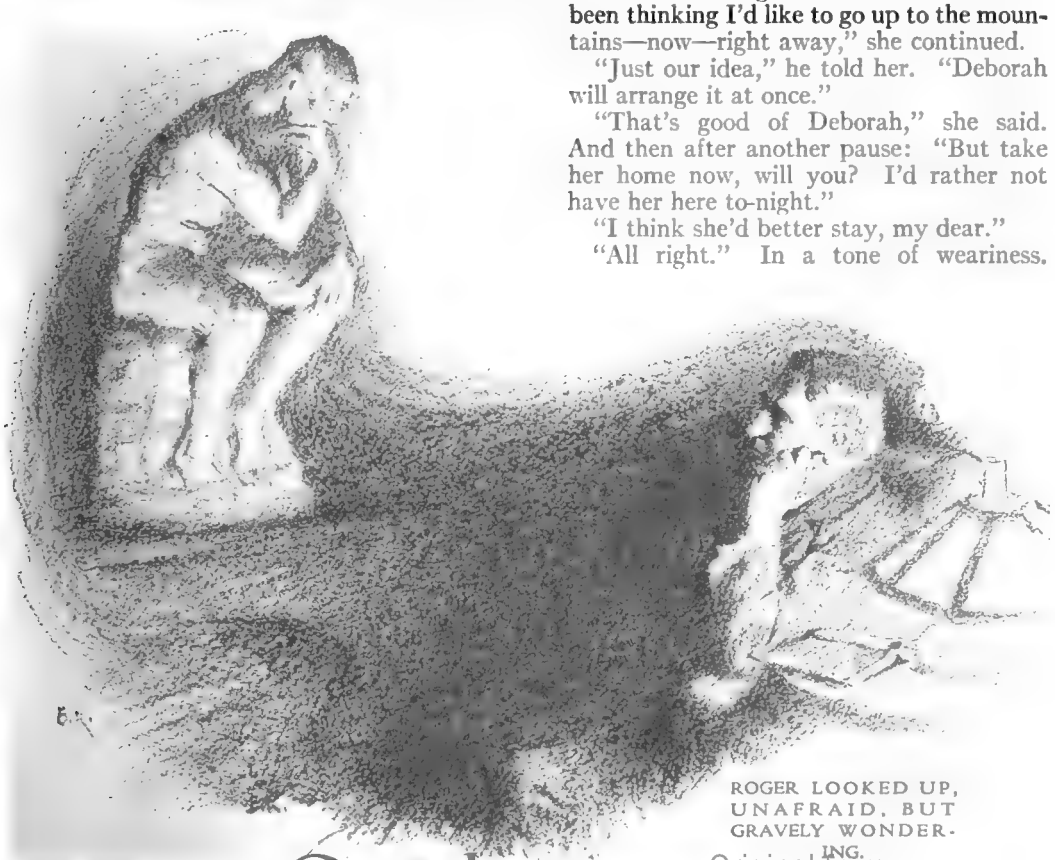
"Yes." And again she was silent. "I've been thinking I'd like to go up to the mountains—now—right away," she continued.

"Just our idea," he told her. "Deborah will arrange it at once."

"That's good of Deborah," she said. And then after another pause: "But take her home now, will you? I'd rather not have her here to-night."

"I think she'd better stay, my dear."

"All right." In a tone of weariness.



ROGER LOOKED UP, UNAFRAID, BUT GRAVELY WONDERING.

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"Madge Deering called me up to-night. She's coming in town to-morrow, and she means to stay till I go."

"That's good," he said approvingly. Madge had been a widow for years. Living out in Morristown, with four daughters to bring up, she had determinedly fought her way and had not only regained her hold but had even grown in strength and breadth since the death of her husband long ago. "I'm glad," he said. "You and Madge—" he paused.

"Yes, we'll have a good deal in common," Edith finished out his thought. "You look tired, dad. Hadn't you better go home now?" she suggested after a moment.

"Yes," said Roger, rising. "Good night, my child. Remember."

In the outer hallway he found Deborah with Laura. Laura had been there several times. She was getting Edith's mourning.

"There's a love of a hat at Thurn's," she was saying softly, "if only we can get her to wear it. It's just her type." And Laura drew an anxious breath. "Anything," she added, "to escape that hideous heavy crape."

Roger slightly raised his brows. He noticed a faint, delicious perfume that irritated him suddenly. But glancing again at his daughter, trim, fresh, and so immaculate, the joy of life barely concealed in her eyes, he stopped and talked and smiled at her, as Deborah was doing, enjoying her beauty and her youth, her love and all her happiness.

And though they spoke of her sister, she knew they were thinking of herself, and that it was quite right they should, for it gave them a little relief from their gloom. She was honestly sorry for Edith, but she was sorrier still for Bruce, who, she knew, had always liked her more than he would have cared to say. She was sorrier for Bruce because, while Edith had lost only her husband, Bruce had lost his very life. And life meant so much to Laura these days, the glowing, coursing, vibrant life of her warm, beautiful body. She was thinking of that as she stood in the hall.

Later that evening, at home in his study, Roger heard a slight knock at the door. He looked up and saw John.

"May I come in, Mr. Gale, for a minute?"

"Yes, my boy."

John hobbled in. "Only a minute." His tone was embarrassed. "Just two or three things I thought of," he said. "The first was about your son-in-law. You see, I was his stenographer, and while I was in his office this morning helping Doctor Baird, I found a good deal I can do there still—about things no one remembers but me. So I'll stay there a while, if it's all right. Only—" he paused—"without any pay. See what I mean?"

"Yes, I see," said Roger. "And you'd better stay—in that way, if you like."

"Thanks," said John. "Then about his wife and family. You're to take them up to the mountains, I hear—and—well, before this happened you asked *me* up this summer. But I guess now I'd better not."

"I don't think you'd be in the way, my boy."

"I'd rather stay here, if you don't mind. When I'm through in your son-in-law's office I thought I might go back to yours. I could send you your mail every two or three days."

"I'd like that, John—it will be a great help."

"All right, Mr. Gale." John stopped at the door. "And Miss Deborah," he ventured. "Is she to get married just the same?"

"Oh, yes, I think so—later on."

"Good night, sir." And John went out of the room.

When *would* Deborah be married? It came over Roger, when he was alone, how his family had shifted its center. Deborah would have come here to live, to love and be happy, a mother perhaps, but now she must find a home of her own. In her place would come Edith with her children. All would center on her in her grief.

And all for no cause! Just a trick of chance, a street accident! And Roger grew bitter and rebelled. Bruce was not the one of the family to die—Bruce, so shrewd and vigorous, so vital, the practical man of affairs. Bruce had been going the pace that kills—yes, Roger had often thought of that. But that had nothing to do with this! If Bruce had died at fifty, say, as a result of the life he had chosen, the tense, savage city that he had loved as a man will love drink, then at least there would have been some sense of the fairness in it all! If the town had let him alone till his time! But to be knocked down by an automobile!

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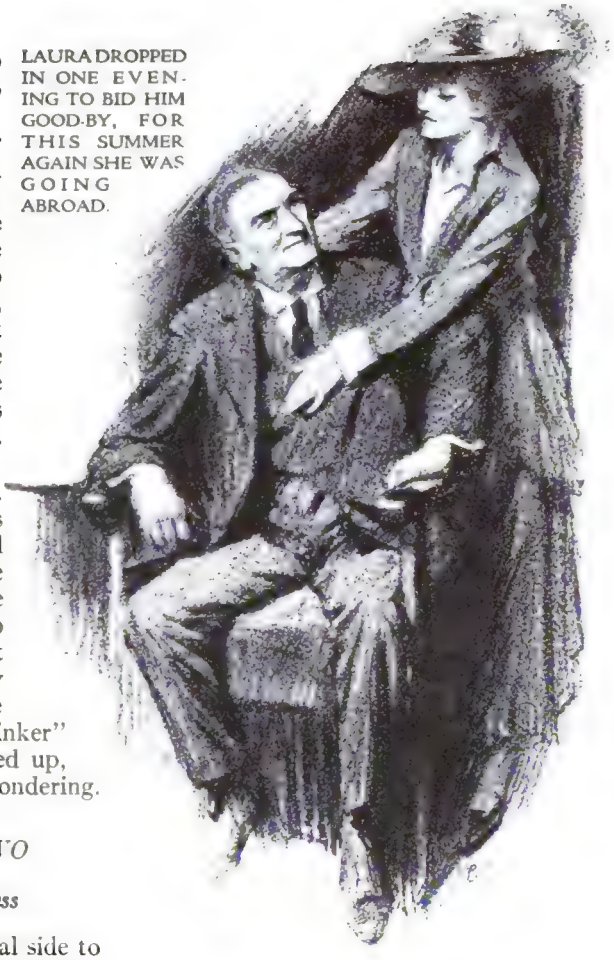
The devilish irony of it all! No reason—nothing! Just hideous luck!

Well, life was like that. As for Edith and her children, he would be glad to have them here. Only, it would be different now; the house would have to change again. He was sorry, too, for Deborah. No wedding-trip as she had planned, no home awaiting her return. Just an apartment like Laura's, he thought. No, it would not be like that, nor would it be like Edith's home. It would be Deborah's. Something new.

So his mind went over his family. Then suddenly all such thoughts fell away as trivial and of small account. For all these people would still be alive. And Bruce was dead, and Roger was old. So he thought about Bruce and about himself, and all his children grew remote. The clock ticked on the mantel there, and beside it "The Thinker" brooded down. And Roger looked up, unafraid, but grim and gravely wondering.



LAURA DROPPED IN ONE EVENING TO BID HIM GOOD-BY, FOR THIS SUMMER AGAIN SHE WAS GOING ABROAD.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Johnny Geer and the Business

BUT there was a rugged, practical side to the character of Roger Gale, and the next morning he was ashamed of the brooding thoughts that had come in the night. He shook them off as morbid, and resolutely set himself to what lay close before him. There was work to be done on Bruce's affairs, and the work was a decided relief. Madge Deering, in the meantime, had offered to go with Edith and the children to the mountains and see them all well settled there. And a little talk he had with Madge relieved his mind still further. What a recovery she had made from the tragedy of years ago! How alert and wide-awake she seemed! If Edith could only grow like that!

Soon after their departure, one night when he was dining alone, he had a curious consciousness of the mingled presence of Edith and of Judith, his wife. And this feeling grew so strong that several times he looked about in a startled, questioning manner. All at once his eye was caught by an old mahogany sideboard. It was Edith's. It had been her mother's. Edith, when she married, had wanted something from her old home. Well, now it was back in the family. The rest of Edith's furniture, he learned from Deborah that night, had been stored in the top of the house.

"Most of it," she told him, "Edith will probably want to use in fitting up the children's rooms." And at that, with a twinge of foreboding, he felt the approaching change in his home.

"When do you plan to be married?" he asked.

"About the end of August," she answered, in a low, even tone. "We couldn't very well till then, without hurting poor Edith a little, you see. You know how she feels about such things——"

"Yes, I guess you're right," he agreed.

How everything centered round Edith these days! His thoughts turned to his

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business. To pay the debts that Bruce had left would take all Roger had on hand; and from now on his expenses, with five growing children here, would be a fast increasing drain. He would have to be careful and husband his strength, a thing he had always hated to do.

In the next few weeks he worked hard in his office. He cut down his smoking, stayed home every evening, and went to bed at ten o'clock. He tried to shut Deborah out of his mind. As for Laura, he barely gave her a thought. She dropped in one evening to bid him good-by, for this summer again she was going abroad. She and her husband, she told him, were to motor through the Balkans and down into Italy. Her father gruffly answered that he hoped she would enjoy herself. It seemed infernally unfair that it should not be Deborah who was sailing the next morning. But when he felt himself growing annoyed, abruptly he put a check on himself. It was Edith he must think of now.

But curiously it happened, in this narrowing of his attention, that while he shut out two of his daughters, a mere outsider edged closer in.

Johnny Geer was a great help these days. He was back in Roger's office, and with all the sharp wits he had gained in his eighteen years of fighting for a chance to stay alive, now at Roger's elbow John was watching like a hawk for all the little ways and means of pushing up the business. What a will the lad had to down bodily ills! What vim in the way he tackled each job! His shrewd and cheery companionship was a distraction and relief. John was so funny sometimes.

"Good morning, Mr. Gale," he said, as Roger came into the office one day.

"Hello, Johnny. How are you?" Roger replied.

"Fine, thank you." And John went on with his work of opening the morning's mail. But a few minutes later he gave a cackling little laugh.

"What's so funny?" Roger asked.

"Fellers," was the answer. "Fellers.

BUT WHEN THE STORM WAS OVER AT LAST, GEORGE AND ELIZABETH TRAMPED DOWN AND CAME BACK AT DUSK WITH A BAG FULL OF MAIL.

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Human nature. Here's a letter from Shifty Sam."

"Who the devil is he? A friend of yours?"

"No," said John; "he's a 'con man.' He works about as mean a graft as any you ever heard of. He reads the 'ads' in the papers—see?—of servant girls who are looking for work. He makes a specialty of cooks. Then he goes to where they live and talks of some nice family that wants a servant right away. He claims to be the butler, and he's dressed to look the part. 'There ain't a minute to lose,' he says. 'If you want a chawnce, my girl, come quick!' He says 'chawnce' like a butler — see? 'Pack your things,' he tells her, 'and come along with me.' So she packs and hustles off with him—Sam carrying her suit-case. He puts her on a trolley and says, 'I guess I'll stay out on the platform. I've got a little headache and the air will do me good.' So he stays out there with her suit-case—and as soon as the car gets into a crowd, Sam jumps and beats it with her clothes."

"I see," said Roger dryly. "But what's he writing to *you* about?"

"Oh, it ain't me he's writing to—it's to you," was John's serene reply.

Roger started. "What?" he asked.

"Well," said the boy in a cautious tone, vigilantly eyeing his chief, "you see, a lot of these fellers like Sam have been in the papers lately. They're being called a crime wave."

"Well?"

"Sam is up for trial this week—and half the Irish cooks in town are waiting round to testify. And Shifty seems to enjoy himself. His picture's in the papers—see? And he wants all the clippings. So he encloses a five-dollar bill."

"He does, eh?—well, you write to Sam and send his money back to him!"

There was a little silence. "But look here," said John with keen regret, "there's been quite a lot of these letters this month."

Roger wheeled and eyed the lad. "John," he demanded severely, "what game have you been up to here?"

"No game at all," was the prompt retort. "Just getting a little business."

"How?"

"Well, there's a club down-town," said John, "where a lot of these petty crooks hang out. I used to deliver papers there. And I went around one night this month——"

"*To drum up business?*"

"Yes, sir."

Roger looked at him aghast. "John," he asked, in deep reproach, "do you expect this office to feed the vanity of thieves?"

"Where's the vanity," John rejoined, "in being called a crime wave?" And, seeing the sudden quiver of mirth that was appearing on Roger's face, "Look here, Mr. Gale," he went on eagerly, "when every paper in town is telling these fellers where they belong—calling 'em crooks, degenerates, and preaching regular sermons right into their faces—why shouldn't we help 'em to read the stuff? How do we know it won't do 'em good? It's church to 'em, that's what it is—and business for this office. Nine of these guys have sent in their money, just in the last week or so——"

"Look out, my boy," said Roger, with slow and solemn emphasis. "If you aren't extremely careful you'll find yourself a millionaire!"

"But wait a minute, Mr. Gale——"

"Not in this office," Roger said. "Send 'em back—every one of 'em! Understand?"

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply. And with a little sigh of regret John turned his wits to other kinds and conditions of New Yorkers who might care to see themselves in print.

As they worked together day by day, Roger had occasional qualms over leaving John here in the hot town while he himself went up to the mountains. He even thought of writing to Edith that he was planning to bring John, too. But no, she wouldn't like it. So he did something else, instead.

"John," he said, one morning, "I'm going to raise your salary to a hundred dollars a month."

Instantly from the lad's bright eyes there shot a look of triumph. "Thanks, Mr. Gale," was his hearty response.

"And in the meantime, Johnny, I want you to take a good solid month off."

"All right sir, thank you," John replied. "But I guess it won't be quite a month. I don't feel as if I needed it."

The next day at the office he appeared resplendent in a brand-new suit of clothes, a summer homespun of light gray set off by a tie of flaming red. There was nothing soft about that boy. No, Johnny knew how to look out for himself.

And Roger went up to the farm.

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HE FOUND DEBORAH MAKING HIS BED. "IT HAS BEEN A HARD DAY, HASN'T IT?" SHE SAID.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

In the Mountains

GEORGE met him at the station, as he had done a year before. But at once Roger noticed a difference. In the short time since his father's death certain lines had come in the boy's freckled face, and they gave him a thoughtful, resolute look. George's voice was changing. Now it was high and boyish, again a deep and manly bass. As he kept his eyes on his horses and talked about his mother, his grandfather from time to time threw curious side glances.

"Oh, yes," George was saying, "mother's all right; she's doing fine. It was pretty bad at first, though. She wouldn't let me sit up with her any—she treated me like a regular kid. But any fellow with any sense could see how she was feeling. She'd get thinking of the accident." George stopped short and clamped his jaws.

"You know my dad did a wonderful thing," he continued presently. "Even when he was dying, and mother and I were there by his bed, he remembered how she'd get thinking alone—all about the accident. You see he knew mother pretty darned well. So he told her to remember that he was the one to blame for it. If it hadn't been for him, he said, they would have gone home in the taxi. That's a pretty good point to keep in her mind. Don't you think so?" he inquired. And Roger glanced affectionately into the anxious face by his side.

"Yes," he said, "it's a mighty good point. Did you think of it?"

"Yes, sir," George replied. "I've told it to her a good many times—that and two other points I thought of."

"What are they, son?" asked Roger.

"First," the boy said awkwardly, "about how good she was to him. And second, that she let him buy the new car before he died. He had such a lot of fun out of that car——"

On the last words the lad's changing voice went from an impressive bass to a most undignified treble. He savagely scowled. "Those three points," he continued, in more careful, measured tones, "were about all I

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could think of. I had to use 'em over and over—on mother when things got bad, I mean." A flush of embarrassment came on his face. "And hold her and kiss her," he muttered. Then he whipped his horses. "We've had some pretty bad times this month," he continued, loud and manfully. "You see, mother isn't so young as she was. She's getting close to forty." A glimmer of amusement appeared in Roger's heavy eyes. "But she don't cry often any more, and now you're here we'll pull her through." He shot a quick look at his grandfather. "Gee, but I'm glad you're here!" he said.

"So am I," said Roger. And, with a little pressure of his hand on George's shoulder: "I guess you've had about your share. Now tell me the news. How are things on the farm?"

With a breath of evident relief the lad launched into the animal world. And soon he was talking eagerly.

In the next few days with his daughter Roger found that George was right. She had been through the worst of it. But she still had her reactions, her spells of emptiness, bleak despair, her moods of fierce rebellion or of sudden self-reproach for not having given Bruce more while he lived. And in such hours her father tried to comfort her, with poor success.

"Remember, child, I'm with you now, and I know how it feels," he said. "I went through it all myself. When your mother died——"

"But mother was so much older!"

He looked at his daughter compassionately. "How old are you?" he inquired.

"Thirty-six."

"Your mother was thirty-nine," he replied.

And at that, Edith turned and stared at him, bewildered, shocked, brought face to face with a new and momentous fact in her life. "Mother only my age when she died?"

"Yes," said Roger gently, "only three years older." With a twinge of pain he noticed two quite visible streaks of gray in his daughter's blond hair. "And she felt then as you do now—as though she were just starting out. And I felt the same way, my dear. If I'm not mistaken, every one does. You still feel young—but the new generation is already growing up—and you can feel yourself being pushed on. And it is hard—it is very hard." Clumsily he took her hand. "Don't let yourself drop out," he said. "Be as your mother would have been if she had been left instead of I. Go straight on with your children."

To this note he could feel her respond. And at first, as he felt what a fight she was making, Roger gloried in her pluck. As he watched her with her children, at table smiling at their talk with an evident effort to enter in, and again with her baby snug in her lap while she read bedtime stories to Bob and little Tad at her side, he kept noticing the resemblance between his daughter and his wife. How close were these two members of his family drawing now, one of them living, the other dead.

But later, as the weeks wore on, she began to plan for her children. She planned precisely how to fit them all into the house in town; she planned the hours for their meals, for their going alone or with the nurse or a maid to their different private schools, to music-lessons, to dancing-school, and up-town to the park to play. She planned their fall clothes and she planned their friends.

And there came to her father occasional moods of anxiety. He remembered Bruce's grim remarks about those "simple" schools and clothes, the kind that always cost the most. And he began to realize what Bruce's existence must have been, for scarcely ever in their talks did Edith speak of anything outside of her family. Night after night, with a tensity born of her struggle with her grief, she talked about her children. And Roger was in Bruce's place, he was the one she planned with. At moments, with a vague dismay, he glimpsed the life ahead in his home.

George was hard at work these days down by the old dam at the mill. He had an idea he could patch it up, put the old waterwheel back into place and make it run a dynamo, by which he could light the house and the barn and run the machines in the dairy. In his new rôle as the man of his family, George was planning out his career. He was wrestling with a book entitled "Our New Mother Earth" and a journal called "The Modern Farm." And to Roger he confided that he meant to be a farmer. He wanted to go in the autumn to the State Agricultural College. But when one day, very cautiously, Roger spoke to Edith of this, with a hard and jealous smile that quite transformed her features she said:

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"Oh, I know all about that, father dear. It's just a stage he's going through. And it's the same way with Elizabeth, too, and her crazy idea of becoming a doctor. She took that from Allan Baird, and George took his from Deborah! They'll get over it soon enough——"

"They won't get over it!" Roger cried. "They're just parts of something new! Something I'm quite vague about—but some of it has come to stay! You're losing all your chances—just as I did years ago! You'll never know your children!"

But he uttered this cry to himself alone. Outwardly he only frowned.

And Edith had gone on to say: "I do hope Deborah won't come up here this summer. She's been very good and kind, of course, and if she comes she'll be doing it entirely on my account. But I don't want her here. I want her to marry, the sooner the better, and come to her senses—be happy, I mean. And I wish that you would tell her so."

Within a few days after that Deborah wrote to her father that she was coming the next week. He said nothing to Edith about it at first; he had William saddled and went for a ride to try to determine what he should do. But it was a ticklish business. For women were queer and touchy, and once more he felt the working of those subtle family ties.

"Deborah," he reflected, "is coming up here because she feels it's selfish of her to stay away. If she marries at once, as she told me herself, she thinks that Edith will be hurt. Edith won't be hurt; and if Deborah comes, there'll be trouble every minute she stays. But can I write her that? Not at all. I can't say: 'You're not wanted here.' If I do, *she'll* be hurt. Oh, Lord, these girls! And Deborah knows very well that if she does marry like that, in a hurry, with Laura abroad and Edith up here and only me at the wedding, Edith will smile to herself and say, 'Now isn't that just like Deborah?' "

As Roger slowly rode along a steep and winding mountain road, gloomily he reflected to what petty little troubles a family of women could descend, so soon after death itself. And he lifted his eyes up to the hills and decided to leave this matter alone. If women would be women, let them settle their own affairs. Deborah was due to arrive on the following Friday evening. All right; let her come, he thought. She would soon see she was in the way, and then in a little affectionate talk he would suggest that she marry right off and have a decent honeymoon before the school year opened.

So he dismissed it from his mind. And as he listened in the dusk to the numberless murmuring voices of living creatures large and small that rose out of the valley, and as from high above him the serenity of the mountains there, towering over thousands of years, stole deep into his spirit, Roger had a large, quieting sense of something high and powerful looking down upon the earth, a sense of all humanity honeycombed with millions upon millions of small sorrows, absorbing joys and hopes and fears, and in spite of them all the Great Life sweeping on, with no Great Death to check its course, no immense catastrophe—all these little troubles like mere tiny specks of foam upon the surface of the tide.

Deborah's visit the following week was as he had expected. Within an hour after her coming he could feel the tension grow. Deborah herself was tense, both from the work she had left in New York where she was soon to have five schools, and from the thought of her marriage, now only a few weeks ahead. She said nothing of that, however, until, as a sisterly duty, Edith tried to draw her out by showing an interest in her plans. But the cloud of Bruce's death was there, and Deborah shunned the topic. She tried to talk of the children instead. But Edith at once was on the defensive, vigilant for trouble, and as she unfolded her winter plans she grew distinctly brief and curt.

"If Deborah doesn't see it now, she's a fool," her father told himself. "I'll just wait a few days more, and then we'll have that little talk."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The War Storm

IT HAD rained so hard for the past two days that no one had gone to the village, which was nearly three miles from the farm. But when the storm was over at last George and Elizabeth tramped down and came back at dusk with a bag full of mail. Their clothes were mud-bespattered and they hurried up-stairs to change before supper, while Roger settled back in his chair and spread

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open his New York paper. It was July thirtieth, nineteen-fourteen.

From a habit grown out of thirty-odd years of business life, Roger read his paper in a fashion all his own. By instinct his eye swept the page for news that was tied to one man or one woman, for upon people's names in print he had made his living. And so now when he looked at that strange front page it gave him a swift twinge of alarm. For the news was not of men, but of nations. Austria was massing her troops along the Serbian frontier, and war was spreading over the world, with panics in all the great money centers, markets tumbling, going wild.

Edith came down, in her neat black dress with its narrow white collar, ready for supper. She glanced at her father. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Look at this." And he tossed her a paper.

"Oh-h-h," she murmured softly. "Oh, how frightful that would be!" And she read on with lips compressed. But soon there came from a room up-stairs the sudden cry of one of her children, followed by a shrill wail of distress. And dropping the paper she hurried away.

Roger continued his reading.

Deborah came. She saw the paper Edith had dropped, picked it up, and sat down to read, and there were a few moments of absolute silence. Then Roger heard a quivering breath, and glancing up he saw Deborah's eyes, intent and startled, moving down the columns of print in a swift, uncomprehending way.

"Pretty serious business," he growled.

"It can't happen!" she exclaimed.

And they resumed their reading.

In the next three days, as they read the news, they felt war like a whirlpool sucking in all their powers to think or feel, felt their own small personal plans whirled about like leaves in a storm. And while their minds—at first dazed and stunned by the thought of such appalling armies, battles, death and desolation—slowly cleared and they strove to think; and Roger thought of business shivered to atoms in every land; and Deborah thought of schools by thousands all over Europe closing down, in cities and in villages, in valleys and on mountainsides, of homes in panic everywhere, of all ideals of brotherhood now shaken, bending, tottering—war broke out in Europe.

"What is this going to mean to me?"

Millions of people were asking that. And so did Roger and Deborah. That same night they left for New York, while Edith with a sigh of relief settled back into her family.

THE next morning at his office Roger found John waiting, with misery stamped on his face. John had paid small heed to war. Barely sleeping at all in the last two days, he had gone through scores and hundreds of papers, angrily skipping all those names of foreign countries, kings and emperors and czars, and searching instead for American names, names of patrons—business! Gone! Each hour he had been opening mail and piling up letters canceling contracts, ordering service discontinued.

Roger sat down at his desk. As he worked and figured and dictated letters, glancing into the outer rooms he saw those rows of girls at tables all obviously trying to pretend that there was work for them to do. He felt their anxious eyes on his back—as in other offices everywhere millions of eyes of employees kept furtively glancing at their chiefs.

"War," he thought. "Shall I close down?" He shrank from what it would mean to those girls. "Business will pick up again soon. A few days—weeks—that's all I need."

And he went to his bank. No credit there. He tried other sources, all he could think of, racking his brains as he went about town, but still he could not raise a loan. Last of all he went to the firm which had once held a mortgage on his house. The chief partner there had been close to Bruce, an old college friend. And when even this friend refused him aid, "It's a question of Bruce's children," Roger muttered, reddening. He felt like a beggar, but he was getting desperate now.

The younger man had looked away and was nervously tapping his desk with his pen. "Bad as that, eh?" he answered. "Then I guess it's got to be done." He looked anxiously up at Roger, who just at that moment appeared very old. "Don't worry, Mr. Gale," he said. "Somehow or other we'll carry you through."

"Thank you, sir." Roger rose heavily, feeling weak, and took his departure. "This is war," he told himself, "and now I've got to look after my own."

But he had a sensation almost of guilt, as

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upon his return to his office he met those suddenly watchful eyes. He walked past them all and went into his room, and again he searched for ways and means. He tried to see his business as it would be that autumn, to see the city, the nation, the world as it would be in the months ahead. Repeatedly he fought off his fears. But slowly and inexorably the sense of his helplessness grew clear.

"No, I must shut down," he thought.

ON HIS way home that evening, in a crush at a turbulent corner he saw a big truck jam into a taxi, and with a throb of rebellion he thought of his son-in-law now dead. Just the turn of a hair and Bruce might have lived and been here to look after the children! At the prospect of the crisis, the strain he saw before him, Roger again felt weak and old. He shook off his dread and strode angrily on.

In his house the rooms down-stairs were still dismantled for the summer. There was emptiness and silence but no serenity in them now, only the quiet before the storm which he could feel from far and near was gathering about his home. He heard Deborah on the floor above, and went up and found her making his bed, for the chambermaid had not yet come. Her voice was a little unnatural.

"It has been a hard day, hasn't it? I've got your bathroom ready," she said. "Don't you want a nice cool bath? Supper will be ready soon."

When, a half-hour later, somewhat refreshed, Roger came down to the table, he noticed it was set for two. "Isn't Allan coming?" he asked.

Her mobile features tightened. "Not till later," she replied.

They talked little and the meal was short. But later, out on the wooden porch, Deborah turned to her father. "Now tell me about your office," she said.

"There's not enough business to pay the rent."

"That won't last——"

"I'm not so sure."

"I am," she said determinedly.

Her father slowly turned his head. "Are you, with this war?" he asked.

Her eyes met his and moved away in a baffled, searching manner.

"She has troubles of her own," he thought.

"How much can we run the house on, Deborah?" he asked her. At first she did not answer. "What was it—about six thousand last year?"

"I think so," she said restlessly. "We can cut down on that, of course——"

"With Edith and the children here?"

"Edith will have to manage it! There are others to be thought of!"

"The children in your schools, you mean."

"Yes," she answered with a frown. "It will be a bad year for the tenements. But please go on and tell me. What have you thought of doing?"

"Mortgage the house again," he replied. "It hasn't been easy, for money is tight, but I think I'll be able to get enough to just about carry us through the year. At home, I mean," he added.

"And the office?" she inquired.

"Shut down," he said.

She turned on him fiercely. "You won't do that!"

"What else can I do?"

"Turn all those girls away?" she asked.

At her tone his look grew troubled. "How can I help myself, Deborah? If I kept open it would cost me over five hundred a week to run. Have I five hundred dollars a week to lose?"

"But I tell you it won't last!" she cried, and again that baffled, driven expression swept over her expressive face. "Can't you see this is only a panic—and keep *going* somehow? Can't you see what it means to the tenements? Hundreds of thousands are out of work! They're being turned off every day, every hour—employers all over are losing their heads! And City Hall is as mad as the rest! They've decided already down there to retrench!"

He turned with a quick jerk of his head: "Are they cutting you down?"

She set her teeth. "Yes, they are. But the work in my schools is all going on—every bit of it is—for every child! I'm going to find a way," she said. And he felt a thrill of compassion.

"I'm sorry to hear it," he muttered.

"You needn't be." She paused a moment, then smiled and went on in a quieter voice: "Don't think I'm blind—I'm sensible—I see you can't lose five hundred a week. But why not try what other employers, quite a few, have decided to do? Call your people together, explain how it is, and

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SHE SUDDENLY QUIVERED AS THOUGH FROM FATIGUE. "I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU CLOSE DOWN THERE," HE SAID IN A MOMENT, HUSKILY.

ask them to choose a committee to help you find which ones need jobs the most. Keep all you can—on part time, of course—but at least pay them something, carry them through. You'll lose money by it, I haven't a doubt. But you've already found you can mortgage the house, and remember besides that I shall be here. I'm not going to marry now"—her father looked at her quickly—"and of course I'll expect to do my share toward meeting the expenses. Moreover, I know that we can cut down."

"Retrench," said Roger grimly. "Turn off the servants instead of the clerks."

"No, only one of them: Martha up-stairs—and she is to be married. We'll keep the cook and the waitress. Edith will have to give up her nurse—and it will be hard on

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her, of course—but she'll have to see that this is war," said Deborah sharply. "Besides," she urged, "it's not going to last. Business everywhere will pick up—in a few weeks or months at most. The war *can't* go on—it's too horribly big!" She broke off and anxiously looked at him. Her father was still frowning.

"I'm asking you to risk a good deal." Her deep, sweet voice was clear and low. "But somehow, dearie, I always feel that this old house of ours is strong. It can *stand* a good deal. We can all of us stand so much, as soon as we know we have to." The lines of her wide, sensitive mouth tightened firmly once again. "It's all so vague and uncertain, I know. But one thing at least is sure. This is no time for people with money—no matter how little—to shut themselves up in their own little houses and let the rest starve or beg or steal. This is the time to do our share."

And she waited. But he made no reply.

"Every nation at war is doing it, dad—every nation all at once has become like one big family—with every one helping, doing his share. Must a nation be at war to do that? Can't we be brothers without the guns? Can't you see that we're all of us stunned, all trying to see what this means to the world, to every child that's growing up? And while we're groping, groping, can't we give each other a hand?"

Still he sat motionless there in the dark. At last he stirred heavily in his chair. "I guess you're right," he told her. "At least I'll think it over, and try to work out something along the lines you spoke of."

Again there was a silence. Then his daughter turned to him with a little deprecating smile. "You'll forgive my—preaching to you, dad?"

"No preaching," he said gruffly. "Just ordinary common sense."

A LITTLE later Allan came in, and Roger soon left them and went to bed. Alone with Baird she was silent a moment.

"Well? Have you thought it over?" she asked. "Wasn't I right in what I said?" At the anxious ring in her low, clear voice, leaning over he took her hand, and he felt it hot and trembling as it quickly closed on his. He stroked it slowly, soothingly. Out there in the darkness he seemed doubly tall and powerful; but the stroke of his lean, muscular hand was supple, light, and tender.

"Yes, I'm sure you were right," he said. "Spring at the latest—I'll marry you then—" Her eyes were intently fixed on his. "Come here!" she whispered sharply, and Baird bent over and held her tight. "Tighter!" she whispered. "Tighter! . . . There! . . . I said, spring at the latest! I can't lose you, Allan—now—" She suddenly quivered as though from fatigue.

"I'm going to watch you close down there," he said in a moment, huskily.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Laura's Way

ROGER saw little of Deborah in the weeks that followed. She was gathering her forces for the long struggle she saw ahead. And his own worries filled his mind. On his house he succeeded in borrowing five thousand dollars at ten per cent., and in his office he worked out a scheme along the lines of Deborah's plan. At first it was only a struggle to save the remnants of what was left. Later the tide began to turn, new business came into the office again, but only a little, and then it stopped. Hard times were here for the winter.

Soon Edith would come with the children. He wondered how sensible she would be. It was going to mean a daily fight to make ends meet, he told himself, and guiltily he decided not to let his daughter know how matters stood in his office. Take care of your own flesh and blood, and then be generous as you please—that had always been his way. And now Deborah had upset it all by her emotional appeal. "How dramatic she is at times!" he told himself in annoyance. "Just lets herself out and enjoys herself!" He grew angry at her interference, and more than once he resolved to shut down. But back in the office, before those watchful faces, still again he would put it off.

"Wait a little. We'll see," he thought.

He had used a thousand dollars now.

In the meantime, in this interplay, these shifting lights and shadows that played upon the history of the life of Roger's house, there came to him a diversion from an unexpected source. Laura and Harold returned from abroad. Soon after landing

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they came to the house, and talking fast and eagerly they told how they had eluded the war.

For them it had been a glorious game. In Venice, in early August, Harold had seen a chance for a big stroke of business. He had a friend who lived in Rome, an Italian close to his Government. At once they had joined forces, worked day and night, pulled wires, used money judiciously here and there, and so had secured large orders for munitions from the United States of America. Then to get back to God's country! There came the hitch: they were too late! Naples, Genoa, and Milan — all were filled with tourist mobs. They took a train for Paris, and reaching the city just a week before the end of the German drive, they found it worse than Italy.

But there Hal had a special pull, and by the use of those wits of his, not to be downed by refusals, he got passage at last for Laura, himself, and his new Italian partner. At midnight, making their way across the panic-stricken city, and at the station struggling through a wild and half-crazed multitude of men and women and children, they boarded a train and went rushing westward right along the edge of the storm!

To the north the Germans were so close that Laura was sure she could hear the big guns! The train kept stopping to take on troops. At dawn some twenty wounded men came crowding into their very car, bloody and dirty; pale and worn, but gaily smiling at the pain, and saying, "*Ça ne fait rien, madame!*" Later Harold opened his flask for some splendid Breton soldier boys just going into action. And they stood up with flashing eyes and shouted out the "Marseillaise," while Laura shivered and thrilled with delight.

"I nearly kissed them all!" she cried.

Roger greatly enjoyed the evening. He had heard so much of the horrors of war. Here was something different, something bright and vibrant with life and youth and adventure! Here at last was the thrill of war, the part he had always read about!

He glanced now and then at Deborah, and was annoyed by what he saw. For although she said nothing and forced a smile, he could easily tell by the set of her lips that Deborah thoroughly disapproved. All right; that was her way, he thought. But this was Laura's way, shedding the gloom and the tragic side as a duck will shed water off its back, a duck with bright new plumage fresh from the shops of the rue de la Paix and taking some pleasure out of life! What an ardent, gleaming beauty she was, he thought, as he watched this daughter of his. And underneath his enjoyment, too, though Roger would not have admitted it, was a deep, formless sense of relief in the news that at least one man in the family was growing rich instead of poor. Already Hal and his partner—a fascinating creature according to Laura's description—were fast equipping shrapnel mills. Plainly they expected a tremendous rush of business. And no matter how you felt about war, the word "profits" at least had a pleasant sound.

"How has the war hit you, sir?" Harold asked his father-in-law.

"Oh, so-so; I'll get on, my boy," was Roger's quiet answer. For Harold was not quite the kind he would ever like to ask for aid. Still, if the worst came to the worst, he would have some one to turn to.

*The next instalment of "**His Family**" will appear in the February number.*

Beginning in February

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A novel of love, adventure, and court intrigue—a fiction sensation

Mrs. Rinehart has scored again!

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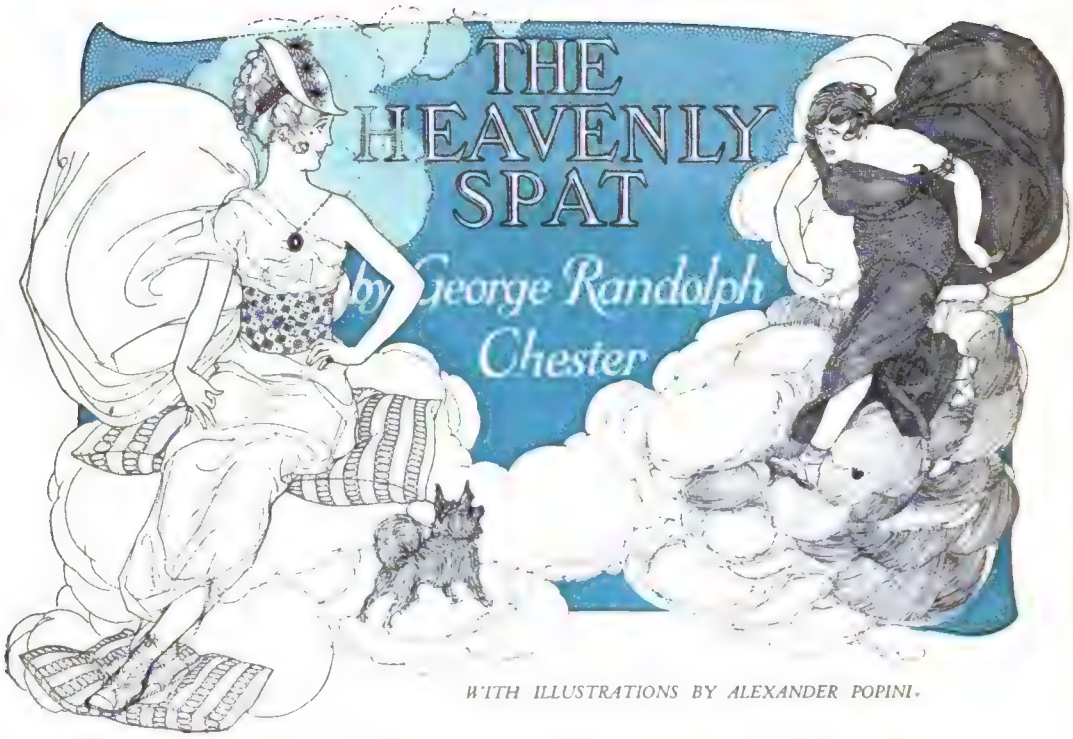

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER POPINI

FATE was distinctly annoyed. A storm which she had not ordered filled the universe, and she knew the reason. She calmed herself, primped every curl of her golden hair, arranged becomingly the folds of her toga, crossed her daintily sandaled feet, and waited; for she was certain that presently she would have a caller. Soon thunder and lightning and an avalanche of sulfurous black clouds announced the visitor. It was Nature, and she was furious.

"What do you mean by interfering continually with my principles of natural selection?" she demanded.

"I wish you would leave the wind outside," observed Fate, drawing her classic garments about her. "How have I interfered with your principles of natural selection?"

"How haven't you?" snapped Nature. She was in her darkest mood to-day; black hair, black eyes, black robe, black everything. "Take the case of Henry Sickle and Mamie Coop, for instance. Why are you separating them?"

Fate glanced down, with her all-seeing eyes, into the kitchen of the Coop farmhouse, where a gangling girl and a short, wide country lout were in tearful good-by. Mamie was about six-feet-four, and Henry was about four-feet-six.

"Oh, Henry," said Fate indifferently, and reached in the index file for his card. "I have to kill him to-morrow. Anyhow," and she paused to admire nonchalantly the polish of her pretty pink nails, "they are an atrociously mismated couple."

Half-formed lightnings snapped and flashed around Nature.

"That's just the trouble with you!" she thundered. "You don't consider the necessity of mating extremes. It is my constant attempt to bring everything back to normality. If I did not give these people an attraction for each other, they would marry with their own kind, and produce a race of foolish giants and a race of crabbed pygmies. We'd have no improvement whatever. Now, I want this couple, and all such couples, left alone!"

Fate tucked calmly at a shining curl, but her calmness was deceptive, for there was a snap in her blue eyes.

"I am going to kill Henry Sickle to-morrow at seventeen minutes past three," she remarked. "He is to cause a wreck which will be the death of two hundred people, and throw the New York & Halifax Railroad into the hands of a receiver, and save four thousand lives. Go away or I'll melt you!"

No such storm as the one which followed had ever burst into nebulous interspace. In

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its midst Fate, always outwardly imperturbable, touched a button and reduced the present embodiment of Nature to a mere wisp in the sunshine.

"Now I'll give you all the race improvement you want," she coldly threatened, and, seizing a card, she wrote some instructions on it and shot it down to Department G for prompt attention.

"What are you going to do?" whispered the faint voice of Nature.

Fate smiled sweetly and called her favorite evening cloud to her. "Give you eugenics," and, with a little flirt of her classical robes, Fate, her golden head unusually erect, stepped on her cloud and whizzed away into the scarlet sunset.

Thus it was that Euripides Poppen became president of the United States. As soon as he assumed the reins of government, he reformed all that had been wrong. He established himself as perpetual president; he abolished warfare and personal strife; he inaugurated Bureaus of Compulsory Eugenics; he laid down mathematical rules for the construction of poetry; and he forbade bumblebees to sting.

Nature, clad in her late winter grays, crept humbly into the presence of Fate and sat on the edge of a chair at the end of the desk. Her cheeks were gray, her hair was gray, her eyes were gray, her robes were gray, and a chill gray mist trailed far out behind her, like a somber Milky Way.

"I've had enough," she sobbed. "I've been weeping for a month."

"I should say you have!" emphatically agreed Fate. "Everything is soggy, from Venus to Mars. The Earth is invisible. You've done nothing but misbehave since your last visit."

"I admit it." Nature hung her head in shame. "But look!" She held forth a queer fruit.

"What is it?" asked Fate curiously.

"It's an alligator pear grown on a strawberry vine!" and Nature sniffled. "If I had wanted such a thing as this, I'd have made it myself!" She broke it open and showed the inside to be full of pernicious pink pulp.

"This is carrying eugenics too far," decided Fate, and laid a sympathetic touch on the hand of Nature. "Let's be friends. Suppose we have a little sunshine!"

Nature smiled. The gray mists whisked away. She was fair and young again. Her hair was like spun gold, her cheeks were pink, her eyes were blue, like Fate's, her gray robes changed swiftly to filmy maiden-blush sprinkled with blossoms; and spring began!

Fate reached for her index file, and mused a moment. She selected the card of Paul Willard, and marked it full.

"Shall we go for a little spin?" she cordially suggested, and dropped the card in the hopper.

Immediately Paul Willard, far down on earth, stepped on a rusty tack!

II

"WOW!" yelled Paul Willard, and did a dance on one bare foot. Profanity was forgotten in these days of placid peace, but Paul, being alone, recalled a little of it from the barbaric past, and pulled a rusty tack from his heel. At heart the young man was unregenerate, in spite of all President Poppen's noble influence on the world.

Two Weeks Elapse

"I must report you to the Bureau of Eugenics," said the doctor gravely, at the end of Paul's struggle with lockjaw. "You have developed a bald spot."

"No!"

"You have become a defective," and, taking his little tape-line, the doctor carefully measured the glistening inch and a half on the crown of the young man's head. "You are barred from matrimony!"

The Next Morning

"Buffum, what does this sarcastic letter mean?" demanded Paul, one minute after he had begun to look over the business which had been transacted in his absence.

The secretary was a pompous man with puffy cheeks. He puffed them. "The fellow was insulting, sir."

"Suppose he was!" snapped young Willard. "He's our best customer! Get me a time-table."

That Afternoon

There was a swishing of water as the train slowed down and stopped with a jerk. Paul Willard was up and at the conductor in an instant.

"What's the matter?"

"Uh," said the conductor with the malleable iron face and the glance of steel.

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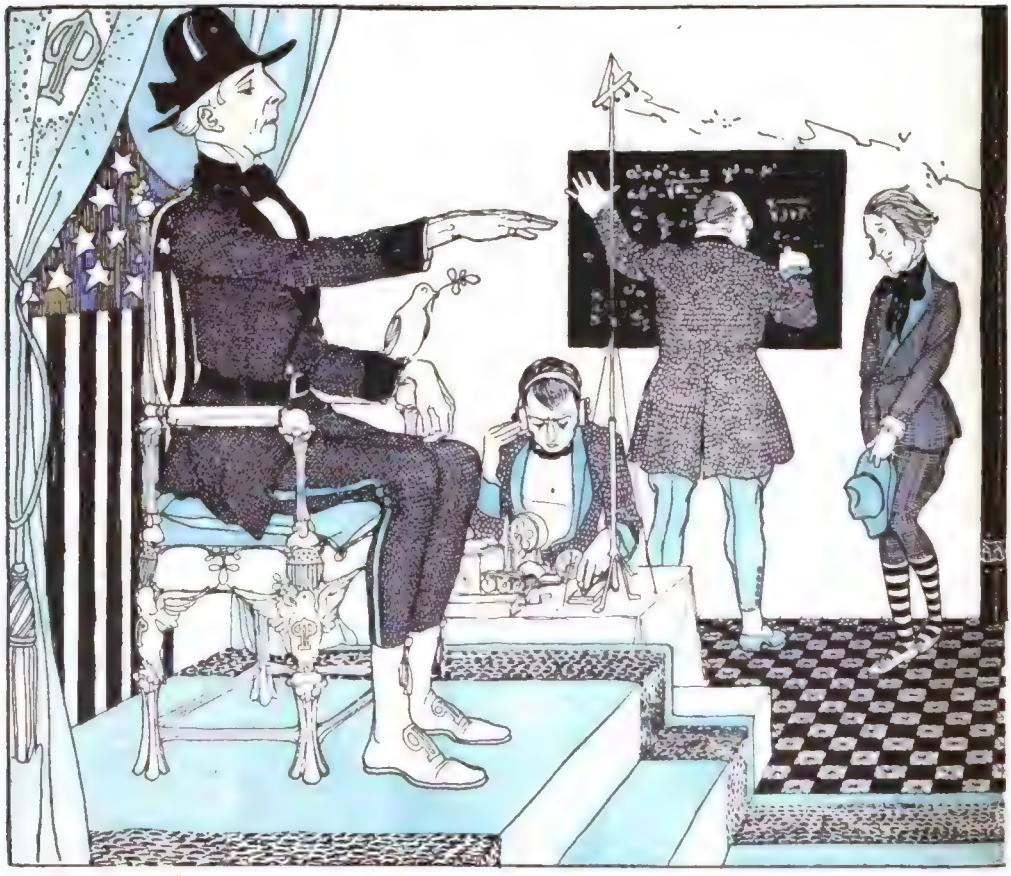

EURIPIDES POPPEN, PERPETUAL PRESIDENT, ABOLISHED WARFARE; HE INAUGURATED BUREAUS OF COMPULSORY EUGENICS.

"Wash-out," guessed Paul, leaning from the window.

"Uh," replied the conductor.

"That means hours of delay!"

"Uh."

That Evening

"Mr. Oaker, please," and Paul Willard shoved his card at the head clerk of the Oaker Manufacturing Company.

"Gone to Europe," replied the clerk, a young man whose mustache needed all his attention.

"When did he leave?"

"Two hours ago."

"When is the next train east?"

"In twenty minutes."

Paul dashed out of the office, but Fate stopped him at the sidewalk curb. He ran back in.

"Did Mr. Oaker leave any message in answer to my telegram?"

"No."

By the mere going back to ask that question, Paul Willard missed his train. There was not another one until morning! Bad luck seemed to pursue him. He was furious.

That Night

"Well, hello, Captain!" yelled a thin young man who was taller than anybody. He wore a fuzzy Vandyke and a perpetually pleasant smile, and he grasped with eager cordiality the hand of his former football preceptor. "How long are you in town?"

"Till morning." The frown of irritation on Paul's brow relaxed a trifle. He had always liked Stanley Blair.

"Fine!" Stanley looked at his watch. "We're too late to make the house in time for dinner, but we'll take a bite here, and have a bully night ride up the river in my launch."

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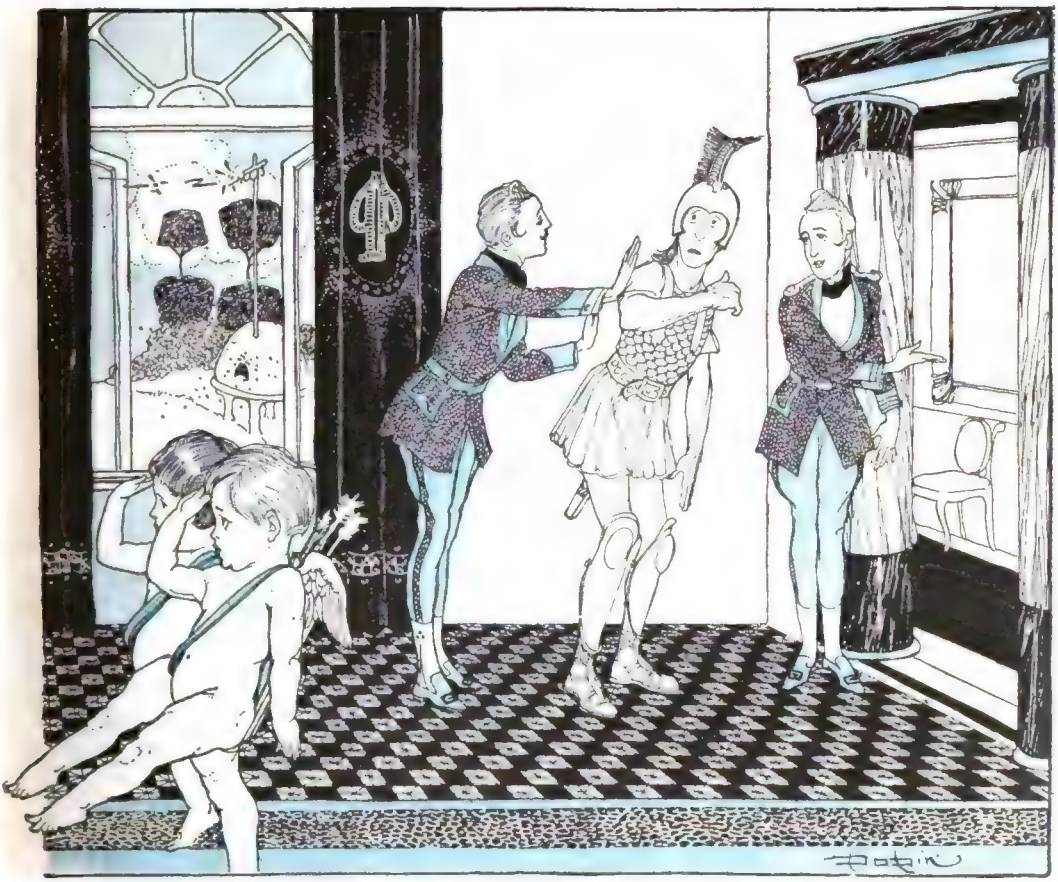

HE LAID DOWN MATHEMATICAL RULES FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF POETRY; AND HE FORBADE BUMBLEBEES TO STING.

"Splendid," agreed Paul, with enthusiasm sufficient to conceal his reluctance. He foresaw the necessity of being socially agreeable. He had come to his college club-house to sit in a corner and hate things.

Observe now how closely interlocked were the links in the chain of mishaps which Fate had forged for Paul Willard. Had any one of these incidents been omitted, the next would not have happened, and Paul would not have been driven, step by step, to his greatest distress of all.

At Stanley's home, in the moonlight, he met Margaret Blair!

III

OH, MOONLIGHT! Oh, time of fragrant blossoms! Oh, the witchery of that magic springtime hour when a silvery radiance fills the air, and glints on the murmuring waters, and casts mystic shadows o'er the sward, and transforms all the prosaic world into fairy-like unreality! In every whispering breeze there is a faint, vague hint of something ineffably sweet, of some near and yet far-off mystery just beyond the grasp of longing. It is in such an hour that the heart reaches out with quickened sympathy, with quickened instinct, with quickened desire for the things which will give it peace, for the things which belong to it, for the things which are the gift of Heaven.

It was in such an hour that Margaret Blair came out of the shadows, a lithe and supple sprite in her filmy white garments; and her hair, golden in the bright moonlight, framed an oval countenance of exquisite contour and perfect features. Her red lips were half-parted in a smile, and her eyes, large and lustrous, were like jewels, as Paul Willard gazed into them in fascination.

Paul brightened with pleasure as he stepped up, tall, straight, strong, to accept his introduction, and an instant impulse of

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friendliness passed between them. While Stanley looked after the boat, the handsome young couple walked up the winding path through the blossom-laden orchard, and across the garden toward the brilliantly lighted house; and their voices blended, the deep, vibrant bass and the sweet, low contralto; blended in perfect sympathy and accord.

Oh, moonlight! Oh, time of fragrant blossoms!

At the terrace they waited for Stanley, and Paul stood a step or two below, gazing up, enraptured. Suddenly Margaret caught her breath, and a great wave of pity surged upon her. The moon had glinted white on the crown of Paul's head! He was a defective! He had a bald spot!

IV

"HOW long?" mourned Nature. There was a wanness in her smile, and the blossoms on her gossamer gown were fading.

"Be patient," sweetly counseled Fate.

"But look!" Nature pointed down to the municipal nursery, where all the babies lived. They lay in spotless cots, with no unhygienic draperies to catch the dust; rows upon rows of them they lay, pink, perfect, all alike, calmly awaiting their hour to be fed; and none cried; and none laughed.

"They do not even coo!" wailed Nature, and on the orchards and on the meadows, and on the glinting river, her sparkling teardrops fell.

"I know," Fate smiled into the swimming eyes. Nature bravely smiled back. That had been but a passing spring shower. "The restoration is under way, dear Nature. Here is the next step."

She directed the gaze of her friend into a clean little laboratory, where Walter Tuckerton, standing in deep thought over a row of test-tubes, ran his fingers through his luxuriant black hair. He had been a week in preparing these solutions. Now for the three grams of sesquioxid of natrol!

A maid came in with a tray, on which was a gray card. He took the card abstractedly and thrust it in his pocket, then reached for the steel cylinder containing the precious sesquioxid. At his feet was a yellow kitten.

"He thinks he will not go until afternoon," smiled Fate, and touched one of the myriad of buttons on her desk.

At once a young breeze which had been romping with a cherry-tree sent one of the long leaves twirling through the laboratory window. The yellow kitten sprang instantly for the leaf. There was a crash, and the row of test-tubes was on the floor!

Walter Tuckerton surveyed that messy wreck in absolute silence; then he seized his hat, went out, and slammed the door behind him!

V

THE gray card! Margaret Blair took it with a firm hand and with no change of expression in her lustrous eyes; but before she went to breakfast she walked out on the terrace, alone. The dew of the morning was still on the grass. The vines on the pergola swung their tender tips in the breeze. Up from the orchard, where the birds were caroling in happy chorus, came the sweet fragrance from the blossoms. The world was fair, so very fair. But full of duty.

There came a step through the hall. Flushing guiltily, Margaret thrust the gray card in her blouse. There were times when she did not quite understand herself, when there were strange promptings in her which must have surged back from some impulsive ancestor.

Paul came out and joined her. For only a moment he permitted himself to admire the slender, blue-clad figure which leaned against the balustrade, to gaze into the soft gray eyes, to look upon the shimmering hair of golden brown, and appreciate the delicate texture and color of those oval cheeks; then, turning quickly away, he involuntarily ran his hand back over his bald spot; and a great sadness settled upon him. It had come to him in the night, a realization of his terrible affliction; and there was in him a pathetic longing to be a good citizen! He could never have a gray card!

Together they looked silently down across the orchard, to where the river gleamed with the chill blue of morning, through the interstices of the green leaves and pink blossoms.

"Oh, here you are," called Stanley, striding briskly out on the terrace. "Come in to breakfast. I'm hungry as a wolf. Say, Sis, I've planned a great trip for this morning. We'll lunch at the lake."

"I'm sorry, Stan," and there was a leap of regret in the soft gray eyes. "I'm afraid that I can't be in the party to-day."

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"I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE BUREAU OF EUGENICS," SAID THE DOCTOR GRAVELY, AT THE END OF PAUL'S STRUGGLE WITH LOCKJAW. "YOU HAVE DEVELOPED A BALD SPOT."

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"What's the matter?" demanded Stanley in an injured tone. "Why can't you come with us?"

She looked up at him steadily, concealing the trace of wistfulness. She did not look at Paul.

"The gray card!" she said.

The gray card! Paul Willard turned sick at heart. He must go away from here!

VI

A MEDAL citizen! The gray-bearded official looked up with approval at the tall and particularly well-featured young man who handed in his notification.

"Class A, Subdivision 1," he pleasantly directed, as he stamped the card and tore off the perforated end for filing. "First door to the right."

"Thank you," returned Walter Tuckerton abstractedly, and, his mind still fixed on those six broken test-tubes and on his intense desire to know the reactions which would have resulted from the introduction, into each one, of the three grams of sesquioxid of natrol, he strode down the marble corridor of the municipal palace and turned in at the first door on the right.

Neither the animated scene nor the gay babble of voices impressesed him. Everywhere in this magnificent apartment were stalwart young men and beautiful young women; medal citizens, each one, the best that mathematics could produce! They were in groups, and by twos, and in watchful solitude; but Walter Tuckerton's black eyes sought no other eyes. He made his way across through the shifting throng to a window, where he concentrated on the problem of the six test-tubes and the sesquioxid of natrol.

Confound it, why did all these people make so much noise! Why had the gray card come to him on this particular morning! Fate dimpled, as she saw these thoughts in his mind; then she had the door of Class A, Subdivision 1, opened by a particularly beautiful young woman.

The black-haired chemist walked straight across the floor and extended his hand.

"I am Walter Tuckerton," he stated, gazing into her lustrous gray eyes with pleasant cordiality.

"And I am Margaret Blair." She liked the warm clasp of his hand, the frankness of his smile.

VII

"WHY, it's a spaniel!" exclaimed Margaret, two weeks later, when Walter, glowing with pride, called to exhibit a triumph of discovery.

"No, it's a Mexican hairless dog!" he exultantly told her, smoothing the long, silken coat of the astonished animal. "I have never been so fortunate in my work. My very first experiment was successful!"

And Fate dimpled.

The next day, Paul Willard, in New York, received a package, and his heart gave an extra thump as he saw the postmark. How much more was he affected when he opened the box! He knew, in the depths of his soul, that it came from Her, even though it bore the compliments of Walter Tuckerton. She had sent it; none other! He had not misread her eyes. She cared for him! She had sent him a bottle of hair restorer!

The world rang with the fame of Walter Tuckerton. He had abolished baldness! His hair restorer was miraculous! It started its work within a single night; it grew luxuriant hair, within a week, on heads which had been nude for years! The name of Tuckerton took its place instantly with those of the other noted benefactors—Rachmann, who had made blindness curable, and Jones, who had banished deafness!

Sometimes Fate seems to have a grudge against a man. Sometimes she seems inexpressibly cruel, heartless, malicious! The only bald man in the world upon whom Walter Tuckerton's magical restorer would not grow hair was Paul Willard!

Six weeks of fruitless effort passed, and then he gave up in despair. It was the time of the moonlight now, and he went out on the river, to be alone. His life was as black as those swirling patches between the waves. He was a defective, and must remain so! There was no day of the gray card for him!

But there was something within him which was not made for despair. Suddenly he found welling to his lips, through all his leaden despondency, a song—the Marseillaise; an old barbaric strain out of the dark ages, when men fought and wrote poetry.

VIII

OH, MOONLIGHT! Oh, time of fragrant blossoms! Oh, the witchery of that magic hour when a silvery radiance fills the air, and glints on the murmuring waters, and

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casts shadows o'er the sward, and transforms all the prosaic world into fairy-like unreality! In every whispering breeze there is a faint, vague hint of something ineffably sweet, of some near and yet far-off mystery just beyond the grasp of longing. It is in such an hour that the heart reaches out with quickened sympathy, with quickened instinct, with quickened desire for the things which will give it peace, for the things which belong to it, for the things which are the gift of Heaven.

It was in such an hour that Paul, after a day's ride and an evening trip up the river, found Margaret Blair alone on the terrace, gazing pensively at the moon which hung roundly in the sky.

"Margaret!"

She did not even start as she heard the deep, low tones of that well-remembered voice. She had been thinking of him so intently that she was not surprised to find him there.

"Paul!" and she laid her hand in his, quite simply. "*Paul!*" This time she was startled, for he had removed his hat, and his

A GREAT WAVE OF PITY SURGED UPON HER. HE WAS A DEFECTIVE! HE HAD A BALD SPOT!

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luxuriant growth of waving dark hair was unbroken! How handsome he was! How noble! How complete!

A flash of pain crossed his countenance as he saw her delight and realized its cause.

"No, Margaret, that is a toupee," he gravely told her.

"A toupee!" She whispered the words falteringly, and her lips went pale. It was against the law to conceal defectiveness!

"Yes, I have transgressed," he admitted, solemnly and yet without a tremor. "Come." He led her down into the moonlight, and together they walked across the garden and beneath the swaying boughs of the orchard, laden now with young fruit. "Margaret, your engagement to Walter has been approved."

"Yes, Paul. We still have four months of freedom." Her hand quivered where it lay on his arm.

"You will not marry before?"

"Scarcely," she smiled. "Does one ever marry before the gray card compels?"

"They did before the reign of President Poppen! Why, in those days, young people chose their own mates, and sometimes even ran away to be married!" For a moment they both contemplated with awe that remarkable condition of affairs. Yet, somehow, they were able to understand it! "Margaret," and now there was a sudden tenseness in his voice, "I am going to confess something to you. I have descended in the criminal scale perhaps as low as any man can descend; and I have another confession to make. I do not regret my fall. I am proud of it; proud! I *love!*"

She trembled, and almost fainted, as that frightful confession fell from his lips; and yet her heart leaped up in her at his boldness.

"I love!" he repeated. "I love you, Margaret! Let me tell you how I love you!" He stopped, and took both her hands. Strange, she did not resist! "I love you more than life, more than death, more than any hope of heaven or fear of hell!" His voice had become impassioned. It thrilled with a vibration she had never heard in any human tones, a vibration which had not been heard in her generation.

A fervid outpouring from his very heart followed, as, by the moon, the stars, the waters of the sea and the mighty winds of the air, he told his love, his strong, masterly voice rising and falling in cadences like the gusts of a storm. As he swept her along on the torrent of his burning words, a great shuddering laid hold on her; for he was uncovering the secret recesses of her own heart. Aghast, she realized that she, too, was of criminal instinct; then her heart sang, as that realization brought with it the knowledge that she had a bravery equal to his own.

"Paul! Paul! Paul!" she cried. "I also love!"

They looked at each other, stunned in the flood of this overwhelming revelation; then involuntarily they flung themselves into each other's arms and stood in an embrace of eternity, while the boughs of the orchard swayed above them, and the moonbeams danced about them, and Fate and Nature gazed down and dimpled.

"My God!"

The voice of Walter Tuckerton. He stood, tall and straight, in the path before them, and the moon shone on a face which was tense and white.

"What is this?" he hoarsely asked.

"Love!" declared Paul boldly.

"I thought as much!" breathed Walter in agitated tones. "You must be more careful! I saw you from away up the path! Come into the deeper shade!" and he drew them farther into the shadow of the trees.

"Then you would not betray us?" The trembling tones of Margaret asked that.

"Betray you, my friends? Never!" and he stretched a hand to each of them.

"What are we going to do?" She was pale, but calm.

"Defy the law!" and Paul's voice rang out with the exaltation caught from his memory of the Marseillaise. "Listen." He whispered his plan, the plan he had evolved on the way to her. They listened in awe, for it might mean martyrdom!

"My dear friend Margaret," said Walter, as they started back to the house, "I knew that you were a wonderful woman, and I have been proud to know you; I feel that we should have been a credit to the state; but I did not dream that you had in you the spirit of revolt."

She cast down her eyes, and studied a long time, folding her shapely hands and considering them, as if the answer lay in their tapering fingers.

"Follow me." She led them swiftly down across the garden to the far corner, where there was a high wall. "No one but myself has entered here since the day this

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"BETRAY YOU, MY FRIENDS? NEVER!" AND TUCKERTON STRETCHED A HAND TO EACH OF THEM.

key was mine." She threw open the gate, and led them into the moonladen fragrance. The two men looked about them, and then they turned to each other astounded.

"Wild flowers!" they gasped.

IX

IT WAS with the craft of a general that Paul Willard chose a brilliant moonlight night for his great mass-meeting.

Tall and straight he stood before them in Forum Grove, and his countenance was filled with a high resolve, as, for a silent moment, he contemplated that sea of upturned faces beneath the hillside trees.

"Down with the government!" his stentorian voice suddenly rolled out. "Long live love!"

A great murmur of amazement rose from that mighty throng. By the careful wording of Paul's advertisement they had been led to expect something startling, but nothing so astounding as this! The daring orator held out his hand, and the murmur died at once; died until the whispering of the leaves could be distinctly heard.

"Down with the government!" repeated the anarchist. "We have been denied love long enough! I, for one, defy the law! I stand before you a self-confessed criminal! *I love!*"

The murmur grew to a roar. Such sedition as this had not been heard in the reign of President Poppen! Out of the roar, while Paul Willard waited for their silence, there came the round, full voice of authority.

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"In the name of the law!" called the voice, and the multitude was hushed.

"In the name of the law, what?"

"Desist!" The speaker, a tall, strong man and the Second Assistant Chief Official of the city, stepped upon the platform and sternly confronted Paul Willard.

"I refuse!" shouted the earnest young revolutionist. "I will not desist!"

The Second Assistant Chief Official paled. "Look here, Mr. Willard," he remonstrated. "You can't do this. I represent the majesty of the law, and I have commanded you to desist. You must desist!"

Breathless, spellbound, that mighty throng listened for the next word in this appalling controversy. They had risen as one person, and now they stood with every faculty alert, facing authority, defiance, and the shimmering sea. A small boy on the top seat dropped an apple, and it could be heard bumping all the way down, until it rolled across the narrow beach and splashed in the water. So dense was the silence!

"I love!" The deep in-breathing of that vast audience was distinctly audible. It was as one gasp! "Love! It is the fountain of life!" And the fearless rebel plunged onward in his impassioned address.

The Second Assistant Chief Official of the city stood as if paralyzed. No such contingency as this was recorded in the modern annals of the city! There was no precedent! He did not know what to do. Pallid, nervous, shaken to the core, he rushed from the platform, and left Paul Willard's deep, vibrant voice stirring the moonlit air in a mighty panegyric to love. With staring eyes, the person of authority ran down the beach to the aerogram booth, and put himself in communication with the Chief Municipal Official.

"Anarchy has broken loose!" he reported. "One Paul Willard is stirring up a revolution on the basis of anti-eugenics! He has admitted openly and in public that he loves!"

"He loves!" gasped the Chief Official. "Tell him to desist!"

"I did! He refused!"

"Tell him in the name of the law to desist!"

"He defied the majesty of the law! What am I to do next?"

"Heavens! Wait! I will come down and tell him myself!"

"He will not listen even to you!"

There was a long silence, in which the sound of the breathing of the Chief Official filled the Second Assistant's booth.

"Stay where you are!" was the final command. "I shall consult the Chief Official of the state!"

The Chief Official of the state was a man of age and experience, but in this unforeseen emergency he could find no advice to offer. So he called up President Poppen! That mighty ruler put on his spectacles and pondered well and long; then he invoked a power which only he had the right to confer, a power which had not been brought into play since the period of regeneration.

"Use force!"

This was the word which went back to the Second Assistant Chief Official of the city. It was a solemn moment for the Second Assistant Chief Official! As he strode back along the beach, he could not but reflect that he carried an honor, a responsibility, which would hand down his name to posterity.

"In the name of the law!" he called, stepping upon the platform where the already famous criminal was still pouring forth his ardent praise of love, of moonlight, of poesy, of that warmth which had left the world since civilization had throttled all such barbaric impulses as sentiment and emotion! With only a glance at him, Paul Willard went straight on; in the very front row, watching him with rapt faces, sat Margaret Blair and Walter Tuckerton.

"Desist!" called the powerful Second Assistant Chief Official. "I warn you that I am empowered to use *force!*"

Paul Willard went straight on with his apostrophe.

"Very well then!" shouted the Second Assistant Chief Official. "I shall now exert my power!" Thereupon he laid violent hands on the malefactor and started to drag him bodily from the platform.

What happened next will never be forgotten. Paul Willard suddenly stepped back and tightly doubled his right hand into a fist. He drew back his arm. He shot it forward with all his strength, and jabbed the Second Assistant Chief Official of the city in the neck!

Women screamed and men roared as the Second Assistant Chief Official reeled, and tottered down the steps, and ran along the beach to the aerogram booth.

Half an hour later there was an uproar at

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the edge of the crowd. The Second Assistant Chief Official of the city had returned, with all the assistant officials he could reach, nearly a hundred of them, huge men given office because of their physical perfection, just as in all politics since the world began. Walter Tuckerton and Stanley Blair came racing immediately to the platform, and stood shoulder to shoulder with Paul.

"I'm with you, brother!" yelled Stanley, his boyish face flushed with enthusiasm. "I know a little girl that's a wonder! She's in Class X, Subdivision 28, but I'm going to marry her! Down with the government! Come on, you fellows!"

The posse of assistant officials never reached the platform. A hundred men from out the multitude, a thousand men, every man there, aided and abetted by the cheers of the women, made a concerted rush for the majesty of the law, and sent it home.

X

COUNTLESS stars glimmered and glittered in the dark blue robes of Nature to-night, and in her glorious eyes was the sweet radiance of perfect peace.

"Hark!" Nature caught the hand of Fate, and together they turned toward the Earth. Up from that brilliantly moonlighted sphere there came a mad medley of silvery sound. It filled all the air of heaven, peal upon peal of wild, riotous clanging; incessant, commingled, harmonious, triumphant!

"Wedding bells," dimpled Fate, and her clear eyes glistened into the glistening eyes of Nature.

Instinctively they sought out Paul Willard. He was marching up to the altar, and on his arm was beautiful Margaret Blair, blushing, happy, crowned with an orange wreath, and clad in gracefully trailing robes of gossamer white.

"Poor fellow," smiled Fate. "He thought me very cruel; but if I had not seemed so, he would never have accomplished this revolution nor reached this great happiness."

"Thank you, Fate," said the grateful voice of Nature.

Fate, with a deft touch, restored a wayward curl. "I'm rather proud of myself," she confessed. "This was the quickest revolution in history. Within twenty-four hours after the battle of Forum Grove, President Poppen was deposed, the Bureaus of Compulsory Eugenics were abolished, three quite unmathematical poems were written, and bumblebees began to sting."

"And love! Love has reconquered the world!" exulted Nature. She hesitated a moment. "I must admit that they are making better selections now."

"Everything has its use," said Fate with a sigh.

This will be a great comfort to those who have wondered about Futurists and Cubists, and all the other "ists" and "isms."

Smiling Nature, filled with a great sympathy to-night, had again looked down to where Paul was now nearing the altar with beautiful Margaret. Suddenly Nature laughed, and whispered something in the ear of Fate.

"Why, certainly," laughed Fate, and, reaching forward swiftly, she touched, with a pink forefinger, one of the myriad of tiny buttons on her desk. "Paul shall have hair."

Contented, Nature's shining eyes roved over the face of Earth, and on that blessed planet she poured her most brilliant moonlight, her softest starlight, her balmiest breezes, her most delicious perfumes.

"Oh, listen!" she suddenly cried.

Both Fate and Nature leaned forward enraptured, as up through the clamor of happy sounds there rose, as high as heaven, one clear, soft note, sweeter and more musical than all the harmonies of the rolling spheres:

The babies were cooing!

Golfers—and Others: Attention!

"DORMIE ONE," by Holworthy Hall

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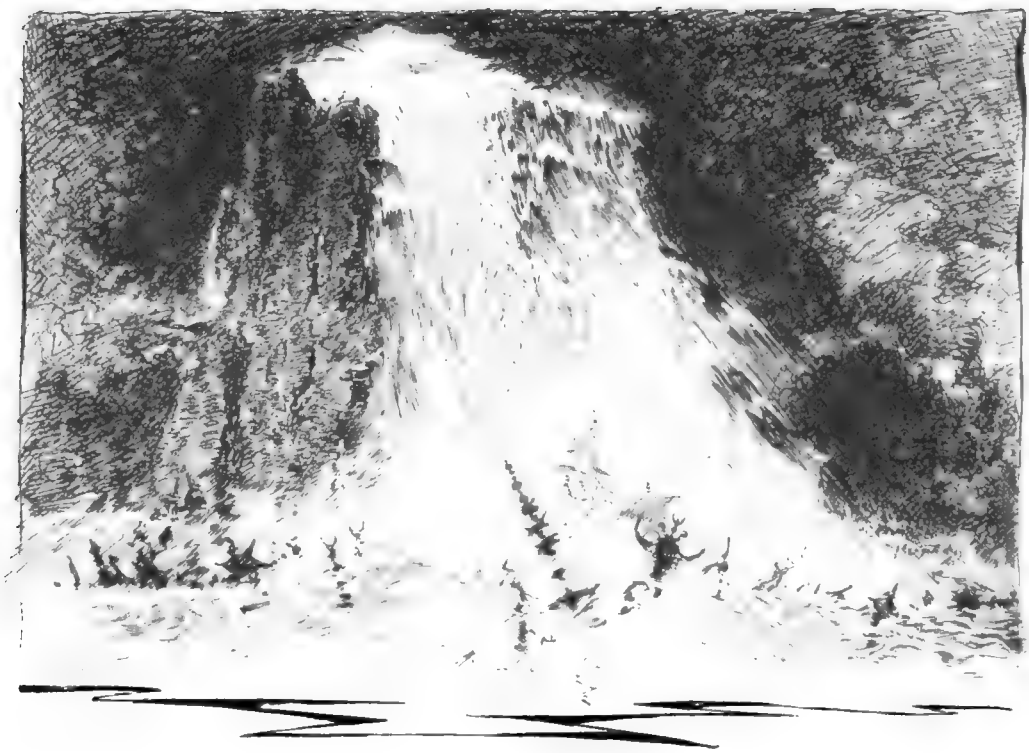

KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

IN THE deepest heart of the mysterious Khinjan Caves, Yasmini, mistress of their secrets, unfolds to Athelstan King, on Secret Service duty for the Indian Government, her astounding ambition. Yasmini is the living likeness of "The Heart of the Hills," a Greek woman whose body, marvelously preserved, lies in an inner cavern; and Yasmini's followers believe her this Greek sleeper come to life. Beside the dead woman lies a Roman soldier, whom King strikingly resembles, and it is Yasmini's belief that she and King are destined to found a world empire in the Himalayan Hills, as these two centuries-dead sleepers must once have tried to do. By every art she tries to make King renounce his loyalty to India and to accept her vast ambition as his own.

When she finds she is winning only his admiration—neither his love nor his will—she writes a letter to authorities in India, branding him a traitor. This is to cut him off forever from return. Afterward, when she is showing him the lives of the two sleepers in a crystal, he collapses with weariness, and she believes him to be mesmerized and in her power. When he awakes he is alone in a strange cavern. Muhammad Anim, a mullah who is Yasmini's bitter enemy, finds him here and carries him away a prisoner. As opportunity offers, King questions his guard, a Pathan, and discovers that the fellow had once served in the Indian army. King plants in his mind the idea that the army is offering pardons to deserters. The seed takes root, and the Pathan passes the word along to others among Muhammad Anim's followers.

From Khinjan, King is led away to Muhammad Anim's camp, where the mullah questions him closely about Yasmini's attitude toward him and orders him to write her a letter offering himself in exchange for Khinjan and the ammunition stored there.

If she yields, Yasmini and King are to have the pomp of rulers, with the mullah as the power behind the throne. If she refuses, he will kill King and starve Yasmini in the caves.

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King writes—but in a dialect that the mullah can not read, and instead of the mullah's message he sends her an invitation to join with him against the mullah and to return to India and loyalty.

The night after the message is sent, King, on his way to the cave, is attacked by Rewa Gunga, Yasmini's right-hand man. There is a fierce, sharp struggle; Rewa Gunga escapes, and King is left to ponder this attempt of Yasmini's to have him murdered. On his arm he finds a long gold hair—proof to him that Rewa Gunga must be Yasmini's lover.

Yasmini's answer comes the next morning—apparently she surrenders, bidding the mullah bring all his men to Khinjan. King spreads confusion and excitement through the camp, and instantly gathers together the men—almost eighty of them—whom he had won to be *his* men.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (continued)

BEFORE ever the mullah gave an order, King's near eighty men got under way, and started climbing the steep valley wall. The mullah on his brown mule thrust forward trying to get in the lead, and King and his men hung back to keep at a distance from him. It was when the mullah had reached the top of the slope and was not far from being in the lead that Ismail appeared again, leading King's horse that he had found in the possession of another man. That did not look like enmity or treachery. King mounted, and thanked him. Ismail wiped his knife, that had blood on it, and stuck his tongue through his teeth; which did not look like treachery either, yet the Afridi could not be got to say a word.

Two or three miles along the top of the escarpment the mullah sent back word that he wanted the hakim to be beside him.

But King's men treated the messenger to open scorn, and sent him packing. "Bid the mullah hunt himself another hakim! Be thou his hakim! Stay, we will give thee a lesson in how to use a knife!"

The man ran, for they joke grimly in the Hills.

Ismail came and held King's stirrup, striding beside him with the easy Hillman gait.

"Art thou my man at last?" King asked him, but Ismail laughed and shook his head.

"I am HER man."

"Where is SHE?" King asked.

"Nay, who am I that I should know?"

"But SHE sent thee?"

"Aye, SHE sent me."

"To what purpose?"

"To HER purpose!" the Afridi answered, and King could not get another word out of him. He fell behind.

But out of the corner of his eye, and once or twice by looking back deliberately, King saw that Ismail was taking the members of his new band one by one and whispering to them. As they talked, each man looked at King. And the more they talked, the better pleased they seemed. And as the day wore on the more deferential they grew. By midday if King wanted to dismount there were three at least to hold his stirrup, and ten to help him mount again.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

By the sweat of your brow; by the ache of your bones;
In the sun, in the wind, in the chill of the rains,
Ye sowed as ye knew. And ye know it was blown
To be trodden, and burned—aye, and that by your own
Who sneered at lean furrows and mocked at the stones.
But ye stayed, and sowed on. And a little remains.
Ye shall have for your faith. Ye shall reap for your pains.

FOUR thousand men with women and children and baggage do not move as swiftly as one man or a dozen, especially in the Hills, where discipline is reckoned beneath a proud man's honor. There were many miles to go before Khinjan when night fell and the mullah bade them camp. He bade them camp because they would have done it in any case.

"And we," said King to his all but eighty who crowded around him, "being men with new eyes and with a great new hope in us, will halt here and eat the evening meal, and watch for an opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" they asked him.

"An opportunity to show how Allah loves the brave!" said King, and they had to be content with that, for he would say no more to them. Seeing he would not talk, they made their little fires all around him, and watched while their women cooked the food. The mullah would not let them eat until he

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and the whole camp had prayed like the only righteous.

When the evening meal was eaten, and sentries had been set at every vantage-point, and the men all sat about cleansing their beards and fingers, the mullah sent twenty men to fetch the hakim.

There was so nearly a fight that the skin all down King's back was goose-flesh, for a fight at that juncture would have ruined everything. At the least he would have been made hopeless, helpless prisoner. But in the end the mullah's men drew off snarling, and before they could have time to receive new orders or reinforcements, King's die was cast.

There came another order from the mullah. The women and children were to be left in camp next dawn, and to remain there until sent for. There was murmuring around the little camp-fires, and especially among King's contingent. But King laughed.

"It is good!" he said.

"Why? How so?" they asked him.

"Bid your women make for the Khyber soon after the mullah has marched tomorrow. Bid them travel down the Khyber until we overtake them.

"But——"

They murmured a while, but then they gave the orders to their women, and King watched the women nod. And all that while Ismail eyed him with carefully disguised concern, but undisguised interest. And King understood.

He recalled that Yasmini had not done much to make his first entry into Khinjan easy. On the contrary, she had put him on his mettle, and had set Rewa Gunga to the task of frightening him, and had tested him, and tried him before tempting him at last.

She must be watching him now, for even the East repeats itself. She had sent Ismail for that purpose. It might be Ismail's business to drive a knife into him at the first opportunity, but he doubted that. It was much more likely that, having failed in an attempt to have him murdered, she was superstitiously remorseful. Her course would depend on his. If he failed, she was done with him. If he succeeded in establishing a strong position of his own, she would yield.

All of which did not explain Ismail's whisperings and noddings and chin-strokings with King's contingent. But it explained enough for King's present purpose, and he wasted no time on riders to the problem. With or without Ismail's aid, with or without his enmity, he must control his eighty men and give the slip to the mullah, and he went at once about the best way to do both.

"We will go now," he said quietly. "That sentry in yonder shadow has his back turned. He has overeaten. We will rush him, and put good running between us and the mullah."

Surprised into obedience, and too delighted at the prospect of action to wonder why they should obey a hakim so, they slung on their bandoliers and made ready. Ismail brought up King's horse and he mounted. And then at King's word all eighty made a sudden swoop on the drowsy sentry and took him unawares. They tossed him over the cliff, too startled to scream an alarm, and though sentries on either hand heard them and shouted, they were gone into outer darkness like wind-blown ghosts of dead men before the mullah even knew what was happening.

They did not halt until not one of them could run another yard, King trusting to his horse to find a footing along the cliff-tops, and to the men to find the way.

"Whither?" one whispered to him.

"To Khinjan!" he answered; and that was enough. Each whispered to another and they all became fired with curiosity more potent than money bribes.

When he halted at last, and dismounted, and sat down, and the stragglers caught up, panting, they held a council of war all together, with Ismail sitting at King's back, and leaning a chin on his shoulder in order to hear better. Bone pressed on bone, and the place grew numb; King shook him off a dozen times, but each time Ismail set his chin back on the same spot, as a dog will that listens to his master. Yet he insisted he was HER man, and not King's.

"Now ye men of the Hills," said King, "listen to me who am political-offender-with-reward-for-capture-offered!" That was a gem of a title. It fired their imaginations. "I know things that no soldier would find out in a thousand years, and I will tell you some of them."

He spoke as a man arguing for his own life, feeling for the middle way that trespasses on no man's prejudice.

"SHE has discovered that this mullah Muhammad Anim is no true Muslim, but

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an unbelieving dog of a foreigner from Farangistan! SHE has discovered that he plans to make himself an emperor in these Hills, and to sell Hill men into slavery!" (Might as well serve the mullah up hot while about it! Beyond any doubt, not much more than a mile away the mullah was getting even by condemning the lot of them to death. "An eye for the risk of an eye!" say the everlasting Hills.)

"If one of us should go back into this camp now, he would be tortured. Be sure of that."

Breathing deeply in the darkness, they nodded. The dark nodded back. Ismail's chin drove a fraction deeper into his shoulder.

"Now ye know—for all men know—that the entrance into Khinjan Caves is free to any man who can tell a lie without flinching. It is the way out again that is not free. How many men do ye know that have entered and never returned?"

KING'S MEN SENT THE MULLAH'S MESSENGER PACKING.

They all nodded again. It was common knowledge that Khinjan was a very graveyard of the presumptuous.

"She has set a trap for the mullah. She will let him and all his men enter, and will never let them out again!"

"HOW KNOWEST THOU?" This from two men, one on either hand.

"Was I never in Khinjan Caves?" he retorted. "Whence came I? I am HER man, sent to help trap the mullah. I would have trapped all of you, but for being weary of these Hills, and wishful to go back to India and be pardoned! That is who I am! That is how I know!"

Their breath came and went sibilantly, and the darkness was alive with the excitement they thought themselves too warrior-like to utter.

"But what will SHE do then?" asked somebody.

"Be sure," said King, "whatever she does, she will stand between no man and his pardon!"

"But will SHE lead a jihad? We will not fight against HER!"

"Nay," said King, drawing his breath in. Ismail's chin felt like a knife against his collar-bone, and Ismail's iron fingers clutched his arm. It was time to give his hostage to Dame Fortune. "She will go down into India and use her influence in the matter of the pardons!"

"I believe thou art a very great liar indeed!" said the man who lacked part of his nose. "The Pathan went, and he did not come back. What proof have we?"

"Ye have me!" said King. "If I show you no proof, how can I escape you?"

They all grunted agreement as to that. King used his elbow to hit Ismail in the ribs. He did not dare speak to him; but the next move was HERS, and Ismail was HER man. And after a minute Ismail rolled into a shadow and was gone. King gave him twenty minutes' start, letting his men rest their legs and exercise their tongues. He began to feel like a player in a game of chess who foresees his opponent mate in so many moves.

If Yasmini were to let the mullah and his men into the caves, and to join forces with the mullah, he would at least have time to hurry back to India with his eighty men and give warning. He might have time to call

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up the Khyber *jezailchis* and blockade the caves before the hive could swarm, and he chuckled to think of the hope of that.

If there were to be a battle royal he would be there to watch it, and to comfort India with the news.

"Now we will go on again in order to be close to Khinjan at break of day," he said, and they all obeyed him as if his word had been law to them for years.

They swung along into the darkness under low-hung stars, trailing behind King's horse, with only half-a-dozen of them a hundred yards or so ahead, as advance guard, and all of them expecting to see Khinjan loom above each next valley, for distances and darkness are deceptive in the Hills, even to trained eyes. Suddenly the advance-guard halted, but did not shoot. And as King caught up with them he saw they were talking with some one.

He had to ride up close before he recognized the Orakzai Pathan.

"Salaam!" said the fellow, with a grin. "I bring one hundred and eleven!"

As he spoke, graveyard shadows rose out of the darkness all around, and leaned on rifles.

"Be ye men all ex-soldiers of the Raj?" King asked them.

"Aye," they growled in chorus.

"What will ye?"

"Pardons!" They all said the word together.

"Who gave you leave to come?" King asked.

"None! He told us of the pardons and we came!"

"Aye," said the Orakzai Pathan, drawing King aside. "But SHE gave me leave to seek them out and tempt them!"

"And what does SHE intend?" King asked him suddenly.

"SHE? Ask Allah, who put the spirit in her! How should I know?"

"We will march again, my brothers!" King shouted, and they streamed along behind him, now with no advance-guard, but with the Orakzai Pathan striding beside King's horse, with a great hand on the saddle. Like the others, he seemed decided in his mind that the hakim ought not to be allowed much chance to escape.

Just as the dawn was tinting the surrounding peaks with softest rose they topped a ridge, and Khinjan lay below them across the mile-wide, bone-dry valley. They all stood staring, leaning on their guns. All the "men with new eyes" saw it now for the first time, and it held them speechless, for with its patchwork towers and high battlements it looked like a very city of the spirits that their tales around the fire on winter nights so linger on.

And while they watched, and the Khinjan men were beginning to murmur (for they needed no last view of the place to satisfy any longings!), none less than Ismail rose from behind a rock and came to King's stirrup! He tugged, and King backed his horse until they stood together apart.

"SHE sends this message," said Ismail, showing his teeth in the most evil grin that surely the Hills ever witnessed. And then, omitting the message, he proceeded first to give some news. "Many of her men, who have never been in the army, are none the less true to HER, and SHE will not leave them to any mullah's mercy. They will leave the caves in a little while, and will come up here. They are to go down into India and be made prisoners if the Sirkar will not enlist them. You are to wait for them here."

"Is that all her message?" King asked him.

"Nay. That is none of it. This is her message: THOU SHALT KNOW THIS DAY, THOU ENGLISHMAN, WHETHER OR NOT SHE TRULY LOVED THEE! THERE SHALL BE PROOF SUCH AS EVEN THOU SHALT UNDERSTAND!"

"What does that mean?"

"Nay, who am I, to know her meaning?"

Ismail slipped away and lost himself among the men, and none of them seemed to notice that he had been away and had come again. On King's advice a dozen men climbed near-by eminences and began to watch for the mullah's coming. The Khinjan men murmured openly; they wanted to be off.

"No," said King. "Go, if ye will, but I wait for HER here."

After a great deal of resentful argument they consented to lie hidden for an hour or two, "but no longer," and King hid his horse in a hollow and persuaded three of them to gather grass for him. It was a little more than an hour after dawn, and the chilled rocks were beginning to grow warmer when the head of a procession came out of Khinjan Gate and started toward them over the valley. In all, more than five hundred men emerged, and about a hundred

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OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, KING SAW THAT ISMAIL WAS TAKING THE MEMBERS OF HIS NEW BAND ONE BY ONE AWAY AND WHISPERING TO THEM

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women and children, and King's men were kept busy for half-an-hour counting them, and quarreling about the exact number. Some of them were burdened heavily, and there was much discussion as to whether to loot them or not. Then, "Muhammad Anim comes!" shouted a voice from a crag top.

They snuggled into better hiding. There began to be wagers as to whether HER men would be hidden out of sight before the mullah could top the rise. When the last man was safe across the valley, and up the cliff, and in hiding, there was endless argument as to how much each had bet and to whom he had lost. It needed an effort to quiet them when the mullah rose into view at last above the rise, and paused for a minute to stare across at Khinjan before leading his four thousand down and onward.

He was silent as an image, but his men roared like a river in flood, and he made no effort to check them. He was like a man who has made up his mind to victory in any event.

He dismounted, for he had to, and with the air of an emperor tossed his reins to the nearest man. He led the way down the cliffside without hesitation, striding like a mountaineer, and his men followed him, holding hands to make human chains at the difficult places, and shouting a great deal yet, but not quite naturally. The noise was bravado now, for the sight of Khinjan chilled their hearts.

It was a weary, long wait, watching from the crevices until the last man's back departed down the cliff; and the procession across the dry valley was slow enough to be a funeral. The mullah was like the Piper of Hamelin, and his men the children. But at last Khinjan Gate opened, and he led them in. The gate did not shut after the last man, King noted that.

"Let us go now!" shouted fifty voices, and every man of King's party showed himself, and stretched. "Let us go! Why wait?"

But King would not go. Nor would he explain why he would not go. Nor could he tell himself what held him, gazing at Khinjan, except, of course, that he thought of Yasmini, and ached to know what she was doing.

It was thirty minutes after the last of the mullah's men had vanished through the gate, and his own men in dozens and twenties were scattered along the cliff-top arguing against delay with growing rancor, when a lone horseman galloped out of Khinjan Gate and started across the valley. He rode recklessly, either panic-stricken or else bolder than the devil.

In a minute King had recognized the mare, and so had the eyes of fifty men around him. No man with half an eye for a horse could have failed to recognize that black mare, having ever seen her once. She came like a goat among the rocks, just as she had once dived into darkness in the Khyber with King following. In another two minutes King had recognized the Rangar's silken turban. And now there was no need to restrain the men; they all stood and watched, to learn what new turn affairs were taking.

Most of them were staring downward at the Rangar's head, as he urged the mare up the cliff path, when the explanation of Yasmini's message came. King alone, urged by some intuition, had his eyes fixed on Khinjan.

.There came a shock that swayed the hill they stood on. The mare on the path below missed her footing, and fell down a dozen feet, only to get up again and scramble as if a thousand devils were behind her —the Rangar riding her grimly, like a jockey in a race. Three more shocks followed. A great slice of Khinjan caved in suddenly with a roar, and smoke and dust burst upward through the tumbling crust.

Then came a pause, as if the waiting elements were gathering strength. For ten minutes they watched and scarcely breathed. Rewa Gunga gained the summit, and, dismounting, stood by King with the reins over his arm, the mare too blown to do anything but stand and tremble. And King was too enthralled to do anything but stare.

"That is what a woman can do for a man!" said Rewa Gunga grimly. "She set a fuse, and exploded all the dynamite. There were tons of it! The galleries have fallen, one on the other. A thousand men digging for a thousand years could never get into Khinjan now, and the only way out is down Earth's Drink! She bade me bid you good-by, sahib. I would have stayed in there, but she commanded me. She said, 'Tell King sahib my love was true. Tell him I give him India and all Asia that were at my mercy!' "

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THE MULLAH PAUSED TO STARE ACROSS AT KHINJAN.

While the Rangar spoke there came three more earth tremors in swift succession, and a thunder out of Khinjan as if the very Hills were coming to an end. The mare grew frantic, and the Rangar summoned six men to hold her.

Suddenly, right over the top of Khinjan mountain's upper rim, where only the eagles ever perched, there burst a column of water, immeasurable, huge, that for a moment blotted out the sun. It rose sheer upward, curved on itself, and fell in a million-ton deluge on to Khinjan and into Khinjan valley, hissing and thundering.

Earth's Drink, blocked by the first explosion, had burst for itself a new way downward into the bowels of the world! The one sky-flung leap it made, as its weight burst down a mountain wall, was enough to blot out Khinjan forever, and what had been a dry, mile-wide moat, was a shallow lake, with death's rack and rubbish floating on the surface.

The earth rocked. The Muslims prayed, and King stared, trying to memorize all that had been. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that the Rangar, who had striven like a fiend to stab him only a matter of hours ago, was standing now behind him, within a yard.

He was up on his feet in a second and faced about. The Rangar laughed.

"So ends the Heart of the Hills!" he said. "Think kindly of her, sahib. She thought well enough of you!"

He laughed again, and sprang on the black mare; and before King could speak or raise a hand to stop him he was off, hell-bent-for-leather along the precipice in the direction of the Khyber Pass and India. Two of the men who had come out of Khinjan mounted and spurred after him. One looked like Yasmini's woman servant in disguise.

King collected his men, and the women and children. It was easy, for they were numb from what they had witnessed, and dazed by fear. In half an hour he had them mustered and marching.

"Let us go back and loot the mullah's camp and take the women!" urged a dozen men at last.

"Go then!" said King. "Go back! But I go on!"

"He is afraid. The hakim is afraid of what he saw!"

King let them think anything they chose, knowing well that they would no more dare go back than they would have dared hunt in the ruins of Khinjan.

Even Ismail clung to his stirrup and would not leave him, looking like a fledgling, with his beard all new-sprouted on his jaw, and eyes wilder than any bird's.

"Why art thou here?" King asked him. "Had she no true man who would die with her?"

The Afridi scowled, and made as if to answer, but choked the answer back.

"Art thou my man now?" King asked him. But he shook his head.

So they marched without talking over the hideous boulder-strewn range that separates Khinjan from the Khyber, sleeping fitfully whenever King called a halt, and eating almost nothing at all, for only a few of them had thought of bringing food.

They reached the Khyber famished, and were fed at Ali Masjid Fort, after King had given a certain password and had whispered to the officer commanding. But he did not change into European clothes yet, and none

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"THAT IS WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO FOR A MAN!" SAID REWA GUNGA GRIMLY.

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THERE CAME A THUNDER OUT OF KHINJAN AS IF THE VERY HILLS WERE COMING TO AN END.

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of his following suspected him of being an Englishman.

"A Rangar on a black mare has gone down the Pass ahead of you in a hurry," they told him at Ali Masjid. "He had two men with him, and food enough. Only stopped long enough to make his business known."

"What did he say his business is?" asked King.

"He gave a sign and said a word that satisfied us on that point!"

"Oh!" said King. "Can you signal down the Pass?"

"Surely."

"Courtenay still at Jamrud?"

"Yes. In charge there, and growing tired of doing nothing."

"Signal down and ask him to have that bath ready for me that I spoke about. Good-by."

So he left Ali Masjid at the head of a motley procession that grew noisier and more confident every hour. Ismail still clung to his stirrup, but began to grow more lively, and to have a good many orders to fling to the rest.

"You mourn like a dog," King told him. "Three howls, and a whine, and a little sulking—and then forgetfulness!"

Ismail looked nasty at that, but did not answer, although he seemed to have a hot word ready. And thenceforward he hung his head more, and at least tried to seem bereaved. But his manner was unconvincing none the less, and King found it food for thought.

The ex-soldiers and would-be soldiers marched in fours behind him, growing hourly more like drilled men, and talking, with each stride that brought them nearer India, more as men do who have an interest in law and order. Behind them tramped the women from Khinjan, carrying their babies and their husbands' loads; and behind them again were the other women, who had been told they would be overtaken in the Khyber, but who had actually had to run themselves raw-footed in order to catch up.

Down the Khyber have come conquerors by the dozen, and almost as many beaten armies; but surely no stranger host than they were ever trudged between the echoing walls. The very eagles screamed at them.

And as they neared Jamrud Fort the men who hoped for pardon began to grow sheepish. They began to remember that the hakim might, after all, be a trickster, and to realize how much too friendly—how almost intimate—he had been with the sahibs at Ali Masjid. They began to cluster round him instead of letting him lead, and by the time they reached the farthest outposts up the Khyber they were as nervous as raw recruits, and ready to turn and bolt at a word; for no one can be more timid than your Hillman when he is not sure of himself, just as no one can be bolder when he knows his ground.

Signals preceded them, and Courtenay himself rode up the Pass to greet them. But, of course, he was not very cordial to King, considering his disguise, and he chose to keep the Hillmen in doubt yet as to their eventual reception. But one of them, the Orakzai Pathan (for nothing could completely unman *him*), shouted to know whether it was true that pardons had been offered for deserters, and Courtenay nodded. Then some of them pulled medals out, and pinned them outside their shirts.

At Jamrud they were given food, and their rifles were taken away. A guard was set to watch them. But the guard consisted of only two men, both of whom were Pathans, and they assured them that, ridiculous though it sounded, the British were actually willing to forgive their enemies, and to pardon all deserters who applied for pardon, on condition of good faith in the future.

That night they prayed to Allah like little children lost and found. The women crooned love-songs to their babies over the clear fires, and the men talked and talked and talked until the stars grew big as moons to weary eyes, and they slept at last to dream of khaki uniforms, and karnal-sahibs who knew neither fear nor favor, and who said things that were so. It is a mad world to the Himalayan Hillman where men in authority tell truth unadorned, without shame and without consideration—a mad, mad world, and perhaps too exotic to be wholesome, but pleasant while the dream lasts.

Over in the fort Courtenay placed a bath at King's disposal, and lent him clean clothes and a razor. But he was not very cordial.

"Tell me all the war news," said King, splashing in the tub. And Courtenay told him, passing him another cake of soap when

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"A WOMAN AND INTRIGUE ARE ONE!"

the first was finished. After all, there was not much to tell: butchery in Belgium; Huns and guns; and the everlastingly glorious stand that had saved Paris and France and Europe.

"According to the cables, our men are going the records one better. I think that's all," said Courtenay.

"Then why the stuffiness?" asked King. "Why am I talked to at the end of a tube, so to speak?"

"You're under arrest," said Courtenay.

"The deuce I am!"

"I'm taking care of you myself to obviate the necessity of putting a sentry over you."

"Good of you, I'm sure. What's it all about?"

"I don't mind telling you, but I'd rather

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you'd wait. The minute you were sighted, word was wired down to headquarters, and the General himself will be up here by train any minute."

"Very well," said King. "Got a cigar? Got a black one? Blacker the better!"

He was out of his bath, and remembered that minute that he had not smoked a cigar since leaving India. Naked, shaved, with some of the stain removed, he did not look like a man in trouble as he filled his lungs with the saltpeterish smoke of a fat Trichinopoli.

And then the General came, and did not wait for King to get dressed, but burst into the bathroom and shook hands with him while he was still naked, and asked ten questions (like a Gatling gun) while King was getting on his trousers, divining each answer after the third word and waving the rest aside.

"And why am I arrested, sir?" asked King, the moment he could slip the question in edgewise.

"Oh, yes, of course. Try the case here as well as anywhere. What does this mean?"

Out of his pocket the General produced a letter that smelt strongly of a scent King recognized. He spread it on a table, and King read. It was Yasmini's letter that she had sent down the Khyber to make India too hot to hold him.

> Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurram Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber Pass. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true. I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport, to obtain admittance. He proclaims a jihad! He urges invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men, and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, he will be leading a jihad into India. You would have better trusted me.
>
> YASMINI.

"Too bad about your brother," said the General. "The body is buried. How much is true about the head?"

King told him.

"Where's SHE?" asked the General.

King did not answer. The General waited.

"I don't know, sir."

"Ask the Rangar," Courtenay suggested.

"Where is he?" asked King.

"Caught him coming down the Khyber on his black mare, and arrested him. He's in the next room. I hope he's to be hanged, so that I can buy the mare."

King whistled softly to himself, and the General looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"Go in and talk to him, King. Let me know the result."

He had picked King to go up the Khyber on that errand not for nothing. He knew King, and he knew the symptoms. Without answering him King obeyed. He went out of the room into a dark corridor and rapped on the door of the next room to the right. There was a muffled answer from within. Courtenay shouted something to the sentry outside the door, and he called another man, who fitted a key in the lock. King walked into a room in which one lamp was burning, and the door slammed shut behind him.

He was in there an hour, and it never did transpire just what passed, for he can be silent on any subject as a clam, and the General, if anything, can go him one better. Courtenay was placed under orders not to talk, so those who say they know exactly what happened in the room between the time when the door was shut on King and the time when he knocked to have it opened and called for the General, are not telling the truth.

What is known is that finally the General hurried through the door and ejaculated, "Well, I'm damned!" before it could close again. The sentry (Punjabi Mussulman) has sworn to that over a dozen camp-fires since that day.

And it is known, too, for the sentry has taken oath on it, and has told the story so many times without much variation that no one who knows the man's record doubts any longer—it is known that when the door opened again King and the General walked out with the Rangar between them. And the Rangar had no turban on, but carried it unwound in his hand. And his golden hair fell nearly to his knees, and changed his whole appearance. And he was weeping. And he was not a Rangar at all, but SHE, and how anybody can ever have mistaken her for a man, even in man's clothes and with her skin darkened, was beyond the sentry's power to guess. He for one, etc. . . . But nobody believed that part of the tale.

As Yussuf bin Ali said over the camp-fire up the Khyber later on, "When SHE sets

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out to disguise herself, SHE is what SHE will be, and he who says he thinks otherwise has two tongues and no conscience!"

What is surely true is that the four of them—Yasmini, the General, Courtenay, and King—sat up all night in a room in the fort, talking together, while a succession of sentries overstrained their ears endeavoring to hear through key-holes. And the sentries heard nothing, and invented much.

But Partan Singh, the Sikh, who carried in bread and cocoa to them at about five the next morning and found them still talking, heard King say:

"So, in my opinion, sir, there'll be no jihad in these parts. There'll be sporadic raids, of course, but nothing a brigade can't deal with. The heart of the Holy War's torn out and thrown away."

"Very well," said the General. "You can get up the Khyber again and join your regiment."

But by that time the Rangar's turban was on again and the tears were dry, and it was Partan Singh who threw most doubt on the sentry's tale about the golden hair. But as the sentry said, no doubt Partan Singh was jealous.

There is no doubt whatever that the General went back to Peshawur in the train at eight o'clock, and that the Rangar went with him in a separate compartment, with about a dozen Hillmen chosen from among those who had come down with King.

And it is certain that before they went King had a talk with the Rangar in a room alone, of which conversation, however, the sentry reported afterward that he did not overhear one word; and he had to go to the doctor with a cold in his ear at that. He said he was nearly sure he heard weeping. But on the other hand those who saw both of them come out were certain that both of them were smiling.

It is quite certain that Athelstan King went up the Khyber again, for the official records say so, and they *never* lie, especially in time of war. He rode a coal-black mare, and Courtenay called him "Chikki"—a lifter!

Some say the Rangar went to Delhi. Some say Yasmini is in Delhi. Some say no. But it is quite certain that before he started up the Khyber, King showed Courtenay a great gold bracelet that he had under his sleeve. Five men saw him do it.

And if that was really Rewa Gunga in the General's train, why was the General so painfully polite to him? And why did Ismail insist on riding in the train, instead of accepting King's offer to go up the Khyber with him?

One thing is very certain. King was right about the jihad. There has been none, in spite of all Turkey's and Germany's efforts. There have been sporadic raids, much as usual, but nothing one brigade could not easily deal with, the paid press to the contrary notwithstanding.

King, of the Khyber Rifles, is now a major, for you can see that by turning up the army list.

But if you wish to know just what happened in the room in Jamrud Fort while the General and Courtenay waited, you must ask King, if you dare; for only he knows, and one other. It is not likely you can find the other.

But it is likely you may hear from both of them again, for "A woman and intrigue are one!" as India says. The war seems long, and the world is large, and the chances for intrigue are almost infinite, given such a combination as King and Yasmini, and a love-affair.

And, as King says on occasion, "*Kuch dar nahin hai!* There is no such thing as fear!" Another one might say, "The sky's the limit!"

And bear in mind, for this is important: King wrote to Yasmini a letter in Urdu, from the mullah's cave, in which he as good as gave her his word of honor to be her "loyal servant" should she choose to return to her allegiance. He is no splitter of hairs, no quibbler; his word is good on the darkest night, or wherever he casts a shadow in the sun.

"A man and his promise—a woman and intrigue—are one!"

THE END

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"
A Serial Romance by
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Begins in February

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EXILE

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

DECORATION BY HAROLD SICHEL

BEYOND the steel-dark sea and boiling wake
We watched the homeland mountains die away,
A blur of lonely blue on lonely skies.
And silently we watched the paling waves,
The widening path, the foam so far behind.
The wind sighed through the rigging quietly,
And slowly dipped and rolled the languid deck,
And on our rocking bow the sun burned wide
And red beyond the tumbling water's rim;
And ceaselessly the engines pulsed and throbbed,
And night fell over us, and morning came,
And then the darkness and the dawn again;
And through the lonely azure, far away,
Intent on its own path, some wandering plume
Of smoke along the sea-line came and went.

On, on, we drove and raced and throbbed and dipped.
But still the dark-green ocean and the sun
And watching stars alone companioned us;
And time seemed not for us, and all the past
Lay faint and far beyond our throbbing wake.
No future seemed before us, but the dim
Vast heaving desolation of the sea.

And when the day grew old and evening fell,
And when autumnal-like the cleared decks lay
So orderly and full of deep repose,
Close round the funnel's warmth, all solemn-faced,
We clustered in the cool long evening light—
Deep-bosomed mothers with their sleeping babes,
And young girls tawny-haired, and silent youths,
And waifs of huddled cities, wistful-eyed,
And mountain-folk and dwellers by the sea,
And children with their tragic unconcern—
They lounged together where the low red sun
Burned on their faces swart, and flashed and gleamed
Across their wind-blown hair, and made of them
Dark-dreamers, strangely timeless, Titan-like.
And through the northern twilight chill and clear,
Touched with the mystery of waters lone,
Calm-eyed and musing, lost in wonderment,
They watched the white cold alien stars come out,
And from the bow the low bell languidly
The languid watches told, and through the dusk
A sudden bugle woke and shrilled and died.

And then it was that music strange and low
And melancholy-noted was struck up,
Above the ceaseless throbbing of the screw;
And past the singing faces in the gloom
The pipe-smoke curled, and colors flashed and gleamed
Athwart the paling light, and lazily
The Old World tunes arose and died away.
And then the bugle shrilled and called again,
And sleep and silence reigned along the decks,
And through gray Emptiness the engines throbbed,
And at the masthead swung the changing stars,
And on its way the lonely shadow plunged.

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ABOUT THAT BOY OF YOURS

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has carried the first line of trenches in its fight for the adoption of a system of training that will fit the youth of America for the obligation of citizenship.

Captain Edgar Z. Steever, the man behind the Wyoming idea, has been assigned to this great work by the War Department. What he did for one state he will now have opportunity to do for the nation.

Three months ago this magazine began an organized, nation-wide movement to turn the eyes of school authorities, parents, civic leaders throughout the country toward the democratic system of military training which Wyoming has enthusiastically supported in its high schools for the past five years. From the first those working for the spread of the Wyoming idea realized how much of the value and effectiveness of the Wyoming system sprang from the inspiration and personality of the young army officer who worked it out, Captain Steever.

In the order of things, Captain Steever would have gone to the Philippines on November 1, 1916. As a result of the campaign of popular agitation inaugurated by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, he has been kept in the United States, and will carry the gospel of universal training from community to community, state to state.

Not only has the conspicuous usefulness of Captain Steever been recognized, but the idea itself has the approval of Secretary Baker.

It is a big job. The details will not be worked out in a day or a month. But the start has been made, a great step taken, and co-operation will drive the effort through to success.

EVERYBODY'S *wants to see a cadet corps in every high school.* We feel that the HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES best expresses the ideas and ideals that will lift the movement above prejudice and dispute.

It is not soldiers that we are after, but citizens able and ready to become defenders in any day of need. The twin evils of a spineless pacifism and a truculent militarism are to be guarded against alike in the training of our youth.

Captain Steever knows how! He has proved it. The parents of Wyoming stand ready to guarantee him.

The thing to do is to develop more Steevers and to give them to the schools of the country. The law provides that every school with a cadet organization of one hundred or more is entitled to an instructor and equipment provided by the Federal Government.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *has set itself to make this law a live thing. We ask the cooperation of our readers.*

If you are not fully informed about the Wyoming system; the scope and results of Steever's work; about the H. S. V. U. S.; if you are willing either to investigate or to cooperate, and want information—send a postal to this address:

Headquarters — HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK

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H·S·V·U·S·

JIMMY, JR.

By Capt. Edgar Z. Steever, U.S.A.

CAPTAIN STEEVER is the young army officer who converted the entire state of Wyoming, labor unions, mothers, legislature and all, to the system of volunteer military training in the high schools, now famous as "The Wyoming Plan." During the past five years his wholesome ideas have given 90% of the high-school boys in the state stronger bodies, quicker, cleaner minds, and won the warmest approval of educators, business men, and parents the country over.

The unique success of Captain Steever's work is based upon his warm understanding of boy nature. Here is an article which gives a clear picture of the Wyoming Plan from the boy's point of view.

OUR TIME WAS SIX AND FOUR-FIFTHS—OUR TEAM-WORK WAS FAULTLESS. EVERY MOVEMENT WAS TIMED TO THE FIFTIETH PART OF A SECOND.

DRAWINGS BY H. V. B. KLINE

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IN MAKING good with Mr. Boy, we have taken the first step toward making a good boy. Get the boy's point of view.

Our Jimmy, Jr., is a boy of sixteen, attending a mixed high school equipped with a football team and a female faculty.

Jimmy has reached the most difficult age, the adolescent age. He smokes say, or has bad habits, or school palls on him. He is long and lazy, large enough to play football, yet too weak and timid to take hard knocks.

His voice is neither man's, woman's, nor child's. He is a coward and a braggart and an unconscionable liar, judged by mature standards.

He lacks the will-power to command himself, let alone others. He is pretty slick at avoiding a fight and equally slick at avoiding work. Jimmy is a diplomat.

But deep down in his heart of hearts is a tremendous yearning, a desire for will and strength and manhood. At times a reaction sets in against his weakness and finds expression in contempt for and hostility toward the entire world.

Yet to his mother, Jimmy is still her baby boy. Beautifully blind are mother's eyes and that is one of the compensations of later life, but blindness of this kind Jimmy can not understand; Jimmy simply can not see himself a child.

To Jimmy, Sr., Jimmy, Jr., is a joke. This the man in the boy sullenly resents. There is great lack of understanding between many Jimmies and their dads.

It has been rumored that a cadet company is to be organized in the high school.

Now Jimmy has left behind him the tin-horn, wooden-gun days, the "age of make-believe." Jimmy lives in a world of realities.

You might fool some older people, but you can't fool Jimmy with a wooden gun, or anything like that.

His Big Brother, who is very fond of Jimmy, still bears in mind the scars of adolescent life that Jimmy is passing through.

Fortunate indeed is the boy who falls under the influence and is inspired by the leadership of such a man as Jimmy's Big Brother—the old rugged, high-minded schoolmaster type, interested in boys and in sympathetic understanding with the one great basic motive of the adolescent male, the desire to be a man.

The older man, away from home, encourages the youngster to write, and we learn what happens to Jimmy, Jr.

DEAR BEAU:

We were called to the assembly-room this morning by our principal. She introduced a lieutenant of the army who spoke about organizing high-school cadets. He looked and acted some different from other men I know. He was bronze and trim and fit. He wouldn't have much show at an oratorical contest, but just the same he sent sort of an electric shock right up and down my back.

He said: "This is a man's game, this soldier game. We don't care how big or how little, how long or how short, how thick or how thin you may be; we do care, however, if your hearts are clean and your nerve is steel. All cowards stay out."

That put it up to us. I don't know who could get by with that heart and nerve

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stuff but I do believe a fellow would be a better man to be with him and be like him.

WE HAD our physical examination today. It consisted of a careful looking over for weakness of the heart, or any constitutional disease. We are to have three one-hour periods per week. Two of these periods are to be during class hours and one is to be immediately after school. The principal said that this scheme fitted in best with our own local school conditions.

The guns, real guns, have been in the racks for a week. Three board fences mounted on skids, each eight feet high and fifteen feet long, have been built in the Gym.

This was the first drill day and we got our guns. Mine is a beaut. The Lieutenant said so.

We were sized up according to height and learned right and left face, trail, right shoulder and port arms. I guess it must have looked pretty fine to the Lieutenant.

He is awful strict, though. Big Bill Bull laughed right in his face. Big Bill won't laugh any more in anybody's face for a long time to come. I am glad I didn't laugh.

THIS was our second drill day. After some drill we tried wall-scaling. It's great sport. We first elected ten *temporary* squad leaders because we have ten wall-scaling squads, eight *men* and one substitute in each squad. I am underscoring men because the Lieutenant says: "You *men* do this" and "You *men* do that."

The leaders then chose up squads, each squad leader choosing *in turn* until all cadets were chosen. Naturally the leaders chose the strongest men first. I was one of the last to be chosen.

WE ARE swinging into our third week of cadet work and our squad doesn't seem to win. Each drill consists of about ten minutes sharp, close-order, discipline drill. We then go to our wall-scaling. Drill closes with about five minutes of the strictest kind of discipline drill.

The Lieutenant says that a squad to win must go into training; that going into training means "thinking clean" and cutting out the "smokes."

He says that clean thinking is the highest type of manliness. A man can't think clean unless he wills it. A fellow has a will-muscle just like an arm, leg, or chest muscle. How can a fellow get his will-muscle into shape? "Deny self for self's sake." (Ben Franklin.) We can harden our will-muscles by self-denial. Then they will be in shape for any task. The fellows call anything hard a Ben Franklin.

My, but I was rotten at wall-scaling today! I missed my man, mussed up the squad, couldn't reach the top of the wall and we lost again. Jack Barry, our squad leader, told me to take a brace and if he ever caught me smoking again, he'd knock off my good looking, good-for-nothing block.

I AM discouraged and told the Lieutenant I thought I'd better quit; that I was sick and couldn't take the work.

He said: "If you cut out smoking, you won't want to cut out cadets. The trouble with you is all in your head. The first time that thought comes in your mind, rip it up, cut it out and throw it away forever. Then you will scale the wall, you will be a good shot, one of the strong men in the cadets, and you won't come whining and whimpering to me about being too sick to do the work. There is nothing in the world you can not be and do if you but do one thing: *think and live clean.*"

WE HAVE a sponsor for each squad now. The sponsors are elected from the upper-class girls, by the joint vote of the cadets and upper-class girls. The sponsors then draw their squads by lot.

Some of the sponsors aren't much use to their squads. But ours pulls hard for the first squad. If she's the right sort of sponsor she helps a lot to keep some of the fellows from smoking.

This sponsor business is peculiar. If her squad wins an event, she receives an individual medal just the same as the fellow on her squad. Then she has a first-aid team of her own, made up of upper-class girls in the school who volunteer for it. These teams put on first aid to the wounded and hospital drill-work at the cadet competition.

It's very popular amongst the cadets to be the wounded and get bandaged up.

The different teams of sponsors are

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uniformed in the various Red Cross dresses of the different countries of the world. Their part in the cadet competition—the "sob stuff," as the Lieutenant calls it—takes with the crowd.

The election of a sponsor is hard to dope out. Most fellows vote for a pretty girl: most girls vote for an ugly one. I vote for the best booster. After a squad has been stung by a pretty, good-for-nothing sponsor, they'll take pains to vote for a girl who has brains and personality as well as good looks.

WE ARE getting ready for our first big show. All the squads want to represent our high school in the dual competition with Rockport High School.

We hold a try-out to-morrow night to see which three of our ten squads represent the old high school.

There is to be a big crowd, tickets have been sold, the Gym decorated, and the program arranged. We've done lots of work getting ready.

First, there is to be the grand march of the sponsors escorting the Governor and other officials to the stage. Then the visiting and home cadets enter and march into line facing the stage. This is followed by a drill and escort to the colors. The Governor presents the colors to one of our sponsors and she in turn to the color guard. We all present arms and the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played, and there is an invocation to the flag. This is followed by a march past the stage and the floor is cleared. Lights go out and in a few seconds the floor is set to represent a field-hospital behind the firing-line. Lights come on. Firing is heard in the distance and the wounded are brought in, and here is where the sponsors and the first-aid teams get in their work. It all looks very realistic and the girls learn how to put on all sorts of bandages in the latest and most approved fashion. Finally the sound of battle dies away, the lights are dimmed, call to quarters is sounded, lights go out, and then some one who can play the cornet well, sounds taps. The lights are put on and the entire floor has been cleared.

The Governor or speaker of the evening makes a short speech; then we are ready for the wall-scaling.

OUR squad was one of the three fastest at the "try-out" to-night, so we represent the school at the big competition to-morrow. We averaged about eight seconds over the wall.

THE visiting squads are here. We met them with their teachers and chaperons and sponsors at the station. They are being billeted at the various homes. They say that they have been making the wall in seven seconds flat in practise. They are a husky-looking lot. I saw some of them smoking cigarets. All I can say is that not a man in our squad smokes or has a bad habit. They are all just a fine, clean lot of fellows.

WE WON!

It was just like this. After the first part of the show was over, we went to the wall-scaling. Canton had three squads and Rockport three.

Just before we were called for the first race, the Lieutenant came to our dressing-room. My, but I was sick! This is what he said: "Men, if your hearts are clean, your nerve is steel. Get up and go up and win." Black Jack said: "Well, that means us." And we went up before that awful crowd. But, somehow, when we got there, I couldn't feel scared. A strange confidence came over all of us. We had a piece of work to do and we did it. We beat Rockport's first squad over the wall in seven and two-fifth seconds. They didn't seem able to get over at all. Oh, we left them standing still.

But our second and third squads were not so fortunate. Rockport's second squad came over in a tremendous burst of speed and beat our second in six and three-fifths. Their third squad was equally successful in seven seconds flat.

It began to look like Rockport all the way, and I don't believe any one in the crowd conceded us a chance.

Yet, when we lined up for the final run against Rockport two and Rockport three, our squad was cool and confident.

The first start was called back, Rockport faulting, and I remember Black Jack saying: "Steady, men, we've got their nanny."

At last we were off; we flew to and over

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that wall. Our time was six and four-fifths. They were seconds behind. Our team work was faultless. Every movement was timed to the fiftieth part of a second. Everything went wrong for them. One gun-handler dropped a rifle. A last man over the wall missed his hold. One poor fellow got left and never got over.

The crowd went wild.

After the show some of us walked home with the Lieutenant. He said that the man who dissipates fails in the crisis. The fellow who smokes fails in the crisis. He had watched several thousand runs over the wall, and in two out of every ten the fellow who smokes or has any bad habit fails to team up with the others. When it comes to the stress of competition, such men always fail in the test.

WE HAD a swell feed up at our sponsor's last night in celebration of our victory. She's just the best little booster in school.

Her mother cooked us *some* chicken dinner. The Lieutenant was invited and, of course, several of the girls in school.

We have often heard the Lieutenant say, "I want you men to know the manual of arms, and it's not a bad idea to learn the manual of the knife, fork, and spoon." Some of us watched him pretty close.

After dinner we made up a line party and took the girls to a movie, just to wind up our celebration.

THERE has been a great deal of dissatisfaction in the cadets over our leaders. Black Jack is the only real leader we have. The others fall down on the job. There are fellows in the squads who would do a lot better as leaders than the ones we have.

I'M A leader.

The fellows voted for permanent leaders to-day, and now we have as leaders the fellows who have been brought out while doing the work.

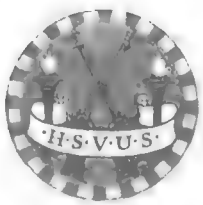
When we elected our temporary leaders the Lieutenant told us we stood to choose forty per cent. real leaders and sixty per cent. peanut politicians. He told us we wouldn't know a real leader if we were to see him on a dark night—whatever that may mean. Watch us clean up at the State Championship next month.

UNDER WAY

The following high schools up to date have written us announcing that they have introduced the Wyoming system and have affiliated with the H. S. V. U. S:

Ottawa, Illinois	**Americus, Georgia**
Scobey, Montana	**Waukegan, Illinois**
Pendleton, Oregon	**Cheyenne, Wyoming**
Dunnellon, Florida	**Rigby, Idaho**
Washington, North Carolina	**Perth Amboy, New Jersey**
Vernon, Texas	**Three Rivers, Texas**

EVERYBODY'S, as announced in last month's issue, would like to know the views of these schools as to the kind of national organization they desire the H. S. V. U. S. to be, and the officers they would choose for it. Those high schools which have not yet chosen their student representative should do so and send us their names as soon as convenient, that they may take the first steps toward making the H. S. V. U. S. a national and permanent organization.

FOR THE SPREAD OF 

THE WYOMING IDEA

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifle-range.

He tried them on the five-hundred-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the three-hundred-yard, the two-hundred-yard, and the one-hundred-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range he looked around in despair. Then he straightened up.

"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! *Char-r-ge!*"

"Yes, sir," said the station-master, "Safety First has spread all over this country. And nobody that comes to Beaver Hill will ever git in no accidents fer want o' warnin' signs about. Jest look at that now."

The stranger gazed appreciatively at the sign nailed on a near-by telegraph-post. Its stern message was:

"It is dangerous to walk or stand on these tracks while a train is passing."

Last election night the leading *bon-vivant* of a certain town proceeded joyously and faithfully to go in for strong drink on a larger scale than was for his own best interests. His travels then took him to the headquarters of the Republican County Committee, where he sat and listened to the election returns. All night long he heard the precinct figures counted off—so many for Hank Hicks and so many for Bill Jones for this or that office.

Then he started homeward, steering his course along a street that was rough, as it seemed to him, like a sea. As one great billow pushed him against the plate-glass front of a restaurant, he glanced in at the signs that gave the prices of various food dishes offered in that caravansary. He read:

"Pork and apple sauce, 25. Ham and eggs, 35."

"Hurrah for ham and eggs!" he shouted, as he continued on his way.

"Hello, Mike!" greeted the vaudeville actor.

"'Lo, Jack! How are you and Pete?"

"Pete's in the hospital," gloomily responded Jack.

"So? What's the matter?"

"You know Pete's act—swallowing three billiard-balls while balancing the cue on his eyebrow?"

"Yeah."

"And you remember he had threads tied to the balls, so he could pull them up as soon as he went off?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he got rattled the other night and leggo the threads."

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It was at the movies. An old couple sat together through a picture that included many views of the Wild West. In one of these a cattle "round-up" appeared, in which the dust rose in clouds from the parched ground.

The old lady began to cough, and finally, when the neighbors began to fidget, her husband nudged her with his elbow:

"Don't cough, Annie; can't you see you're disturbing the other folks?"

His wife looked at him apologetically over her handkerchief, smothering a spasm. "I can't help it, Ephraim. The dust tickles my throat!"

Little Hattie, determined to give her hero full credit for his achievements, wrote the following in a history examination:

"Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a log-cabin he built himself."

Many of the enlisted men on the border would do almost anything to get home. One man was found walking about camp, picking up and looking at every scrap of paper, muttering continually: "Nope, that ain't it, that ain't it." He was finally judged insane and given a discharge. Upon receiving the discharge all filled in, he turned to the officer with a grin:

"Yep, that's it!"

Said his wife to Podsnap, who staggered in at midnight, let the canary out of the cage, and hung his overcoat on the chandelier:

"Ignatius, where have you been?"

"I have been to the Shin-shin-shin——"

"Oh, Montgomery and Stone's show."

"No, not at all, m'dear. Thash wrong I have been to the Shin-Sh-Shin-Shin-Shymphony Or——"

"To the what?"

"To the Shin-sh-Shin-sh-Shinnati. Sh-sh-shym-shymphony Or-shestra. Thash where I have been. To the Shin-sh-Shin——"

"But where on earth did you get the stutter?" asked his wife.

"Guess you don't read the papersh, d'ye?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

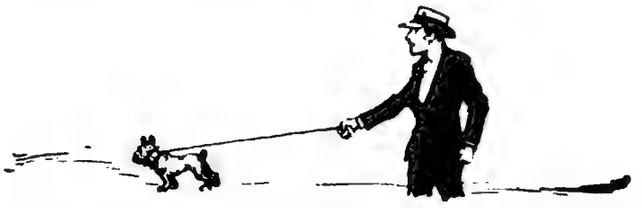
"Well, the papersh all said that the Shin-sh-Shinnati Shym-shymphony Orshestra would play intoxicatin' mushic, Ishabeller, and, b'gosh, they did it, Ishabeller, they did it, thash all."

"Mother," asked little Charles, "where did we get acquainted in the first place?"

"Dorkins is a wonder."

"Yes, he's a far-sighted chap. What has he done now?"

"He's gone and patented a carbureter that will burn air and has it all ready in case the supply of gasoline should give out."



Harrigan was out walking with his new bull-pup when he met a friend who stopped to size up the animal.

"That's a fine-looking brute," he said. "Where do you keep him?"

"Oh, up in my room," Harrigan grinned.

"It isn't healthy to keep a dog in your room," the friend advised.

"Oh, he's used to it now," Harrigan answered.

Otto Schmidt went to New York to visit his son Hans, and Hans took him to the Hotel Astor. Otto was amazed at the magnificence of the rooms and the beauty of the furnishings. After they had made the rounds of the building, Hans said:

"Father, would you like a glass of beer before we go out?"

"Mein Gott!" Otto gasped. "Have they got a saloon in here, too?"

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Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY. & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

KEEP POSTED

SENTIMENT, SINCERITY AND SENSE IN MILITARY TRAINING

A GREAT many persons in this country now believe in universal military training. They do not bother to prove it. They admit it. They admit it freely by declaring in the newspapers that they "stand for it." They confess it, frankly, by organizing societies and by passing laws overflowing with patriotic sentiment. And up to date, the most striking thing about their stand on this question is the stand. And the most striking thing about the overflowing patriotic sentiment is the overflow.

Their belief has grown prodigiously since the invasion of Belgium. For example.

In 1915, such men as George B. McClellan, Mayor Mitchel of New York, Governor Walsh of Massachusetts, Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, and Samuel Gompers of everywhere, ventured to raise their voices above a whisper and declare for universal training. Last year, Governor Whitman of New York, Oscar Straus, and many other prominent but mild-mannered people, spoke up in louder tones to the same effect.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently asked all local business bodies, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce, what they thought of universal training. There were 369 of them, covering forty-three states, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Twenty-six states voted unanimously in favor of compulsory training. In sixteen other states there was an overwhelming majority in favor of it. Only one state—Alabama—voted "no." Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, voted unanimously "yes."

Then came organizations to spread the military training idea. The Military Training Camps Association, The National School Camp Association, The National Cadet Corps League, The Association for International Service, Inc., The American Military Institute—a correspondence school of military training!

Then state laws. Massachusetts appointed a special commission on military education. Maryland passed a law making every able-bodied citizen of the state between eighteen and forty-five liable for military training and service. New Jersey appropriated $159,000 for military training in public schools and provided for two hours' training per week. New York state now has a law requiring military training

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for all schoolboys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen.

Then federal laws. Since 1914, any public or private school giving military instruction to over forty boys as above, is entitled to get rifles and ammunition for target practise and drill from the government at the cost of expressage.

The most abject legal confession of belief in military training was made in the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916. There it was provided, that any school giving military instruction of more than three hours per week, to one hundred boys according to the stipulations of the War Department, is entitled to have an army officer detailed to take charge of such instruction. Any other school is entitled to get a retired officer for this purpose by paying the difference between his retired and active pay. High schools and colleges which meet these conditions are entitled not only to the rifles and ammunition promised two years ago, but also to uniforms, tents, horses and other equipment, and two weeks' training in a first-rate military camp. If you are a high-school boy or college or academy student for whom the War Department has done all this, you may, if you wish, be called a member of the Junior or Senior Division of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. You may wear the insignia or chevrons of our army; you may even receive a regular army commutation of rations while taking this training. And ultimately, if you wish, become a second lieutenant in the army.

Then training-camps. Since 1914 there have been held about a dozen military training-camps for college students and business men at nominal cost, and the National Defense Act appropriates $2,000,000 for these camps next year.

And so on. A truly imposing profession of faith in the training idea.

Unfortunately, many American professions of faith are used to a low protein diet. They can live a very long time on very little nourishment. For example:

In 1792, our forefathers, under the inspiration of the French Revolution and their own struggle for liberty, made a law requiring universal military training and service. This law is Chapter 33 of the Statutes At Large of the United States. It was left unenforced on our law-books for one hundred and six years. Then it was repealed by substituting another law for it which is essentially the same.

Now out of all this Chautauquan enthusiasm for, and inspiring record of military training, what have we got? There are 567 universities, colleges and technological schools in this country. Only sixty-five of them give any military training. That is, there are 220,000 college students above the age of fourteen who are entitled to receive military instruction under the provisions of some of these laws. Only about 30,000 did receive such instruction last year. There are 11,674 high schools and academies. Not more than one hundred of them have any form of military training. That is: out of the 600,000 high schools and academy boys in the country, only about 10,000 are being taught anything of the citizen's duties of national defense.

Why? Is it considered unnecessary? No! Thanks to the last two years, it is now a matter of tea-table talk that we would need something like 400,000 officers to organize the volunteers this country could raise in case of need. West Point in 1915 graduated 104 officers. Other military and private institutions graduated 900. Colleges and universities graduate only 4,000 men each year who have had military training of any kind.

Yet 34,000 men are graduated each year from colleges alone. If only half of them had received adequate military instruction during the college course we would, in a few years, have plenty of trained leaders for volunteer troops.

There are many reasons why they do not receive such instruction. Here is one: Ask the War Department for those rifles, and for one of those officers for instruction. If you are more daring, ask them for any of the other things promised in the National Defense Act of 1916. This is what they will answer: "No provision is made in existing appropriations to meet the expenses of furnishing equipment to schools and colleges, and owing to this lack of funds, the War Department is unable to issue supplies to educational institutions as provided in the National Defense Act, and will probably not be able to make such issues prior to July 1, 1917."

There are other reasons too. All of them depend upon the fact that while America is

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known everywhere for her dozen varieties of cocktail, patriotic and otherwise, she has never become famous for that one composed of equal parts of sentiment and practical sense, with a dash of sincerity.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace devotes the greater part of its funds to the publication of books showing how war may be stopped. Out of 74 such books announced for 1916, 50 have been "postponed on account of the war."

ECONOMISTS AT SEA

LET us introduce to you the latest war sufferer. He has been rescued in great numbers from various stranded vessels of academic theory, and he claims equal sympathy with the Belgians and the Poles. He is the Professor of Economics in any university. He and his brother sufferer, the sociologist, are regarded as a kind of doctor to whom the world pays no attention until it has an attack of acute indigestion.

Then it comes banging on his front door, asking imperatively: "What is the matter? I can't eat anything any more."

That is, the world addresses him with some very simple and direct questions, such as: Why can I no longer feed myself? Why is the real cost of living so high? Why is it higher than it has ever been before, so far as the average of historical records show? Why is it higher—nearly twice as high—not only here, and in England and Germany and France, but also in San Salvador and in Hongkong?

Now, the economist does not come out to meet the world's consultation shaking the cobwebs out of his whiskers. He belongs to the great small-salaried class, and he has felt this particular stomachache himself. If you had looked in at the window, you might have caught him feverishly thumbing the pages of his economic text-books in expectation of this patient's visit. What is it that he finds or fails to find in those text-books? What makes him look so worried? And what has driven so many of them to put to sea in very flimsy economic crafts to try to sail dangerous and uncharted waters?

Here are some of the pharmacopœia of political economy with which Doc Economist has tried to poultice the sore head of the world these last two years without success.

Increase in gold supply. That is, since there are so many more of those "round iron boys" banging about the country, we just naturally give the grocer two of them instead of one to save the trouble of carting them around. This may be true for some things, but our curiosity excuses our asking how the indigo-grower and chow-chow merchant in Samarang, Java, get on to this and ask ten times as much per pound for their produce as they did before the war. Why, also, is Mr. Lu Tung Fing of Harbin, China, enabled to ask, and get, twice as much as before, for eggs only one year old, which he sends to us because they are so young as to be worthless to him? This bromid has been on our economic medicine-shelf for a long time, but our gold headaches still persist.

The doctor next brings out a most bitter pill. Here are the well-meaning United States Steel Corporation and a dozen other firms who think they have found a homeopathic remedy by increasing wages ten per cent. or more. He points to these and says, not out of professional jealousy but out of his book: "That makes it worse! To increase wages is a regular poison. The cost-of-living temperature will go up and up, the more of that dope you take. It will kill off dozens of factory-owners immediately the abnormal profits of war orders cease. The minute your abnormal stimulation by war stops, there will be a slump in blood-pressure 'way below normal, and the cells all over the body will starve to death." After swallowing this pellet, the only doubt left in the world's mind is whether to send back the fatter pay-envelope and starve now, or keep it and starve later.

The doctor next trots out three old-fashioned sedatives, labeled "Scarcity of Labor," and "Shrinkage of Food Products," and "The War." The latter you recognize instantly, having read of it in the history of the reign of Pharaoh. He says there are fifteen million less producers in the world now than there were two years ago. Also, the food-supply of the world is twenty-five per cent. less now than it was two years ago. Also, look at all the money this war is costing. This quiets you for a while.

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Then you revive sufficiently to ask: "Is the world producing enough food to feed its population, or isn't it?" Take wheat. Nobody lives on wheat alone, and yet last year the world grew enough wheat to give every person on it about two barrels of flour. And besides, if a country has not enough food, why does it send—as we have done—half of what it has elsewhere? And if fifteen million men are killed off aren't there so many less to feed? And why do we at peace suffer exactly as much as they at war? And why, Doc, do some of your brother specialists tell us that those war debts don't mean anything, that a country at war doesn't need any money and that everybody in it gets enough to eat anyway, because everybody is directly or indirectly producing something to eat?

And so on, until Doc admits sadly that he has nothing in his medicine-chest that would be pleasant for everybody to take, to stop that pain with, and suggests a change of mental attitude on your part.

A change of mental attitude—not quite the one which the doctor usually recommends—does come when the world reads that Germany, then England, then France, have definitely fixed food prices. They have said to the milkmen, for example: "Gold or no gold, war or no war, you shall not charge more than twelve cents a quart for your milk." It occurs to you that your own government has been controlling such things as railroad rates, electric-light rates, telephone rates, interest rates. For years past you read that Canada has passed laws against retaining more than one needs of any food-supply or necessity of life, and that the Australian Government has taken over the control of its wheat supply.

Your mental attitude becomes quite muscular when you read of what happened in California recently. The State Market Commission organized producers' associations, and fixed minimum prices at which products might be sold. It got together all the wholesale and retail fish-dealers. It arranged to have a majority of them meet daily to fix a minimum price on fish. That is, the consumer, the retailer, the wholesaler and the producer all agreed upon a price, and that price was sometimes twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. lower than it had been before this arrangement. After the plan had been in operation for a time, one of the wholesalers withdrew from the organization. The rest then resumed the old custom of dumping the fish into the bay rather than allowing it to be put up for sale at a lower price. Twenty thousand pounds of fish a day were disposed of in this way and prices went up again.

You then come to look with real interest toward the activities of New York and other states in organizing market commissions and other means of price regulation. And you do not mind a bit if Mr. G. W. Perkins is chairman of the Governor's Food Commission and does write to the newspapers and recommend that very thing. You believe in it just the same.

The coal-operators apologize for the unusually high price of their black diamonds by saying that the Great Lakes will soon close for the winter. Some one should draw the attention of geologists to this unprecedented fact.

THE SLUMS OF WALL STREET

THE other day we met our old friend, the social worker, and asked him: "What are you doing now? We haven't seen your picture in the papers for a long while."

"Well," he said, "it's this way: Here I had gone and tidied up the cesspools and soot-hovels of my Pittsburgh stamping-ground. I washed windows and replaced fence-boards sympathetically, until Pittsburgh is now supposed to be a health resort. I swept, and garnished, and dusted, and illuminated, and ventilated, and protected my phosphorus-match factories, and my felt-hat factories, and my steel mills, until I got afraid that I wouldn't have another orphan or widow or father with toothless mouths or sightless eyeballs to help me to replenish my stock of social sympathetic cleaning-fluid. The sapolionic era seemed established.

"Then along comes the efficiency engineer—on the company's pay-roll—and puts silencers on my boiler factories, and gives my steel-workers Russian baths and restaurants. And all this without a drop of social sympathy. I felt put out. I did go out and polish up the civic knocker on the big front door in Springfield, and did a bit of house-cleaning in Newburgh and Topeka.

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But I was about to put up my brushes and weep because there were no more social floors to scrub.

"I finally went down to the money-heart of New York to see if some of my capitalist friends who had so improved upon my job could find me another one. I went around to some of them in the block bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Cedar and Liberty streets, where practically all are gathered.

"I was conscience-stricken by what I saw. I was not feeling very kindly toward my former disciples. But they had put on my mantle, and I had neglected them. And here nearly all of them were ruining their health by working under conditions eminently unsuited to the needs of their delicately adjusted *entrepreneur* organisms. Conditions there would make a present-day Danbury hatter return in haste to his comfortable felt vat.

"This was in an average block, containing a building of the oldest type, of a slightly more modern type, a modern building, and a super-modern building. In each of them had been attempted the most sanitary, up-to-date installations possible, such as electric irons for the razor-edge trousers of bond clerks, toasters, vacuum cleaners, and electric carriage-calls. In these buildings all kinds of industries were carried on. And all of them in some way were concerned with the management of healthful and comfortable mines or sweat-shops elsewhere. Yet in the 928 rooms contained in this block, there are about 2,382 persons, and about 16,000 more visit them daily. Here you find the capitalistic leaders of the eight-hour-a-day movement. Practically every one works more than eight hours a day. More than half of them have less than an hour for lunch, and more than a hundred of them get no vacation at all the whole year round.

"You know how fussed up these offices are with the latest esthetic lighting effects! Well, just the same, more than eighty-five per cent. of the workers have to work solely by artificial light all day. That man over there with the thick glasses, bending under a glaring bulb, was trying to find a way to install a new scientific lighting system in his cotton mill without reducing next year's dividends. That other person with the hard cough was the ventilating expert of a big mining company. Yet one quarter of the employees in these buildings have insufficient air. They sniffle and snuffle all winter because they don't use the same consideration about their own radiators and windows as they do about the men at the puddling furnaces in their smelters and foundries.

"All this and more is buried in a report of the Board of Health, cold-bloodedly entitled: 'A Sanitary Survey of a Trial City Block,' where nobody will see it. And surely something ought to be done about it."

United States marines from the Philippines report that mosquitoes have a fundamental antipathy to yellow—and scientists have confirmed it. And yet New Jersey foolishly rejected woman suffrage.

HUGHES OF AUSTRALIA

WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES is the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, and the greatest labor leader in the world. He bears the same relation to the average labor leader—in this country—as the national animal of Australia does to the rest of the zoo. He moves ahead by jumps, somewhat faster than the donkey, for example. He carries the younger generation along with him, and he touches solid earth rather more often than—say, the eagle. It is also said, in all affection, that Billy looks the part. He is lanky and lean. His hind legs are long, and he knows how to use them. In 1909, during the great miners' strike in New South Wales, he talked at twenty-six meetings in thirty-six hours. Last year, in a parade of the Waterside Workers' Union at Sydney, he carried their banner at the head of the line—the prime ministry be darned!

When he first landed in Brisbane, he had only twenty years and no money. He walked over fifteen hundred miles of Australian brush looking for a job. He found some. He was for a while—as the French like to call him—conductor of muttons, or sheep-herder. And that didn't mean playing the flute under a tree. It meant leading thousands and thousands of sheep on great pilgrimages into the Australian interior for pastures new. He was a navvy, a ditcher, a

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sea cook, a longshoreman, a waiter, a farmhand, a teacher of an improvised prairie school. He worked for seven years for fifteen hours a day at fifteen shillings a week. And on the principle that when there are two mouths each eats half as much as before, he married at twenty-two. When he tired of this slow accumulation of wealth he turned gold-hunter. He went off with a companion, lugging a great iron coffer for the expected treasure. He returned with the whole find contained in a match-box. On one of these bushwhackings, deep down in a quartz mine, he first met Andy Fisher. They must have sworn then that they would one day both go to London for to see the Queen—for they both did go as Prime Ministers, and the Queen was glad to see them.

Hughes liked politics. One day he decided to give a lecture on the French Revolution. He took great pains to study his subject. He hired—with his last pound—a big hall. Only three persons came to hear him.

His audiences are larger now. He came to London this year to represent Great Britain with Bonar Law and Walter Runciman at the Economic Conference of the Allies. Thousands went to hear him. Lloyd George—his fellow countryman and fellow anyhow—says "no public speeches of modern times have made such an impression on the British public."

Maybe it was the audience of three who came to hear about the French Revolution that made an imperialist of him. It is Hughes who has made the labor party the strongest in Australia and that labor party the most effective in the world. It is Hughes's labor party which has given Australia federal arbitration courts for labor disputes, old-age pensions, nationalization of monopolies, control of prices, universal military training and service, a national merchant marine, and more of the most advanced legislation in the world. It was his labor party that represented Australia in the Imperial Conference of 1911. It was his labor party that dared to warn the British Empire not to introduce Chinese labor in the Transvaal—a matter that had nothing to do with Australia.

That's why his rousing speeches, snapping with satire of what he calls "browsing in the Elysian fields of pacifism," are hardly to the taste of the extreme labor party at home. This part of his followers frothed and foamed at him when he came back from London. There he had pledged Australia's uttermost to the war. Every one in Australia was already conscripted for Home Defense. He now asked to have authority to send them overseas to France. Half his Cabinet deserted him. He was formally expelled from the labor party. He demanded, at least, to be permitted to put it to the people by referendum. He was. The people said no. The power of professional American pacifism, of the I. W. W., of the liquor interests, of the young women in shops—who feared the loss of marriageable men—was too great.

When he was beaten as Prime Minister once before, he resigned, studied law, organized the maritime unions, and became general secretary of Wharf Laborers, president of the Carters' Union, and president of the Waterside Workers' Federation.

Now he goes blithely on his way banging out such sentiments as this: "The British Empire ought to be an organized empire; organized for trade, for industry, for economic justice, for national defense, for the preservation of the world's peace."

And altogether, as the French say, who are great admirers of him, "there is no more beautiful and seductive story than that of Hughes."

The tuberculosis death-rate has decreased about one-eighth in the last ten years. The fresh-air fiend now looks very much like a fresh-air fairy.

IT'S AN ILL ELECTION THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD

WHY is this man perspiring? Is he apprehensive of the defeat of a high tariff, "an America first and America efficient," or any other Republican principle of statesmanship? Is he thus wrought up over General Motors or Bethlehem Steel? Not at all. His discomposure results from the fact that at the Waldorf Hotel in New York City, in a bulky set of double-entry ledgers presided over by Mr. Tex Rickard, is recorded the purchase on no margin by him of, say, ten thousand shares of Charles Evans Hughes preferred at a dollar per share.

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He is pardonably impatient to see whether his shares of Hughes preferred will be worthless paper after the count in the forty missing precincts of California is completed. And also whether his shares of Wilson Common will be a sufficiently high hedge to protect him from the cold blast of the morrow.

The tickers on Wall Street, and many places besides, were dampened by the moist brows of such groups for many gray hours in the morning of November 8th last and for many days thereafter. This was the greatest year of election betting Wall Street can remember. The election brokers were so swamped that they had to enlist the services of public accountants and efficiency experts to handle their books.

The days of Charlie Mahoney of the Hoffman House and his iron coffer for the stakes are past. Last November, for the first time, election bets were mostly handled by the Wall Street brokerage system, and the candidate shares were entered on the curb-market books along with the regular insecurities. These regular clearing - houses alone did about three million dollars' worthless of business. Altogether about ten millions' worth of bets were made, though it has been figured out that only three millions changed hands when the telegram of congratulation finally emerged. This is only the recorded betting in one small part of New York City, and it is interesting to know from Mr. Tex Rickard that it was all done—this year—by "good sports."

Little of this sporting interest in New York state was furnished by the fact that every one of the good sports was taking a chance of forfeiting his vote. He could have been challenged at the polls and his ballot thrown out. The law of the state so says—and that might have added to the zest of the gamble had the odds in the matter been at all interesting. It is not likely that many of these sportsmen knew that the state had put up such stakes at all. And if they had, probably chances on no-suffrage would have been a drug on the market.

Few good sports anywhere in the country knew that in nearly all the states there are laws against election betting. Thirty-two of the states expressly forbid it, five hold a bettor to be disqualified from voting or holding office, six prohibit betting with a voter "so as to influence his vote." Eight treat election betting as they do ordinary gambling.

The stakes in some states might interest some of these sportsmen. In Alabama they might "win" a fine of $2,500, in Kansas a year in prison.

Was there ever a higher testimonial to the power of the ballot than is implied in this kind of law? It says in effect: "If you bet on a candidate, no matter what his principles are, you are using the government of the United States for financial gain, because your ballot will probably elect your candidate. At least the probability that your vote will bring you gain is so great that we make this law especially to prevent you profiting by your love for the principles of either party." Also this: "If you bet on a candidate and win, you may legally be considered to have been induced by promise of reward to vote for him."

Well, well, what metaphysical minds have law-makers! Why do they not, while they are splitting this hair, consider the campaign contributor? Is he not sometimes also betting on election? Mr. Rickard, have you put down that two and a half million Republican campaign fund as a wager unwon?

The latest figures show that there are more newspapers and magazines published in this country than in all the rest of the world put together. We therefore know more about the world than all the rest of the world put together.

THE PLAY THAT CAME BACK

WHEN you go to the theatre with a companion who adores your wit do not be funny about the play. Especially refrain from prophesying its failure — or its ultimate success. Particularly if you are a dramatic critic and cherish a batting average of ninety per cent. on play prognosis. You may find yourself one day wearing a cracked-china smile and trying to gulp down your prophetic words of yesteryear.

That was the facial expression of a large portion of the New York audience which last month cut important banking engagements to avoid missing the ten-o'clock-in-

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the morning performance of "The Yellow Jacket." Yes, ten in the morning and two in the afternoon. Just a few performances philanthropically wedged in where possible, because, as the players said, "all corners of the earth are calling us back again and we must be off."

The persons in the audience wearing a more self-complacent air were some of the critics who happened to drop, quite bored, into the Fulton Theatre one November afternoon in 1912, when "The Yellow Jacket" first saw footlight. Seven other plays were to open their flirtation with the public that night. The Fulton was as good a place to take a siesta as any.

But none of these critics got in even forty winks that afternoon. They sat fascinated, as only a surprised critic can, as the apologetic *Owner of the Play* brought forth his *Brothers of the Pear-Tree Garden* and unfolded in a way completely new to Western eyes a world-old story of love, youth, evil, and death—the story of *Wu Hoo Git* and *Plum Blossom*. They told you the story as the Chinese actors have told them for centuries on the Chinese stage, building for your reawakened imagination a mountain out of chairs, a garden out of a single flower. A gesture conjures up a turnstile, a prancing horse, a resplendent chariot as easily as when you were a kid. A bamboo pole is the willow-tree on which the hero hangs himself, a bundle of sticks the unfortunate infant of *Chee Moo*, a bag of rags the villain's head. The bored *Property Man* lounges nonchalantly about the stage, supplying the players with such meager equipment as his coffer affords. And when, after a moment, the strangeness of it all wears away, the sturdy pathos and humor of the ancient tale moves you with a strange force. The suave owner, however, repeatedly assures you that the story, the music, and virtually the acting are his, and to him alone belongs the credit for the laughter and tears which they evoke.

The other seven plays of that evening have passed into limbo. Most of the critics rushed off to awaken the morning world with their impassioned approval of "The Yellow Jacket."

The public did not respond. A number of New York literary men constituted themselves a first-aid band and issued a round robin pleading further with the great A. P. to go see it. Still silence. The sun did not rise. It was proven that all the dramatic chanticleers in New York could neither make the sun rise nor the sun set.

The play had arrived at its first performance after knocking about innumerable dramatic junkshops. When coldly shouldered out of New York it wandered off on to Western byways and finally to England. There its luck turned. It ran a hundred and fifty nights in London, and many more throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Then in Berlin, under the fond care of Max Reinhardt. Then in Munich, Hanover, Cologne, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, and other German cities. Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Petrograd, Warsaw, Copenhagen, and more. A triumphal procession through every country of Europe, ending in Madrid. The play has been acted in the German, Russian, Swedish, Spanish, Polish, and Magyar languages.

And it is an American play, frozen out of New York.

LLOYD GEORGE

Isaac F. Marcosson's intimate study of England's Man of the Hour, on Page 1 of this number, is doubly interesting in view of the recent British Cabinet crisis. Mr. Marcosson was in very close touch with the trend of events and of sentiment in England. In this article, which he wrote shortly after his return to this country in October, he predicted that Lloyd George would some day head the British Government. As these final pages of the magazine go to press, Mr. Marcosson's prophecy is fulfilled.

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